

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 154  NUMBER 3

SEPTEMBER 1934

THE FORWARD VIEW

BY ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

INDUSTRY is incurably optimistic; its beacon is hope, and change is its lifeblood. Except for these there would be no widespread material progress, and inventions would remain museum pieces instead of coming into common use. This steadfast optimism has brought notable boons to humanity; and even in slumps created by the fears of those outside of industry few of us surrender to despair. In the darkest days industry keeps trying.

The very sales resistance which our goods and services encounter spurs us to develop new values and find improved methods of producing old ones; this is our first reaction to any decline in trade, and by the end of a slump industry is usually able by improved processes to decrease prices and lift the standard of living. That this is the case at present is indicated by the industrial programmes revealed on the eve of the reopening of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in May, and in correspondence on the subject which came to me as sponsor of what we chose to call 'Previews of Industrial Progress in the Next Century.'

No depression since man began to use machines effectively has lasted long enough to break down the consistent optimism of generation after generation of inventors and industrialists. This faith has been justified by events. Disregarding temporary dips, and concentrating upon the long swing of industrial civilization, we find that real wages have increased, new wants have been created and supplied, famines and shortages almost erased, and the standard of living so raised that a responsible workingman enjoys a wider range of comfort and culture than did barons in the Dark Ages. Goods and services unknown of old, but now widely used and taken for granted, are the social dividend of individual and group initiative. While the driving motive of these individuals and groups was private and corporate profit, the indirect result has been to spread boons which all civilized men in some degree enjoy.

This is sound doctrine which has stood the test of time, and it still holds true in spite of temporary setbacks. But new problems bring shifts of opinion and emphasis. Certain

Copyright 1934, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

broad, world-wide movements of a social and political nature now affect industrial operations conducted on a large scale. While profit is still the goal, industry realizes more fully than ever before that the goal can hardly be reached unless the public is able to buy and has leisure to consume the goods which modern processes produce in unparalleled abundance. One of the lessons learned by industry in my time is the importance of maintaining buying power by keeping wages well above the point of meagre living costs. The Iron Law of Wages is no longer evoked; the principle of the minimum wage is no longer contested, and child labor is taboo. Large-scale industry must accept not only as a duty, but also in its own self-interest, the obligation to pay not merely a living wage, but a comfort wage. In determining our attitude toward the future, as set forth here, I consider that our guide and gauge for industrial progress should be the advancement in well-being, socially and economically, of the American worker — both the person who works for a wage or salary, and the one who is dependent on his own effort and capital in trade, agriculture, or a profession.

In suggesting this standard of judgment, I am not overlooking the rights of stockholders and the equities due to them. In America, fortunately, nearly every able-bodied mature person carries part of the inevitable burden of toil; either he or she works, desires to work, or has worked during his or her productive years. Vast numbers of industrial shares are held by employees and former employees, by persons who invested in those securities the savings of their effective years, and by institutions and foundations which contribute largely to social welfare and the relief of acute distress. To deprive these various classes of investors of their dues would injure the worker either directly by reducing his income or in-

directly by increasing competition for jobs. A considerable part of all dividends are saved and become new capital available for setting up new enterprises or expanding old ones, in which process jobs are inevitably created. Fair return on investments is essential, but, within this limitation, the worker's advancement may be considered paramount.

From this point of view let us examine the present status of the recovery programme. What have American workers gained by it? Manifestly they have gained a great deal — more jobs, shorter hours, higher hourly rates. The principle of the minimum wage has been accepted; likewise the ban against child labor. Labor as well as capital has shared in the renewed confidence stirred in American hearts by President Roosevelt's courageous and successful struggle against the fear psychology. Labor has also gained certain rights of organization and collective bargaining. But there is one phase of the recovery programme from which the American worker, in the mass the overwhelming element in our population, definitely stands to lose, unless all industrial and social evolution has been in error up to this point. I refer to the tendency to treat material progress as ended, to divide work as if there would never be any more work than there is at present. This would mean to stabilize the standard of living on a reduced basis.

All through the ages, wherever the upward spiral of material progress has dipped a little in a depression, the cry has been raised that the end of human advance is at hand. Asiatic kings had that sombre fallacy carved on monuments rescued from oblivion by the far-ranging archæologists of our dynamic era. Clerics and statesmen alike have decreed at various times a static economic world. As late as 1886 the first United States Commissioner of

Labor solemnly reported that the next fifty years would show no such progress as the preceding fifty years. 'The nations of the world,' said he, 'have overstocked themselves with machinery and manufacturing plants far in excess of the wants of production. . . . This full supply . . . is the most important factor of the present [1886] industrial depression. . . . The day of large profits is probably past.'

This government official considered that the cycle of progress ended when it was just about to usher in a wider use of the notable inventions and discoveries of a laborious century. Discouraged by a now almost forgotten depression, he concluded that henceforth there could be no sudden accessions of wealth, no chance for a worker to gain a fortune, no startling increases in wages, no revolutionary revisions of tools or methods, no rising standard of living. If he had been correct, the going wage rate would still be a dollar for a ten-hour or twelve-hour day of back-breaking labor, the horse would be the swiftest means of highway travel, we should still be reading by gas or dim carbon-filament electric lamps, and no worker could afford a bathroom or electric refrigerator. The skies of America would still be innocent of radio waves and airplanes, and our land would still be ravaged by epidemics of yellow fever, cholera, and other communicable diseases. The imagination of the race, the creative faculties of our people, have turned into nonsense the gloomy prophecies of that once-eminent pessimist.

Such is ever the case; all are certain to be wrong who fix a date for a limit to man's curiosity and organizing power. Instead of calling it a day, dividing what work and wage income were available at the moment, the common sense of humanity, even against legal handicaps on progress, has refused to take seriously all pessimistic proclama-

tions announcing the futility of further inquiry into the problems of energy and matter. Laboratory experiment has gone forward, learning has been collated, research financed, industrial processes shortened, new commodities created, until, as a result of myriad random efforts brought to focus in an industrial system unparalleled in efficiency, an age-old condition of scarcity has given place to a temporarily embarrassing condition of plenty.

Since it is impossible to separate motor cars from all the other aspects of our common life, we who manufacture them are required by financial risks to limit our production with relation to effective demand as clearly as we can forecast the latter; yet I think it is true that the desire for our products, over the whole world, far exceeds our capacity to produce at top speed. 'The saturation point' is an old bogey of the automotive industry, and we know with good reason that it does exist as the world stands at the moment; nevertheless it can be truly said that practically everyone wants a new motor car. You may feel that you have to keep the old one, in view of your other responsibilities, but you would prefer a new one, since a new car is also a better car embodying features not obtainable in old models. I use an example from my own business because I know that business best, but the thought applies to many other wares. The wants of man continue insatiable; what we call overproduction is merely a lack of distribution; a surplus is usually something men want and cannot buy — in effect a challenge to improve the system of distribution and increase the buying power until the one-time surplus has been used to sustain, dignify, or otherwise improve the lot of mankind. To destroy a surplus wantonly is to remove a strong incentive to social progress.

As industry multiplies goods and

services through organization and invention, it creates jobs in two main directions. Selling, installing, and servicing its products offer opportunities to vast numbers. Nearly as many persons work on automobiles outside of factories as work on them inside. But industry's largest contribution to a progressive economy is of course its consistent addition of new enterprises with new products and services which the public comes to accept in quantity.

The extent of this contribution passes all calculation; but a few broad statements will serve to frame a panorama which the reader can fill in with details from his own experience. While the number of gainfully employed persons in the country increased, census by census, until 1930, this increase resulted chiefly from new industries which either were unknown in 1890 or were then in their infancy and have since matured. Agriculture and mining, among the oldest of all occupations, lost 2,000,000 workers from 1910 to 1930, while the manufacturing and mechanical industries gained more than 4,000,000. This year at the reopening of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago it was said that more than half the commercial exhibits represented lines of work new since the previous World's Fair of 1893. More than half of the persons on the grounds drew their incomes from industries not even in existence forty years before, chief among them being the automobile, aviation, motion pictures, artificial-fibre industries, and a broad range of activities based upon alloy steels, synthetic resins, and improvements in the use of oil, coal, and electricity.

Within forty years these achievements expanded the national wealth and income tremendously, raised wages to new levels, and provided new comforts and conveniences for the masses. Yet the tempo of change is faster now than it ever has been. A little patience

now, a brief respite from fear and uncertainty, during which the vast financial reserves which caution has gathered can be placed behind the new ideas and methods developed by research, and we shall be on our way toward a higher standard of living than the world has ever seen

II

What capital and labor both need at this pass is the birth of a new industry which, like the automobile industry of twenty-five years ago, will grow swiftly into large production, with direct beneficial effect on wages, investment values, and living conditions. Necessarily this must be a broadly based industry whose products will appeal to the masses; and presumably it must be one which can adapt itself to the mass-production methods which have reached their highest efficiency in the manufacture of automobiles. One new industry that seems to meet these requirements is the manufacture and assembly of machine-made homes.

For a long time we have been building office, apartment, and factory buildings of pre-fabricated materials, on steel frames of more or less standard designs. The new mass-housing projects, as explained to me in considerable detail, contemplate adapting this thoroughly tested system to home construction, where the broadest of all markets will permit further economies, thereby bringing to the average citizen values and conveniences hitherto beyond his economic grasp.

To appreciate the significance of this impending change, let us remind ourselves that technology to date has brought no such change to unit housing as it has brought to transportation, communications, food production, clothing, or multiple housing. The man who drives a low-priced mass-production car, whose words are carried to his neighbor or across the continent by

telephone with the speed of light, and who wears mass-production clothes of a quality not otherwise attainable at equal costs, dwells in a house erected by antiquated means, yet pays a high price for his accommodation. The farmer, whose efficiency in wheat production is as 60 to 1 compared to primitive husbandry, lives in a shelter erected by almost primitive hand methods. These houses of the present are not well adapted to the installation of modern mechanical devices, and their upkeep is heavy beyond all need. A ten-year-old house, unless it was exceptionably well built and has been frequently modernized, is as antiquated as a ten-year-old automobile.

From many sources interested in these new housing developments come details which group themselves into this composite picture of the new housing. A house can be erected in three days' time from the breaking of the ground for cellar excavation to completion for occupancy. In this short period the lot will be graded and planted with shrubbery, and connections made with public services, such as sewers and electricity. The house will be air-conditioned, with all facilities for heating, cooling, humidifying, drying, and washing the air its inhabitants breathe. It will have all modern conveniences for reducing housework, on a scale and of a variety not surpassed in the costliest mansions of the day. Its equipment will include special devices for bringing instruction and recreation into the home — the teletype for news dispatches, television apparatus to portray the world's great events as they occur, and radio sets embodying visual projection, so that motion pictures and operas can be brought directly to the view of the home circle.

The cost of these thoroughly modern homes will vary, of course, not only with their size and equipment, but also with the quantity of them which can be

produced and sold. The first house in any given series will be one of the most expensive houses ever built, because its completion must entail all the planning, tooling, and factory organization common to the whole series. Just as the automobile buyer, by accepting a standardized product, gets for a few hundred dollars a car on which millions have been spent, so the house buyer, by accepting a standardized dwelling, will reap a tremendous price advantage through the pooling of costs under mass production. It is estimated that a small house, the equivalent in size of a present-day workingman's cottage, can be fabricated, erected, furnished, and completely equipped as indicated above for considerably less than the cost of erecting a wooden house, unfurnished, and with none of the electrical devices and service connections mentioned. Also the pre-fabricated house will be durable and fireproof, with decreased charges for upkeep and insurance.

The various plans to achieve this drastic housing reform, with all that it means in erasing slums and strengthening home life, are great adventures in hope and faith as well as in technics and finance. They involve large-scale operations in credit, factory organization, transportation of materials, and localized assembly. While they could hardly have been visioned except for the development of materials and methods used in automobile manufacture and assembly, — notably mass production of interchangeable parts, the use of new metallic alloys, and the wider application of installment credit, — in one respect the pre-fabricated house business must break new ground. Its products must be assembled on the site and not in the factory; but after all it is as easy to transport skilled house assemblers as it is to transport their materials, and every new development in transportation henceforth will assist house construction on the new basis.

III

Progress in all lines is more or less related. We have seen how automobile manufacture is influencing the manufacture of houses; and it requires no great imagination to comprehend how the further improvement of highways will assist the spread of pre-fabricated houses. To an extent the housing development of the future perhaps will be rural. Farm housing is notoriously bad from every modern standpoint; a great farm market awaits if the successful inauguration of this project coincides with the return of farm buying power. In addition, the spread of country living in America, one of the automobile's chief social effects, is likely to go further now that so many of the communication ties with town can be maintained through the facilities of the new house equipment. Additional incentive will be given to town workers to acquire small plots in areas within easy motor-ing reach of industrial enterprises. As the country population increases, highways will be improved to speed up the daily travel between town and home. This development is now in process, manifesting itself in highway revision toward greater breadth of road, more highly banked turns, and better-protected shoulders. Next steps in highway practice, which are certain to absorb both unemployed labor and capital, include trunk-line highways avoiding direct contact with towns and cities, separate routes for trucks, the multiplication of clover-leaf intersections where main highways cross, and the replanning of city thoroughfares to ease traffic on business streets and safeguard life through the establishment of dead-end residential streets. All over America it is likely that through highways will be illuminated at night, as is now the case in the environs of the larger cities.

What of the cars in which the in-

habitants of the new pre-fabricated houses will move on super-highways from their rural homes to their jobs? The automobile industry changes so much faster than the construction industry or the highway industry that it is hardly safe to make predictions of a definite nature. There will be changes, of course; the history of our swift-moving, highly competitive industry is one of constant change. Our engineers know that there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline to drive a small motor car four hundred miles, provided the fuel is fully utilized, an excellent example of the opportunity still awaiting research to serve society in a field where great advances have already been made.

If these possibilities impend in motor developments for land use, what shall we say of the younger sister in the motor-transport field — aviation? The lay mind finds it hard to appreciate the full import of the expected advance in the conquest of time, space, and altitude, as reported by aviation engineers. The *Atlantic* recently gave its readers that news in great detail. Before we are much older, transoceanic and trans-atlantic travel by air will proceed at speeds of from two hundred to four hundred miles per hour at high altitudes, with every prospect of greater safety.

In rail transport the prospect is that steam locomotives will give way in some degree to electric engines which generate current by means of improved oil-burning Diesel engines. The Diesel engine, long recognized as highly efficient in fuel consumption, was handicapped until certain of its long-standing difficulties were solved as a result of experience with and research on automobile motors. Also as a result of automobile precedents in the use of metallic alloys, train weights can now be reduced. Recently a stream-lined stainless-steel train, driven by electricity generated by one of these improved Diesels, attained a speed of 112 miles

per hour and toured the country on a mileage cost far below that of coal haulage. Experts agree that this type of locomotive will require far less servicing than the steam type; they predict that it can be made as dependable as a motor car ready for duty practically every day. With improved trackage and traffic clearance, trains of this kind will travel at much higher speed, with greater economy, cleanliness, and passenger comfort than have ever been realized by means of steam power.

Presumably the passenger train of the future will ride the rails on rubber tires. It will be completely air-conditioned, with mechanical control of temperature, humidity, and dust. The passengers will breathe washed air — no more cinders, no more fumes! From the operating standpoint, railroading will be simplified by avoiding the delays incidental to changing engines. The unit of design will be the whole train rather than its parts, the various pieces of rolling stock now assembled to make a train. Hence the new trains will be closely adapted to their special requirements. Their engines will be built with precise reference to expected load-and-grade requirements, and their cars with reference to specialized traffic needs. Eventually even freight trains may be influenced by these changes in passenger-car design. Apparently the railroads will require large amounts of new equipment and may even find it necessary to relocate and improve roadbeds as speeds increase, all of which will provide an outlet for capital and create jobs.

This trend in railroading is the immediate result of automotive research and initiative; as such it deserves the thoughtful consideration of those in high places and low. Even while motor-car competition was threatening the railroads, our engineers were producing the means and materials of improving railroad operations. An old

industry of a semi-monopolistic character, fully regulated by government as to service and protected as to rates, fell somewhat out of step with progress through neglecting research and relying on old equipment. Meanwhile a young industry, highly competitive and entirely without government support or regulation, forged ahead entirely on its own, eventually developing, incidental to its main business, the means to better railroad service. No finer example can be found for demonstrating my contention that material progress flowers most fully in untrammelled industries, where men have every incentive to discover and bring to market quickly all the improvements they can devise.

What of the human factor? Will man himself, as an organism, have advantages of health and well-being apart from the changed environment which he is creating? The answer is 'Yes, in several important respects.' He will live longer and have more leisure, education, and health. The life span is increasing, and the prospect is that it will go on increasing until the life expectancy of man exceeds the Biblical threescore years and ten which was attained by only the hardier specimens in other days. Better nourishment and instruction in the art of living are expected to reduce arteriosclerosis and heart affections in the future as radically as preventive inoculations and improved sanitation have reduced communicable diseases in the recent past. Cancer, it is thought, will soon be under restraint; and one famous surgeon writes me that his art will be practised less in the future than at present, the need for certain operations now common being likely to pass with better diet and improved living conditions.

IV

These few extracts drawn from the large body of progress material de-

veloped at Chicago merely skim the surface. Below the levels which have already been plumbed are still further depths of knowledge as yet unplumbed. What they contain we know not; but we do know that science is delving deeper every day, and the further it goes the more our ignorance of the nature of matter and force is revealed. Recently we have been surprised to learn something new and vitally important about water, the commonest of chemical compounds, and about hydrogen, the simplest of the elements. The gratifying part of the scientific equation is not our human ignorance, which is still colossal, but the fact that, in discovering the present bases of our material progress, science has come into the possession of tools and methods for extending discovery into new realms and also for examining more closely the commonplace things in our environment which we have all along been taking for granted.

But it is not enough to know; it is also necessary to use the fruits of knowledge widely for the common benefit. To do this requires the peaceful, constructive coöperation of many groups and interests, among them capital, labor, and government. There are psychological problems to be met and solved here which are precisely as important to the well-being of society as the problems of the laboratory and factory. Unless capital and labor can agree on a reasonable division of the profits of their partnership, unless government can protect the property which is the residuum of initiative and thrift, then it may be difficult indeed to bring to fruition within our time the promised blessings which appear to be in the offing. I have no crystal-clear idea how the discordances of the moment may be solved; but I believe they will be solved when men of good intent comprehend that by quarreling over trifles they are delaying the day when

all men can have more than they have to-day for their use, comfort, and security.

Between an industry and its workers there is a natural community of interest. Both must draw their income from the sale of the goods or services produced; both must lose if sales fade away, as happens when products drop in quality or prestige, or when their products are overpriced as regards competing goods. The area of possible dispute between management and workers is always far smaller than the area of profitable concord. Under various employee-representation plans, government-mediation boards, and otherwise, a body of experience in industrial relations is being built up which may in time reduce friction in the labor field materially. The book of experiment in economic relationships is no more closed than are the books of scientific research and business enterprise.

Looking forward, either for a year or for a century, who can doubt the limitless ability of America to continue its industrial progress, provided men are left free to organize their activities? A new day is with us, and I would be the last to deny that it imposes new social obligations on employers; yet those obligations surely cannot be met by accepting any given situation as final, by retreating timidly toward the age of scarcity. Instead, I affirm the duty of industrial leaders to hasten this development, so pregnant with good for all mankind, not merely by originating and producing new goods and services, but also by putting their weight behind changes in the process of distribution, to the end that the material benefits so created may be more widely used. The good life lies ahead somewhere along the road of abundance, and we shall find it by continuing in that direction with stout hearts and open minds.

AN ADIRONDACK FRIENDSHIP

*Letters of William James*¹

BY JOSEPHINE GOLDMARK

I

'WHAT most horrifies me in life is our brutal ignorance of one another,' once wrote William James to a young correspondent whom he had recently met in the Adirondack woods and with whom he was to continue a friendship never far removed, either in actuality or in retrospect, from that region of virgin forest.

You will receive this week a little volume from my pen [he continues], of which you are familiar with most of the contents already, so that you need not read them. There is, however, one Essay 'On a Certain Blindness etc.' which I do want you to read, because I care very much indeed for the truth it so inadequately tries, by dint of innumerable quotations, to express, and I like to imagine that you care for it, or will care for it too.

The essay, thus sent to Pauline Goldmark, quotes Whitman, Tolstoy, Jefferies, Wordsworth, Hudson. And the 'truth,' so effectively illustrated, is the preciousness, to each one of us, of our own, particular, inner satisfactions and resources.

Central in the essay and at the heart of this friendship was William James's feeling, passion almost, for the

'peculiar sources of joy' in living close to nature in the literal American sense. Echoes of camping and of what he calls in a later letter the 'truths so communicable under these conditions' fill the beautiful article which he commended to his young friend.

We of the highly educated classes (so-called) have most of us got far, far away from Nature. . . . We are stuffed with abstract conceptions, and glib verbalities and verbosities; and in the culture of these higher functions, the peculiar sources of joy connected with our simpler functions often dry up. . . .

The remedy under such conditions is to descend to a more profound and primitive level. . . . Living in the open air and on the ground, the lop-sided beam of the balance slowly rises to the level line. The good of all the artificial schemes and fevers fades and pales; and that of seeing, smelling, tasting, sleeping, and daring and doing with one's body grows and grows. . . .

I am sorry for the boy or girl, or man or woman, who has never been touched by the spell of this mysterious sensorial life with its irrationality, if so you like to call it, but its vigilance and its supreme felicity.

Such supreme felicity, such rejuvenating powers of wild nature, William James had long since found in Keene Valley, in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, when in 1895 he first met Pauline Goldmark there. The Valley is,

¹For permission to publish these letters the *Atlantic* is indebted to Mr. Henry James, and to Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard, who has included them in part in his forthcoming work entitled *The Thought and Character of William James*.—EDITOR

indeed, not infrequently mentioned in his published Letters. To his brother Henry, for instance, he writes in 1906:—

You missed it, when here, in not getting to Keene Valley, where I have just been, and of which the sylvan beauty, especially by moonlight, is probably unlike aught that Europe has to show. Imperishable freshness! . . .

Even earlier he writes to Mrs. Henry Whitman, in the inimitable style which flashes in the shortest note or postcard, excusing himself from a proposed visit to her at Beverly:—

Just reviving from the addled and corrupted condition in which the Cambridge year has left me; just at the portals of that Adirondack wilderness for the breath of which I have sighed for years, unable to escape the cares of domesticity and get there; just about to get a little health into me, a little simplification and solidification and purification and sanification—things that will never come again if this one chance be lost; just filled to satiety with all the simpering conventions and vacuous excitements of so-called civilization; hungering for their opposite, the smell of the spruce, the feel of the moss, the sound of the cataract, the bath in its waters, the divine outlook from the cliff or hill-top over the unbroken forest—oh, Madam, Madam! do you know what medicinal things you ask me to give up? . . . I wish that you also aspired to the wilderness. There are some nooks and summits in that Adirondack region where one can really 'recline on one's divine composure' and, as long as one stays up there, seem for a while to enjoy one's birth-right of freedom and relief from every fever and falsity.

It was natural that in writing to Pauline Goldmark—whom, especially in the early years, it pleased him to identify with the vigor of youth and the mountain tops—Keene Valley, 'the blessed spot,' should be more often mentioned than to other correspondents. She was at the time a girl of

twenty-one, in her last year at Bryn Mawr. Her summers since early childhood had been spent in the woods and mountains of that Adirondack region. The primeval forest, uncut, uncleared; its pristine freshness; delight in these wild aspects of nature as compared with the trimmer and mellow European landscapes of other summers—all this was implicit in their friendship.

The theme is rarely elaborated, taken for granted rather, often caught in a phrase or a paragraph, a persistent and deep-lying sentiment. She was, as it were, the symbol of a mood, a region, a way of life.

'But you, my dear young friend,' he writes early in their friendship, 'are such an up-at-sunrise, out-of-door, and mountain-top kind of a girl, that (knowing you in no other capacity and ignorant of all the hidden selfishnesses and sinister recesses of your character indoors) I give you credit for every conceivable sort of magnanimity, generosity and freedom. Ah, Pauline, don't ever let me be disappointed!'

Indeed, there is scarcely a letter written to her from any place during the fifteen years until his death in 1910 which does not have some reference to the Valley or the out-of-doors. 'Rather than be writing of Edinburgh,' he ends an exquisite account of the old city, 'I would be sitting or lying on any summit whatever in the neighborhood of K. V., communing with your adjacent soul.' Or again in a note from the Harvard Club in New York:—

I go back to Boston in an hour, having been here 48 hours on *other* business and not seen you. I expected to when I left, if only for a minute, but I'm so 'rushed' and breathless that I'm ashamed to appear in your presence. You probably find those interviews unsatisfactory yourself.

*Ach, könnt' ich mich niederlegen
Weit in den tiefsten Wald*

for about 6 hours of steady talk, with the world faded to immeasurable distance — 't would be different. As it is, I must wait.

Or on another occasion, near the end of his life: —

Your piece of cardboard, dearest Pauline, which arrived at noon, when your full presence was looked for, was a sad substitute. But no matter, I'm resigned in these days to everything! I long to see you, but not cooped up in a room, on a hill or in a forest rather.

The Keene Valley of these letters is a narrow valley some six miles long, lying about twenty-five miles west of Lake Champlain in the northern part of New York State. The special grace of the Adirondacks derives from their long geologic past. Among the oldest mountains of the whole earth, they have been worn down through time into the lovely curves and graceful outlines which give them their special character.

Viewed from the little hill clearing at the southern end of Keene Valley, long known as 'Beede's,' low converging ranges of blue distance hem in the Valley to the north; on the east rises the Giant-of-the-Valley, broad-based and broad of summit, whose steep spruce and balsam heights are scarred by broad rock slides. The other high peaks mentioned in the letters — Gothics, Haystack, Marcy, and others — are clustered to the southwest, forming a sky line, seen from any eminence, of majestic grace. A large area has here been preserved as virgin forest to this day.

II

It was in the late summer of 1895 that our common friend Dickinson Miller first brought Mr. James to our summer home at 'Beede's,' a half mile from the Putnam-Bowditch shanty of which Mr. James was part owner. Mr.

James's own acquaintance with this region was of an earlier date, during the late seventies. His son, Henry James, has described his father's first connection with the Valley.

Where the Ausable Club's picturesque golf-course is now laid out, the fields of Smith Beede's farm then surrounded his primitive, white-painted hotel. Half a mile to the eastward, in a patch of rocky pasture beside Giant Brook, stood the original Beede farmhouse, and this Henry P. Bowditch, Charles and James Putnam, and William James had bought for a few hundred dollars (subject to Beede's cautious proviso in the deed that 'the purchasers are to keep no boarders'). They had adapted the little story-and-a-half dwelling to their own purposes and converted its surrounding sheds and pens into habitable shanties of the simplest kind. So they established a sort of camp, with the mountains for their climbing, the brook to bathe in, and the primeval forest fragrant about them.

William James's love of the outdoors was compounded of many strains. Mountain climbing itself — its sheer exhilaration, the conquest of summits and the outlook from great heights — had for him its thrilling appeal.

'To these youngsters, as to me long ago, and to you to-day, the rapture of the connexion with these hills is partly made of the sense of future power over them and their like,' he wrote to Pauline in 1907, when he was obliged to confine his walking to the lower ranges.

In a memorial sketch of his life, Dr. James Putnam recalls Mr. James's unusual grace and lightness of foot in climbing.

As a walker, he used to be among the foremost, in the earlier years, and it was a pleasure to watch his lithe and graceful figure as he moved rapidly up the steep trails or stretched himself on the slope of a rock, his arms under his head, for resting. He had the peculiarity, in climbing, of

raising himself largely with the foot that was lowermost, instead of planting the other and drawing himself up by it, as is so common. This is a slight thing, but it was an element counting for elasticity and grace.

There were periods when he took the longest walks and climbs, but after a time he felt that very vigorous exertion did not agree with him; and this belief, combined with his love of talk with some congenial person on some congenial subject, usually kept him back from the vanguard and rather at the rear of the long line, where he could walk slowly if he liked and find the chance to pause from time to time in order to enjoy and characterize in rich terms the splendid beauty of the steep forest-clad slopes, with the sun streaming through the thick foliage and into the islets between the tall trees.

In such surroundings, the thing most treasured was not only the escape of the scholar and teacher from the winter's routine, nor even the greater simplification of living such as that, for instance, which Mr. James enjoyed during his spring on a California campus and celebrated in letters home. It was something, as has been intimated, which satisfied a deeper, primal need. It was something which comes from life in the wilderness, sleeping upon the ground, close to nature and all earth forces; from the joy of the senses in sun and shade, water and wind, smell of wood smoke and forest air; a return to more primitive reactions and responses of our human nature; upwellings from the great Unconscious on which our lives are based.

Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird . . .
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,

wrote Emerson, who himself had known and camped on a lakeside in the Adirondacks, in his day.

On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down.

An 'organic-feeling need' is the phrase repeatedly used by William James of his deep-seated longing for the woods, as when, for instance, he writes from Nauheim to Miss Fanny Morse, in July 1901:—

What I *crave* most is some wild American country. It is a curious organic-feeling need. One's social relations with European landscape are entirely different, everything being so fenced or planted that you can't lie down and sprawl. . . . Thank heaven that our nature is so much less 'redeemed'!

In another letter from Europe, when ill and in exile, he touches on this deep undercurrent of feeling for the spiritual values in nature:—

Scenery seems to wear in one's consciousness better than any other element in life. In this year of much solemn and idle meditation, I have often been surprised to find what a predominant part in my own spiritual experience it has played, and how it stands out as almost the only thing the memory of which I should like to carry over with me beyond the veil, unamended and unaltered. From the midst of everything else, almost, *surgit amari aliquid*; but from the days in the open air, never any bitter whiff, save that they are gone forever.

III

Even more significant and intense was the spiritual import of a night spent under the stars of which Mr. James left a unique account. It was a night spent near the summit of Mount Marcy, highest of the Adirondack peaks. He had bidden Pauline and a small party with her to meet him there, himself ascending from the Adirondack Lodge, a large log house isolated in the forest on the other side of the mountain.

From the Lodge, in June 1898, he writes to Pauline:—

This place is a regular sanctuary. I came up fearfully tired cerebrally, but have never felt such a sense of peace and of safety since I was born.

I assume that you are not in Europe and I hope that you are not at Woods Hole. I have been here for four days past; and basking in the moon's rays on the Observatory last night, the brilliant idea struck me of writing to ask whether you do not think it would be the extremity of 'niceness' before the said moon has entirely ceased, to 'organize a party,' including the fair Josephine, and come up to the Marcy Camp, where I should meet you, and, after passing the night, all of us descend hither for as long as might seem pleasant, you and your sister being my guests, and then go out to Keene Valley by the trail, or rather by the lumber road which I am sorry to hear has been put through. Are not your brothers with you? F. Adler I suppose to be in Europe. But can't Waldo come? Or is he in examination agonies as my poor Billy is? Bring anyone you can!

The meeting place thus set was known as 'Panther Gorge,' where a small Adirondack camp of rough-hewn logs had been built, open in front, and carpeted with balsam boughs on which perhaps a half-dozen persons might stretch out for the night. A little brook flowed down beside the camp, which overlooked the densely wooded gorge. But Mr. James could not spend the night under even this slight cover. In one of the most beautiful characterizations of places or moods from his pen, he subsequently described to Mrs. James what he calls 'one of the most memorable of all my memorable experiences.'

The guide had got a magnificent provision of firewood, the sky swept itself clear of every trace of cloud or vapor, the wind entirely ceased, so that the fire-smoke rose straight up to heaven. The temperature was perfect either inside or outside the cabin, the moon rose and hung above the scene before midnight, leaving only a few of the larger stars visible, and I got into a state of spiritual alertness of the most vital

description. The influences of Nature, the wholesomeness of the people around me, especially the good Pauline, the thought of you and the children, dear Harry on the wave, the problem of the Edinburgh lectures, all fermented within me till it became a regular *Walpurgis Nacht*. I spent a good deal of it in the woods; where the streaming moonlight lit up things in a magical checkered play, and it seemed as if the Gods of all the nature-mythologies were holding an indescribable meeting in my breast with the moral Gods of the inner life. . . . The intense significance of some sort, of the whole scene, if one could only *tell* the significance; the intense inhuman remoteness of its inner life, and yet the intense *appeal* of it; its everlasting freshness and its immemorial antiquity and decay; its utter Americanism and every sort of patriotic suggestiveness, and you and my relation to you part and parcel of it all, and beaten up with it, so that memory and sensation all whirled inexplicably together; it was indeed worth coming for, and worth repeating, year by year, if repetition could only procure what in its nature I suppose must be all unplanned for and unexpected. It was one of the happiest lonesome nights of my existence, and I understand now what a poet is.

The next day the party returned to the clearing over the summits, by what is still known as the 'Range' trail.

We plunged down Marcy, and up Basin Mountain [continues Mr. James], led by C. Goldmark, who had, with Mr. White, blazed a trail the year before;² then down again, away down, and up the Gothics, not counting a third down-and-up over an interesting spur. It was the steepest sort of work, and, as one looked from the summits, seemed sheer impossible, but the girls kept up splendidly, and were all fresher than I. It was true that they had slept like logs all night, whereas I was 'on my nerves.' I lost my Norfolk jacket, at the last third of the course — high time to say goodbye to that possession — and staggered up to the Putnams' to find Hatty Shaw [the house-

² That is, there was here no path to follow, only 'blazes' on the trees. — AUTHOR

keeper] taking me for a tramp. Not a soul was there, but everything spotless and ready for the arrival today. I got a bath at Bowditch's bathhouse, slept in my old room and slept soundly and well, and save for the unwashable staining of my hands and a certain stiffness in my thighs, am entirely rested and well. But I don't believe in keeping it up too long, and at the Willey House will lead a comparatively sedentary life, and cultivate sleep, if I can. . . .

IV

The physical exertion of this trip proved too much for Mr. James, and resulted in a heart strain, writes his son, 'though not great enough seriously to curtail his activities if he had given heed to his general condition and avoided straining himself again.'

Unfortunately, in the following June of 1899, after 'some slow walks which seemed to do me no harm at all,' he writes Pauline, he 'drifted one day up to the top of Marcy,' and then had the bad fortune to miss the short trail down, a mistake which 'converted what would have been a three-hours' downward saunter into a seven-hours' scramble. This did me no good — quite the contrary; so I have come to Nauheim just in time.'

In the two following years of enforced rest abroad, the woods hold their supremacy of charm in retrospect, as these sentences from a letter of January 1900 show: —

Don't commiserate me or think it necessary to indulge in condolences when you write; for to such completion — if not worse — must we all come at last, and I've had a happy life of it so far. But I shall never see Keene Valley again; and all the more precious are its memories.

Sometimes during this period, it is true, the letters are in a lower key, as in a postcard from Nauheim later in the same year: —

Deux mots de toi m'ont fait le roi du monde, which is as much as to say that I have profoundly enjoyed your letter with its expressions of kindness, and its breath of health and life, wafted from another world. This is only to acknowledge its reception, for I am too much 'out of it' to enthusiastically write letters nowadays, least of all to the conquering young and well, of whom you are always my chief example. 'I to the night of time decline, you rise into the morn!' I've actually taken to a bath chair! I always used to think, when I met anyone in a bath chair, that they were born so and did it by nature. I now know better.

And again, the same month, on receipt of a balsam pillow sent to him from the Valley, in the same vein: —

BAD NAUHEIM, Sept. 29, 1900

Last night a notice came of a package from 'Goldmark' awaiting me at the Custom House. — 'What do you suppose it can be?' said A. H. J. 'I bet it's a balsam pillow,' replied I, and such, sure enough, it proved to be, when she went for it this morning. The Custom House people thought at first it might be a way of smuggling tea. Then they were doubtful whether to enter it under the class 'pillows,' or the class 'perfumery.' At last 'pillows' was chosen, and a duty paid of 25 pfennigs. What a happy thought it was of yours, and what a delicious reminder of other scenes of happiness! I take for granted that your own hands culled the needles. I wish I could make some analogous return, but such things have no analogue.

And a few days later: —

NAUHEIM, Oct. 2 (1900)

It is pleasant to know where the balsam came from and to think I got remembered on the Gothics. . . . The delicious golden weather continues — 'sublime in the sky swings the sun of September,' and the paths of this exquisite park, which I wish you were here to admire, are strewn with yellow leaves. . . . I have recommenced to write Gifford lectures at the rate of one ms. page a day, and now that October has begun, I feel as if next summer and home were not so

distant. I like to hear of you at Seneca Lake and my dying advice to you is don't give up your capacity for taking vacations! Adieu. W. J.

Even upon his return from abroad, Mr. James's vigor had not yet returned. From New Hampshire he writes to Pauline, in September 1901: —

How good to think of you as the same old loveress of woods and skies and waters, and of your Bryn Mawr friends. May none of the lot of you ever grow insufficient or forsake each other! The sight of you sporting in Nature's bosom once lifted me into a sympathetic region, and made a better boy of me in ways which it would probably amuse and surprise you to learn of, so strangely are characters useful to each other, and so subtly are destinies intermixed. But with you on the mountain-tops of existence still, and me apparently destined to remain grubbing in the cellar, we seem far enough apart at present and may have to remain so. Alas! how brief is life's glory, at the best. I can't get to Keene Valley this year, and [may] possibly never get there. Give a kindly thought, my friend, to the spectre who once for a few times trudged by your side, and who would do so again if he could. I'm a 'motor,' and morally ill-adapted to the game of patience. I have reached home in pretty poor case, but I think it's mainly 'nerves' at present, and therefore remediable; so I live on the future, but keep my expectations modest.

V

This hope was, happily, borne out. And early in the new year he begins to look forward with all the old buoyancy: —

95 IRVING STREET
March 26th, 1902

MY DEAR PAULINE,

The weeks and months fly by without our hearing from you or of you, so I think I might well break the silence by letting you hear from me. I hope that your news is as good as mine. Mine is better than I deserve — my health, which had begun to mend

seriously already when you were here, has gone on steadily improving, so that during the past month I have been feeling quite like old times again, and am counting on Keene Valley once more in September, with who knows how much capacity for walking thrown in — Is n't it nice? . . . Enough of ourselves. I wish I could frame a distincter imagination than I am able to, of what *your* life is like. We ought to be neighbors! But the original chaos out of which this world grew has been but imperfectly mended, and I live in Cambridge and you live in New York! This summer you will tell me more about it. We shall be back early in July.

I trust that your Mother has had a well winter and that all the rest of you are well. This is just a word, dear Pauline, to check the process of oblivescence which I fear has been going on in your youthful soul-righteous oblivescence of such a decrepit old party as I have been. But phoenixes arise from ashes — and I at any rate don't oblivescence!

Ever affectionately yours,

WM. JAMES

I take it for granted that you are all going to Keene Valley again.

The high peaks Mr. James did not thereafter climb. But he returned to the Valley almost every summer and still enjoyed all that the woods afforded on the lower ranges. Trails to little lakes, lying hidden on the mountain side, encircled with blue gentian, sundew, and sphagnum moss; or to far outlooks from high rock ledges; or to one of the many waterfalls, crystal clear, which distinguish the Adirondack forest — these were still within his reach. To such lessened outings he refers in the course of a later letter: —

ST. HUBERTS, Sept. 14, '07

DEAR PAULINE,

Hurrah! hurrah! that communication should be at last re-established! Your dear letter of the 11th came yesterday with its implied prospect of more, and with its breath of your camping days, which maltreated you less rainily than I had been

a-fearing. If I could only go camping with you again, even for 48 hours, I think the truths so communicable under those conditions would conduce to much appeasement. . . . No 'camping' for me this side the grave!

A party of 14 left here yesterday for Panther Gorge, meaning to return by the 'Range,' as they call your 'summit trail.' Apparently it is easier than when on that to me memorable day we took it, for Carly Putnam swears he has done it in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I don't well understand the difference, except that they don't reach Haystack over Marcy as we did, and there is now a good trail. . . .

By going slowly and alone, I find I can compass such things as the Giant's Wash-bowl, Beaver Meadow Falls, etc., and they make me feel very good. I have even been dallying with the temptation to visit Cameron Forbes at Manila; but I have put it behind me for this year at least. I think I shall probably give some more lectures (of a much less 'popular' sort) at Columbia next winter — so you see there's life in the

old dog yet. Nevertheless, how different from the life that courses through *your* arteries and capillaries! Today is the first honestly fine day there has been since I arrived here on the 2nd. (They must have been heavily rained on at Panther Gorge yesterday evening.) After writing a couple more letters I will take a book and repair to 'Mosso's Ledge' for the enjoyment of the prospect. If you write to me again (which I by no means feel sure of!) pray explain your activities, and give me a scheme of your future peregrinations and addresses.

Ever your friend

W. J.

But it was the Range trip or trail over the summits which remained in his mind ever after, as a kind of landmark. He wrote in remembrance: —

That summer, when we walked over the 'Range' and I went to California to 'talk to teachers,' marked my completest union with my native land.

(To be concluded)

ARTEMUS WARD'S AMERICA

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

IN February 1923, France was in very bad shape indeed. She was at the height of the war, the real war, whereof the disturbances of 1914-1918 were only a curtain raiser — the war which is still going on, apparently unbeknown to our futile 'disarmament conferences.' Under these hard circumstances France celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ernest Renan, scholar, philosopher, man of letters. M. Poincaré made a speech, not as a member of the government, but as a member of the French Academy. M. Barthou, the present Foreign Minister, also spoke, not as a politician (I think he was out of office at the moment, though I am not sure), but as representing one of the other constituents of the Institute of France, — if my memory serves me, it was the Academy of Sciences, — and next morning the *Temps* devoted a good four fifths of its space to a report of the event.

To get an idea of this in American terms, we should have to imagine our country far deeper in the doldrums than it was two years ago, yet taking its mind off its troubles long enough to celebrate, say, the centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson as a national event; with Mr. Roosevelt representing Harvard University — and really doing it, doing it in the grand style — and ex-Secretary Adams representing the American Historical Society, also in the grand style; and next day's *New*

York Times giving up something like twenty-two pages to the occasion!

America has often been reproached as doing little for its illustrious dead except for those whose memory can be profitably capitalized by politicians. This is as it may be. What has not been sufficiently remarked, I believe, is that in such cases the exigencies of exploitation lead us to glorify these worthies for qualities that they did not conspicuously possess, and to slight the qualities that really made them great. In putting out their memory for public consumption we misbrand it for partisan purposes so flagrantly that if our politicians had to face an equivalent of the Food and Drugs Act there would be close quarters in the penitentiary most of the time.

For example, we do not celebrate Lincoln as a politician, yet his actual title to fame is that he was far and away the greatest politician we ever produced, and doubtless one of the first half-dozen politicians of the world. As a politician he was candid, always ready to say, as he did say, that 'the way of the politician is a long step removed from common honesty'; but many American politicians have been equally candid — think of Penrose, Quay, Cameron. He never enriched himself in office, but very few of our Presidents have done that, and many politicians below the rank of the Presidency never turned a dishonest dollar — think of Hamilton, who made so

many rich, yet remained all his life quite poor. Lincoln was nationally-minded, when his mind at last became set that way — well, think of John Adams and his son, John Quincy, who were born nationally-minded. Lincoln was eminently humane, generous, affable, humorous, patient, simple-hearted — but, dear me, so was Tim Sullivan. It is this misdirection of homage, this persistent excess of adulation for the wrong thing, that throws an air of fictitiousness and unreality over our praise of Lincoln and indeed over practically the whole body of Lincolniana.

Then on the other hand we celebrate Thomas Jefferson as the master politician who built a powerful Minerva-like political party all out of his own head, and therewith saved the country. In April of every year his name is consistently and most blasphemously invoked upon clandestine purposes which he abhorred, and for the most part by men whom he would not have let set foot on his premises. Can one imagine, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt darkening the doors of the man who said in 1800, 'What an augmentation of the field for jobbing, speculating, plundering, office-building and office-hunting would be produced by an assumption of all the State powers into the hands of the general government!' and who said in 1821 that 'our government is now taking so steady a course as to show by what road it will pass to destruction, to wit: by consolidation first, and then corruption, its necessary consequence'? I cannot imagine it.

The fact is, if Mr. Claude Bowers will permit me to say so, that Mr. Jefferson was but an indifferent politician. His party pretty well formed itself, out of material supplied mostly by the opposition, much as in 1932. The biographer's fable of a kind of political Svengali or Professor Moriarty makes agreeable reading even for those who

know better, but it will not wash. To glorify Mr. Jefferson for these qualities is to misread his greatness completely and culpably; and in proportion as they are magnified, the qualities that really made him great are obscured.

But why should a people consider its illustrious dead so closely? Because its attitude toward them is an index of the national spirit; it marks the difference between a nation and an agglomeration. In 1882 Ernest Renan made an address at the Sorbonne on the question, 'What is a Nation?' He showed that geography, language, race, religion, military requirements, or economic interest does not make a nation. Some combination of them may constitute a source from which one draws one's gains, but, whether severally or in combination, they do not give rise to a national life. A nation is a soul, a spiritual principle evoked by the common possession of a rich legacy of remembrances, and by the will to keep improving this hereditary property for the benefit of those who shall receive it hereafter in their turn. 'Man does not improvise himself,' said Renan, austere; a nation, like an individual, is the culmination of an age-long spiritual tendency; and therefore the cult of ancestors is the soundest of all cults, because it is our ancestors who have made us what we are.

This doctrine is manifestly a little out with the temper of our enlightened age; for the moment, at any rate, one would say that improvisation is quite the rule, and that a spiritual heritage is about the very last thing that our enlightened age could be induced to take stock in. But suppose we grant provisionally that there may be something in the idea; then the next question is, Why should a people ever remind itself of any names but the famous ones? Because its spiritual heritage is purely a quality product, and fame, which is largely the product of accident and

circumstance, is no measure of a contribution to it. To recognize and correctly appraise a sound contribution, wherever found, is an index of the national spirit's intensity, and thus the names that are great but not famous are a touchstone. We may put it that a people which has the true measure of its Bacons, Renans, Jeffersons, and feels a sense of spiritual continuity with them, is by way of being a nation; and a people which, over and above this, has the true measure of its Falklands, Jouberts, Thoreaus, and feels a sense of spiritual continuity with them, is by way of being a great nation.

II

These thoughts were brought to my mind last spring by an interesting circumstance connected with the memory of an American who was not famous. He was not famous while he lived, and he is not famous now. Charles Farrar Browne, who wrote under the pen name of Artemus Ward, was born at Waterford, Maine, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1834. When his centenary came round, I looked through various publications for some mention of him, but found none. Probably the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* said something about its old reporter and contributor, but there was no copy of that paper handy, so I do not know. Such of our national publications as profess and call themselves literary said nothing; or rather, I should say, those that I examined said nothing — I cannot pretend to have seen them all. The *London Times Literary Supplement*, however, in its issue for the week of April 26, gave him the whole of the front page and a column and a half run-over on the second.

One might suspect, of course, that the *Times's* essayist was hard up at the moment for something to write about. What with an article promised,

press day coming on, and one thing or another turning up to distract one's thoughts, this sometimes happens. Yet the essay did not read as if that were the case, but quite otherwise. Then, too, essayists have always to reckon with editors, and editors are notoriously close-fisted with their space, and inhospitable toward topics of doubtful interest. Moreover, the roster of British literary worthies is extremely long, and an essayist who is out to see what he can do with a respectable but obscure literary figure need not cross the ocean to find one. All in all, we may take it, I think, that Artemus Ward was not lugged in by the ears as a filler, but that the *Times* regarded his centenary as valid front-page matter. This raises the question why the *Times* should so regard it. The essayist says frankly that 'to most English people Artemus Ward is now only a name; yet the name persists.' Well, but why does it persist? Did Ward actually contribute anything to the spiritual heritage of English-speaking people that would justify the *Times* in reviving his memory? If so, what was it?

Certainly nothing in his public career; it was too short. He died in his thirty-third year, on the sixth of March, 1867. He had a first-rate reputation as a professional humorist, and as a lecturer in this field he did exceedingly well. He seems to have been successful with any kind of audience; he delighted Western silver miners, Mormon elders and their flock, as well as the miscellaneous audiences of New York and London, where the high lights of politics, letters, and society forgathered with the humbler hearers of his discourse. He edited *Vanity Fair* for a short time, in succession to Charles Godfrey Leland, but he could not brace his paper against the stress of the Civil War, and it died on his hands. One doubts, though, that he would have done much better under easier

circumstances; his gifts did not lie that way.

Thus there is nothing in his career as editor and lecturer that helps us to reappraise him in terms of our own time. His personality was by all accounts most prepossessing and charming, but it is gone, and the other adventitious aids to his popularity have only an antiquarian interest for us, if any. All he has of present value — assuming that he has anything — is contained in the slim bulk of his writings; and here too the topics that he treated, and the names that appear on his pages, seem all but mythical. He wrote little and irregularly, almost scappily, never at any length. His best work is in the odds and ends that he published in the *Plain Dealer* and *Vanity Fair* in the guise of letters from an itinerant showman; and in the three or four contributions that he made to *Punch*. As the writings of a professional humorist, I think one must say that they are largely dissatisfying. The *Times's* essayist loyally makes the best of them, but cannot quite commit himself to the conventional apparatus of eccentric spelling, extravaganza, and frontier dialect that served the popular notion of American humor seventy years ago; nor yet can we. No doubt there is excellent humor in Ward's writings. For instance, with the current ethics of our stage in mind, one may see great humor in his account of a disagreement with a former partner whose name was Billson, over a matter of policy.

Billson and me orjanized a strollin dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real Drunkard. The play did n't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's give 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low

cuss) — yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I call a well-balanced mind.

Again, remembering our purely conventional acceptance of the death scene on the stage, — Mimi, Violetta, Tristan, Valentine, — this incident in Billson's earlier career is delightfully amusing: —

The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There was n't any orchestry, and wishin to expire to slow moosic, he died playin onto a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans.

But if all Ward's humor were as good as this (and by no means all of it is; his work is very uneven) we should still be obliged to say that one must look elsewhere for a really significant contribution to our spiritual heritage.

Where, then, are we to look? If his quality as a humorist is not conspicuous, if there are others who, to say the least, perfectly stand comparison with him in this field, — as certainly there are, — did he have another quality that does conspicuously set him off against them? Is he a victim of the misbranding process which I described at length a moment ago, so that in citing him as a humorist, as we invariably do, we are citing him for the wrong thing? I think it is highly probable.

III

I suggest that Ward was the first really great critic of American society, and that in this capacity he remains to-day, as he said of his Grate Show, 'ekalled by few & exceld by none.' In fact, the only one who seems to me to stand with him is another victim of popular misbranding in our own time, Mr. Dooley. In our appreciation of both these men it is interesting to see how far our instinct outruns our intelligence; we think they affect us by the

power of their humor, when nine times out of ten what actually affects us is the power of their criticism — and here, no doubt, we have the reason why their names persist. For instance, there is no great humor in Ward's oft-quoted observation on the fanatical extravagances of Abolitionism; what really interests us is its exact correspondence with history's verdict upon them. Nevertheless the predisposition bred by misbranding leads us to think we are interested in the humor which is not there, rather than in the criticism which is there. I quote the remark afresh to show how this is so: —

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevrul hily respectyble gentlemen and sum talented females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooced to grant it, tho' I don't beleve it myself. But the Afrikan is n't sevrul of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He is n't our grandfather and our grate-grandfather and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so.

There is no trouble now about making a sound critical estimate of the public questions that led up to the Civil War, or of the men whom those issues brought into prominence. Making one in 1862 was another matter. Every political *démarche* has a pretext as well as a cause; and for one reason or another things are usually managed so that the lambent warmth of patriotism shall play around the pretext only — one could write a very telling treatise on the function of the pretext in practical politics. The ability to disengage the pretext, to appraise it for what it is, and to keep a clear and steady view of the cause, is a mark of the true critic; and the ability to do this amid a riot of the worst passions and the meanest prejudices is a mark of the great critic.

Ward had this ability. He was a Unionist, a friend of the Administration, yet his greatest praise of Lincoln

was for remaining 'unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you, each one of which is a little wuss than the other, if possible.' He had no illusions whatever about the actual place of slavery in the category of war issues. On tour in Alabama with his Grate Show at the outbreak of the war: —

I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. 'My Afrikan Brother,' sed I, coting from a Tract I onct red, 'you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account.'

'Yes, boss,' he replied, 'an' I wish 'em honorable graves,' and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2-wheeled chaise.

A public movement launched under a pretext of liberation always breeds a monstrosly inflated notion of the qualities of the people or class whom it is proposed to liberate. The more highly vocal and voluble element in American society idealized the Negro in Ward's day as elaborately as in our day it idealized the indigent Poles, the oppressed Armenians, the suffering Belgians, and now the proletariat. The old showman stopped at Richmond after the surrender, and a Negro bell-boy showed him to his quarters: —

I accompanied the Afrikan to my lodgings. 'My brother,' I sed, 'air you aware that you've been 'mancipated? Do you realize how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realize the great fact in all its livin and holy magnitood?'

He sed he would take some gin.

Ward knew well the kind of men that circumstances were bringing to the fore, in both high places and low. He seems aware that great national disturbances leave a society with its *Oberhefe* and its *Unterhefe* precipitated, as in German beer — its scum at the top and its dregs at the bottom. The

essential levity of certain characters who are prominent in our *Oberhefe* to-day must, I think, remind the judicious of the old showman's advice to Lincoln concerning his Secretary of War: —

Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his undergarmints on. E. Stanton has appearently only one weakness, which it is he can't allus keep his undergarmints from flyin up over his hed.

At the outset of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, also, — though of late not so forcibly, — certain features of the New Deal must have brought to mind Ward's admirable suggestion for the make-up of a Brain Trust: —

'How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?' sed Abe.

'Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles. They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North and South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. If you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters and see small bills. Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun must n't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains.'

In the muck of the *Unterhefe*, as well, Ward's eye easily made out the unsavory figure of the profiteer. His *Romance of William Barker, the Young Patriot*, is a brief but pungent summary of the doctrine of 'business as usual.' He also knew the patrioteer, whom war lets loose upon the community as a sneaking spy and inquisitor-at-large. Boarding a train in Alabama: —

I had n't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark-lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles.

'Secesh,' I ansered. 'I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobead, Munro

Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em.'

'You're in favor of the war?'

'Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years.'

'War to the knife?' sed the man.

'Blud, Eargo, blud!' sed I, tho them words is n't origginal with me.

Ward measured the depth of routine patriotism in North and South alike with unfailing accuracy. He wrote several pieces showing the progress of the war fever among his neighbors in Baldwinville, Indiana, and they reflect faithfully all the ignorant ferocity, the puerilities of petty self-interest, the abject hypocrisies, that were rampant in every twopenny town in the United States seventeen years ago, and in similar circumstances will be rampant again. These pieces are so closely articulated that I cannot quote from them; they must be read in their entirety. One may say as little as one likes for their humor, but their criticism is sound and searching. The showman was gentler with the South, as became a victor; yet where can better criticism be found than this, in his letter from Richmond?

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I can see it on every hand.

I met a man today — I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, 'Why, we've bin fightin agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing'lar!' He then borrowed five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

IV

It is closeness of correspondence with the verdict of history, or with what Aristotle calls 'the determination of the judicious,' that establishes the validity of criticism. Ward's pages give a remarkably complete appraisal of what

our publicists call 'the American psychology,' whereby one may see clearly what it looks like, and what the civilization ensuing upon it looks like, when viewed *sub specie eternitatis*. There are very few aspects of our collective life which he does not illuminate and exhibit as they really are, rather than as distorted by the myopia of prepossession or the delirium of vanity. Like a good artist, he does this by indirection. The great literary artist is one who powerfully impresses a reader with an attitude of mind, a mood, a temper, a state of being, without describing it. If he describes it — if, that is, he anywhere injects himself into the process — the effect is lost. This is the literary art so manifest in the Gospel narrative; and it is this that makes Turgenyev supreme among modern artists.

Ward once said of writers like himself (and I venture to emphasize his very remarkable words) that 'the truth has found more aid from them than from all the grave polemicists and solid writers that have ever spoken or written. . . . They have helped the truth along *without encumbering it with themselves*.' If, indeed, we approach Ward as a critic, leaving aside all thought of his humor, we may see how ably he has helped along the truth about our civilization; and how, too, he has helped it along in the way that good things are as a rule most effectively helped along — by indirection.

As Ward saw America, its god was Good Business; its monotheism was impregnable. Of man's five fundamental social instincts only one, the instinct of expansion, had free play, and its range was limitless. The instincts of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners, were disallowed and perverted. The old showman is himself a most orthodox monotheist; when all comes to all, he worships only the god of Good Business

and him only does he serve. At Oberlin College he called on Professor Peck 'for the purpuss of skewerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax works and beests of Pray into.'

Sez Perfesser Peck, 'Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this bizness. What air your sentiments?'

Sez I, 'I hain't got any.'

'Good God!' cried the Perfesser. 'Did I understan you to say you have no sentiments?'

'Nary a sentiment,' sez I.

'Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your cullud brethren air a clankin their chains in the South?'

Sez I, 'Not a bile. Let 'em clank. . . . The pint is, can I have your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentiments. That's your lay, while I'm a exhibiter of startlin curiosities. What d'ye say?'

Ward understood the conventional defense mechanisms and subterfuges that must be employed pretty regularly to lend plausibility to one's adventures in the service of the one true god. Prince Metternich says that when he visited Paris in the days of Louis-Philippe he grew so sick of the word *fraternité* that if he had a brother he would call him cousin. For nearly twenty years the word 'moral' has been so debased in the promotion of political mountebankery and scoundrelism that the sound of it affects a decent person with the utmost repugnance. Ever since 1917, when I have caught a statesman or a publicist using that word in even the most innocent connection, it has instantly brought to my mind the letter that Ward wrote to a newspaper editor for puffs of his Grate Show.

My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo . . . besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers. . . . I shall have my hanbills dun at your office. Depend upon it. . . . Also git up a tremenjux excite-

ment in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. *Cum the moral on 'em strong.*

In all this we may see how well Ward anticipates 'the determination of the judicious,' how precisely his criticism agrees with the verdict of history. Likewise when one surveys the general order of civilization that he exhibits, one sees the same close correspondence. A society that gives play only to the instinct of expansion must inevitably be characterized by a low type of intellect, a grotesque type of religion, a factitious type of morals, an imperfect type of beauty, an imperfect type of social life and manners. In a word, it is uncivilized; well, just such is the society that Ward depicts. Baldwinsville's intellectual pabulum is provided by the local *Bugle-horn of Liberty*, edited by Mr. Slinkers; Ward gives us specimens of his editorial style and substance, and they afford a competent measure of his readers. Its religious aspirations are satisfied with what Burke calls 'the dissidence of Dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religions,' as interpreted by Parson Batkins. Its resources of sentiment and poetry are measured by the showman's courtship of Betsy Jane Peasley, and their subsequent domestic life. Its ideal of social life and manners is displayed in the merrymaking over the birth of the showman's twins. In all, Baldwinsville is perhaps not devoid of interest, yet clearly the student of civilized man would find little there to serve his purpose; and, while its citizens are doubtless not devoid of certain virtues, he would find them intolerable company.

Ward copper-rivets his criticism by his complete identification of the showman with this profoundly imperfect society. The showman carries the atmosphere of Baldwinsville with him wherever he goes; its views of life and its demands on life are his; they are

sufficient to delight and satisfy him. As a guest of the Shakers, he applies to their peculiar practices the standards of a religion as grotesque and imperfect as their own, and does it with an utterly naïve unconsciousness that any other standards might be applicable. Among the Mormons and the Free Lovers he applies the standards of Baldwinsville's factitious morality in the same naïve fashion. He confronts the Woman's Rights Association with Baldwinsville's most straitest doctrine of domesticity. In the realm of æsthetics he responds cordially to the sex attraction of Piccolomini and Patti, but wonders why Patti does not sing in English since she does so well in Italian. The male members of the troupe do not interest him, and he pronounces the immemorial judgment of Baldwinsville on the futility of their occupation.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri and Junky, they air dowlless grate, but I think sich able-bodied men would look better tillin the sile than dressin theirselves up in black close & white kid gluv & shoutin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble-lookin old man & orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung.

But while wisdom, shrewdness, and penetration may make a great critic, they are not enough to make a critic of the very first order. They make a Swift or a Juvenal; they do not make a Cervantes or a Rabelais. Lucidity of mind is not enough for that; it must be balanced by largeness of temper, by an easy, urbane, unruffled superiority to the subject of its criticism. Swift was a great and sound critic, but of this temper he had all too little; his writings bristle with the *sæva indignatio* which induces in the reader a frame of mind quite alien to that which criticism of the first order brings out. Ward's contemporary, Mark Twain, — he was a year younger than Ward, — was a great critic, but the *sæva indignatio*,

when not actually present in his writings, is never far off; one is conscious of it as of a thunderstorm yet distant but likely to break at any time. Ward had the true critical temper; it pervades his criticism and makes it wholly acceptable. Its influence dissolves rancor; by its aid one surveys the hardness and hideousness of Baldwinsville in a truly Socratic spirit, with no resentment, and with no evangelical desire to expostulate with the citizens of Baldwinsville upon their waste of life. To see how thoroughly pervasive Ward's critical temper is, let us notice how the old showman writes his wife from 'the Athens of America.'

Dear Betsy: I write you this from Boston, 'the Modern Atkins,' as it is demonyunated, altho I skurcelly know what those air.

How insignificant the remark seems; yet, when we let it sink in, how well it manages to color one's whole cast of thought, and to induce precisely the right frame of mind in which to approach the gentle, rather agreeable, but somewhat self-contained provincialism which characterized the Boston of 1860. Probably this is as interesting an exhibit as one could find of the medium in which criticism of the first order works. The inscription on Ward's tomb says that 'his name will live as a sweet and unfading recollection'; and his name may indeed remind us that a critical equipment of the first order must include sweetness no less than light.

V

And so we come back to our text; we come back to our reason why a people should keep alive the memory of its great men, the obscure as well as the famous; and above all, why it should

carefully and clearly discern the qualities that made them great. If I were asked whether France is a nation, I would not waste time over the consolidating genius of Louis XI. I would point to the celebration of the memory of Ernest Renan, and invite my questioner to consider closely the spirit that animated the speeches of M. Poincaré and M. Barthou. I would say that a nation exists where there is a sense of participation in a common spiritual heritage, and a will to improve that heritage for the benefit of those to whom it shall be in turn passed on. Where this sense and will do not exist, no nation exists. There may be an agglomeration of whatever sort, held together by adventitious ties of whatever sort, but this is not a nation.

Our histories tell us that the Civil War finally and forever established the United States as a nation, rather than as an association of sovereign states. One hesitates a little about accepting this statement. The Civil War forged out a political entity, but a political entity is not a nation; far from it — think of the old Austrian Empire. We are an economic agglomeration of importance, doing business over an enormous free-trade area; but, as Renan said, 'a customs union is not a fatherland,' and there is even better authority for suspecting that a people's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that it possesseth. The question whether the United States is actually a nation has interest, and I leave it with my readers, since I cannot pretend that my own opinion in the matter is particularly valuable. I merely suggest that in the nature of things a people's regard for its spiritual ancestry would seem to be a fair measure of its right to call itself a nation, and also a fair index of its national life.

WE LIVE ON A SCHOONER

BY ELIZABETH JAY ETNIER

Tuesday, October 31, 1933

I SAT on deck sewing as we went through Hell Gate, feeling very much the schooner housewife (Stephen called me 'Tugboat Annie'). We anchored off the New York Yacht Club at 26th Street, and Lucius came on board for lunch. He picked up a china plate to see the trade-mark on the back, noted the silver dishes, the candlesticks, and all other appurtenances of elegance, he tried the electric lights to see if they really worked, and departed — not without noticing that there was a slim volume of his own verse among the books. He asked me where we had found our steward-sailor, and I had to explain that he was the carpenter's son, that he had never cooked or been on a sailboat before, but that we had engaged him because he was so nice.

We continued down the East River, hugging close to the shore by the Battery, the New York sky line towering above us tremendous and impressive. There were boats passing in all directions, tiny little tugs manœuvring great rafts of railroad cars. I marveled that there were not constant collisions. We passed Governors Island, where I had been as a child to see Dad receive his Distinguished Service Cross. On that occasion I wore a new hat with blue wool flowers crocheted upon it, and I remember that I had great difficulty in deciding whether to choose blue for infantry or red for Harvard.

The sun set behind the Statue of Liberty. In the dusk we anchored on a

shallow place half a mile from Gravesend between three barges and a big full-rigged ship. A large and brilliant moon had risen early, giving the scene a dramatic quality. Stephen and I sat on deck a long time after dinner. Ferryboats kept passing by us and we could hear the music of popular songs and 'O Sole Mio' played by accordion men who collect nickels and dimes from the passengers.

In the middle of the night I sat up with a start. Then I heard it again — a long cry all on one note, 'Hey, on board the schooner,' repeated over and over. We were dragging anchor and about to collide with the full-rigged ship, whose watch had wakened us. The moon was still full and bright, but a wind had sprung up. It was strange, stumbling on deck from a sound sleep, to see the other boat looming so close.

November 2

Last night we ran aground off Atlantic City. It was horrible and I did not like it a bit. We had been sailing since five o'clock in the morning, arriving off Atlantic City about 10.00 P.M. The shore was so thickly sprinkled with lights, including many colored ones, that we had difficulty identifying the red and green light buoys marking the channel. Cautiously we proceeded. Stephen stood in the bow, calling to me where the unlighted can buoys were. Two slid by, and we knew we were in the channel. Then, with no warning, there was a grind, a crash, and another

crash. We had hit the hard sand bottom. The motor was thrown into reverse, then full speed ahead. For one suspended half second I thought we might get off. Then again that pounding crash, crash, crash; then an interval, and again crash. The whole boat shook and quivered so that it tore one's heart, and her stern was lifted up. We sent off all the Very pistol cartridges and some twenty Roman candles that were left over from the Fourth of July. It was not comforting to see waves breaking on a sand bar a hundred yards away. Stephen said, 'Well, I guess this is the end of this boat.'

There was no danger to ourselves, for it was a still and beautiful night, but many silly things kept flashing through my mind. I wondered which of the books I should try to save first. I thought with a sort of sad despair of the hours I'd spent on my hands and knees making a paper pattern of that very irregular floor space so that we might have a new red rug that would fit exactly; of how Stephen and I had decided to consider the *Morgana* our home; of the fun we had had making her habitable; of the fights over what things to take on board; of the morning the carpenter sat so patiently on the companionway steps while Stephen and I argued about which bunk should be torn out to build a double bed; and I thought I had better put all my jewelry into my pocketbook so that it would be saved when the time came to desert the ship. After what seemed like hours, but was actually, Stephen tells me, about twenty minutes, the Coast Guard arrived and, with one of their seventy-five-footers, pulled us off without much difficulty. We rolled around by the green light buoy at the channel entrance, waiting for leaks to develop (surprisingly, none did), while the Coast Guard asked us questions. They said the sands had shifted, but that the buoys had not yet been changed,

and advised us to proceed to Cape May.

We ran under power. The moon was full and very luminous; the calm, unruffled sea was like liquid Monel metal. We talked quietly together. About 4.00 A.M. the Delco seemed unusually low, so I turned out the binnacle light and steered by moonlight. We strained our eyes trying to pick up lights. At five o'clock we anchored at the entrance of the channel into Cape May. Going below, I sat down for a minute and immediately fell asleep. I woke up at 6.30 when I heard the anchor being taken up. It was quite light. Fishing boats, long strings of them, passed us going out. Cape May harbor is completely landlocked — mostly sand dunes — a barn-like airplane hangar — not very pretty. We dropped anchor at 7.10 A.M. and everyone went to bed.

November 3, AT CAPE MAY

The stepson of the owner of the wharf at which we are tied up came to dinner. He arrived resplendent in a blue uniform with much gold braid and brought with him a girl and a basket of boiled crabs. He was young, not a bit shy, and delightfully ingenuous. One of his remarks concerned a lady who had recently been killed in an automobile accident: 'Of course we were all very sorry she was killed, but at the same time we were sort of glad that something had happened to a Cape May person.'

November 10, ANNAPOLIS

Yesterday I had intestinal grippe and felt very sorry for myself, but today I am sitting up in bed with the door open so that I can listen to the talk going on between Stephen and the man who is aboard to fix the Delco. As usual, he is tearing everything apart. They all do that, but the one before last could not put it together again. If I had my way this would be

purely a sailing vessel and we should burn oil lamps. All engines are so completely incomprehensible to me that I feel they are purposely perverse and malicious, with wills of their own.

Occasionally I join in the conversation and it is very cheerful. The electrician says that he thought the play, *Fata Morgana*, was better than the book, but is glad that the name of our boat has no connection with either. Before the war he was in the German air force, from which he was discharged for dueling. He joined the U. S. Navy and was one of the seven men with Commander Rodgers when his plane went down in the Pacific. They were adrift nineteen days. Three of them then went crazy, jumped overboard, and were eaten by sharks.

Later.—Our electrician has just left. When I called out that since I felt so much better I thought I would take a bath, he jumped up. 'Lady,' he said, 'dear Missis, I beg of you—it is most dangerous to bathe before forty-eight hours. If you will allow me to make you a nice cup of tea . . .' So we had a tea party—Stephen, the electrician, and I in a pink wrapper. He told us that he had been in so many airplane crashes that he was held together entirely by platinum wires. I am surprised to remember how much we told him about ourselves.

November 25, MOREHEAD CITY

A disreputable little yawl called the *Astra*—two men and a woman aboard—is anchored next to us. We have been watching them curiously all day, for the men wear black flannel shirts and have shaggy beards that grow surprisingly high up their cheekbones. In general appearance the trio is what escaped Bolsheviks should look like. This afternoon the little man, who is very clumsy, was fixing something on the bowsprit when one moccasin fell off. As it floated by I fished it up and

called, 'Would you three care to come to dinner with us to-night?'

So they will be here in another hour.

Later.—When the *Astras* came down into the cabin they immediately commented upon the Mangravite still life and admired the John Carroll water color, adding, 'Never saw a water color of his before—thought it was a Marin at first.' Then they fell to discussing rigging and sea anchors for the rest of the evening.

December 17, CHARLESTON

10.00 A.M.—A warm day, the sky very deep greenish-blue, the wind southwest. I am sitting on deck. Stephen is ashore painting.

The night before last, just at sunset, we were watching the big hermaphrodite brig *Intrepid*, which had lain in here the past four days, sailing out with all her sails set and the slanting rays of the sun making her brass blaze like fire, when we noticed a small boat rapidly approaching. Something about her looked strangely familiar, as did the antics of the figure on the bowsprit taking down the jib.

'That's the *Astra* all right,' said Stephen. And a little later we were greeting the P—s as though they were our oldest friends.

Later.—Boat populations being very transient, we are beginning to feel like the proprietors of this place. Whenever a new boat comes in we run along the wharves and stand critically watching while it docks. Then we saunter back to the *Morgana* and go below, knowing that, as soon as they have tied up, the newcomers will make a tour of inspection of the other boats. In the beginning, Stephen picked up everyone and asked him to dinner. Lately, however, he has developed a more discriminating method. He sits in the cabin with the skylight open while Ellison, who is usually working on deck anyway, engages them in conversation. If they

sound interesting, he pops his head up and says, 'Hello, won't you come down and have a drink?'

The annual trek South is still going on, and every day new boats come in and others leave. In this year of depression there are countless people doing just what we are — living on a boat for economy. A pathetic number know practically nothing about sailing except what they have read about it in books. They plan to explore every one of the South Sea Islands and talk vaguely of 'writing,' but their boats are obviously unseaworthy and they have come this far entirely by inland waterway. They ask us where we are going and I am tired of explaining that we are not going anywhere until we feel like it; that we like boats and this one happens to be our home; that, besides, my husband has a certain amount of work to do, as he is having his fourth one-man show in February.

This afternoon, coming back from Meeting Street, I stopped over by the *Astra*. Mrs. P——, a towel round her head, was washing up the whole place.

'Do you know,' she said, 'this is the second time I've been moved to do this. The first evening we came on board the *Morgana* I felt inspired; and now that I've been over there on the *Imp*, when I came back I said to myself: "Well, a palace like the *Astra* should be kept up like a palace!"' I agreed, and she went on, 'He's rather a character. I felt kind of sorry for him, so I had him to dinner this noon.'

I wandered over to see the man on the *Imp*. The boat was about eighteen feet long with a nine-foot beam and was actually a yawl, for a crooked little stick stuck up on the very stern. The owner asked me to come on board if I could find a place to sit down. The deck was taken up by a curious superstructure and a great pile of old bits of iron, rusty hoops, crowbars, links of chain. He had been three years coming

from New York. He nourished a mania for making everything himself. His steering wheel was an old Pontiac hub with the Indian head still in evidence. If he needed a new mast he anchored by a wood for a few days till he had cut and made one (he indicated his latest — the little jigger-mast). Whenever he walked along the street he kept his eye out for things that 'might come in handy sometime' (he waved his hand at the pile of iron). I felt like Alice talking to the White Knight, and indeed there is a strong resemblance between the two kindly old adventurers with their odd array of 'my own inventions.' He had no money, but he had no expenses. His engine pushed the boat at two miles an hour.

When I got home I told Stephen about him and about the P——s having him to lunch. I said sadly, 'The P——s never ask us to meals, but we have them here often.' Stephen laughed and said that harbor etiquette demanded that the bigger boat always ask the little one; when we are in port with the *Four Winds*, it is always the Harrises who ask us to dine. Then I told him that the man on the *Imp* was not the last of the line. He had picked up a man who was cruising South in a rowboat.

January 17, 1934, CHARLESTON

We have decided to go to Bermuda. I was surprised to find that it is about eight hundred miles from here, farther than it is from New York or from Portland. Stephen has sent for a professional navigator, since we shall need another man for the trip at any rate.

January 19

I have been provisioning the boat, having made out long lists of food that run down three big sheets of paper. Mr. L——, the navigator, has arrived. A thick fog is shutting in, which is exasperating; we are all getting fidgety.

January 23

We are flying the Blue Peter. Ten ten-gallon cans with extra gasoline are filled and lashed to the deck. The rugs have been rolled up, the brandy and wine glasses and my blue glass jar all carefully stowed. The ceiling of cloud, cracking momentarily, gives place to great patches of blue sky, and the wind has at last shifted from northeast to west. We have had a telegram from Washington with a favorable forecast: 'West and southwest winds. No storm areas visible at present.' The coal, after delaying us for over an hour, is this minute arriving, carried in bags on the shoulders of five Negroes. They make a slow procession.

We cast off at 12.15. When we were clear of the dock I headed the boat into the wind while the men got up the sails. It is seven weeks and two days since they came down. I relinquished the wheel to Stephen as we approached Fort Sumter. The sun is very warm, the wind light, and I have put on my Boothbay straw hat. I looked back at Charleston. I saw the white steeple of Saint Michael's, the red steeple of the new church, the steeple of Saint Philip's — thin spires against the tranquil blue sky. I saw the huge and hideous Fort Sumter Hotel rising above the trees of the Battery Park, and glimpses of white buildings and red tile roofs. It looked mellow and picturesque and full of romance, very much as it appeared to us the day we sailed in here when our knowledge of Charleston was based solely on *Porgy*.

An oil tanker passed us in the channel. The skipper called, 'Good luck!'

4.00–5.00 P.M. — My watch. We are already well beyond sight of land. The sea is calm. Mr. L—— and Ellison have lashed the tender and stowed the anchors. Stephen went aloft to fasten the hoops more securely to the stays — he looked like Queequeg on watch for a whale. The color and clearness of the

water are marvelous after the muddy yellow of the harbor.

7.00. — Supper. Paper plates already seem natural. We are becalmed.

8.00. — Stephen and I take the long watch (8.00 to 12.00). There is moonlight. We have brought the small radio on deck to play. We relieve each other at the wheel every hour.

10.00. — A fresh wind has sprung up from the north, quite contrary to all weather predictions. We gather speed and are soon making about eight knots. There is a continuous gurgling swish and the moon catches the bow wave whitely. It becomes increasingly rough as we near the Gulf Stream.

12.00, midnight. — We are relieved by Mr. L—— and Ellison.

January 24

3.45 A.M. — Everyone on deck to take down the jib, which has torn. A big wave soaked me before I could get into my slicker.

9.00. — Breakfast. Beverly is sick, so out of bravado I cooked. Nothing would stay in place on the stove, and I had to brace myself to stand up. Feeling giddy once or twice, I quickly stuck my head out of the galley hatch. There on the ladder is one of the pleasantest places to stand, for the little hood protects you from spray and wind, yet you can hear very close the crash of the bow wave. The water is indigo blue, with bits of Gulf weed floating by. The wind is still strong.

The boiled eggs turned out hard, but I blessed a strong stomach and ate mine anyway. Below-decks is in its usual disgusting, unbelievable mess — even worse than usual because of wet clothes everywhere.

Later. — The rip in the sewing had grown so much that the four men took down the mainsail and set the storm-trisail. The sea was confused and the wind strong. I became exhausted by taking the wheel from 11.00

A.M. till 2.00 P.M., fearful all the time that someone would slip and go overboard. Everything got rather uncomfortable.

Ellison and Mr. L—— had the 8.00 to 12.00, midnight, watch and were hove to in a heavy sea.

Stephen is very discouraged. We lay in bed without bothering to undress, barely able to keep in. We went on watch at 12.00 midnight, still hove to.

January 25

At 3.30 A.M. Stephen saw that the foresail had torn clean across. The log read a hundred and eighty miles. The sea was very nasty and it seemed foolish to go on now that we could no longer trust the sails. I realized regretfully that my presence was largely responsible for his decision. Without waking the sleeping men, we quietly turned ship and started the motor. We decided to go to Savannah.

4.00. — We retired.

6.00. — I relieved Mr. L—— and Ellison. I let Stephen sleep, as he needed it badly.

The day seemed pleasant once the light came. The boat was steady enough for everyone to eat breakfast — scrambled eggs on deck. It is wonderful how one's spirits rise with the coming of day. Circumstances appear at their worst at night. I am no longer exhausted, but feel it would be possible to continue indefinitely. This is partly because I have learned to relax completely whenever I am off duty even for an hour.

We have had a strong south wind all day, which calmed the Stream, but is hardly favorable for our making Savannah. Stephen fished for dolphins with a lamb chop, but desisted when I said they made a very human cry when killed. We saw only a few porpoises and one enormous monster (possibly a small whale) which rose several times very close to the boat.

Very rough, and rain squalls beginning about 6.00 P.M. With three ships in sight, we lit the masthead light despite the fact that the Delco must be running low.

8.00–12.00, midnight. — Stephen and I on watch. Occasional rain squalls and the wind more in the west. We passed very close to one ship, which seemed not to move for some time, probably confused because our port running light was not burning.

January 26

4.00 A.M. — I went on deck and sent Ellison below. Mr. L—— is casting the lead every ten minutes. When Stephen came up he made several attempts at star sights, but each time a big wave drenched him in spray and blurred the sight. The boat is moving fast. The moon is visible, very brilliant, for short intervals, always to be covered quickly by scudding clouds.

The bilge is sloshing terribly. The pump apparently will not work. The whole place looks increasingly horrible, but I do not care any more — I can hardly remember that it ever was different.

6.00. — I retired, but all the men stayed on deck. Mr. L—— is still heaving the lead. He is indefatigable and a superlative sailor.

I came up again much refreshed at eight o'clock. There is the usual lift in everyone's spirits with the break of day. I took the wheel for two hours. The sea is calm. The gas in the tank has run out and the motor stopped. An astounding peacefulness lulls our small world. There is no land in sight anywhere, but many little land birds have been blown offshore during the night. Two sparrows died on the boat — their poor little bodies so pathetic when the feathers are stuck to them.

Stephen came on deck with a dish of apricots and we joked at our plight. It is now a west wind. At the moment our

position is uncertain — where should we go, to Savannah, Morehead City, Georgetown?

11.00. — The pump is now working. Extra gasoline from the cans has been poured into the tank and the engine started, for it has just been announced that we are probably twenty miles off Charleston — this being our fourth day at sea. Even now this expedition has its elements of humor, and, for the discomforts, some marvelous compensating moments. Such small blessings, like the sunrise, a calm moment to eat, an hour to lie down, are intensely appreciated. Then, too, from this trip I have learned a lot about what one feels like eating in unhappy moments: dry, tasteless crackers and unlimited coffee come first, then hot soups or mushy platefuls of milk and shredded wheat. Liver, nuts, and raisins are apt to disagree. No one feels like eating lettuce.

I have also acquired a more than nodding acquaintance with the Gulf Stream. While out at sea among big waves I constantly thought of the accuracy of Rockwell Kent's pictures. People who see the horizon only from the decks of steamers may think of it as a straight line, but from a small boat, where the eye is only a little above water level, it always appears irregular, jagged, punctuated with high peaks. Its nearness and mountainousness change continuously as the boat goes up and down the slopes of the waves.

2.30 P.M. — The lead has shown ten fathoms, now it shows eight. I have the horrid dread that we may go on shoals. No one is certain of our position, but I have been praying that we may end up *any* place but Charleston. I could not stand seeing that Ideal White Swan Laundry man grimacing around again.

4.00. — Stephen has identified our position as Winyah Bay. We are now, therefore, running toward Georgetown, which is nine miles up a river.

6.30. — We passed long stretches of sand near the entrance, but lately the channel is rather winding, with trees on either side. The river is perfectly still. There is no longer a vestige of motion. It now seems incredible that not many hours ago my whole life centred on how soon I should be relieved at the wheel; that I could look forward to nothing farther ahead than when I could next stumble below and lie down. Those days in the Gulf Stream are already beginning to lose whatever unpleasantness they had, for that is one of the curious things about sailing.

I have spent a charming hour scrubbing the single stateroom rug, having removed the worst grease with a knife.

6.50. — The anchor chain has just run out. I popped up to take a look at Georgetown. It is dark, but my impression was of an attractive, friendly water front of a small old town.

Very quiet and still.

Ashore to telephone our families.

February 6, GEORGETOWN, S. C.

It rained all day, but nothing leaked, since we have put glue in the cracks. Stephen painted me in the cabin. It was not a success, for he caught a frozen expression on my face. I had read that if you kept absolutely still for the first half hour you became numb and could pose indefinitely; so I thought I would try it.

February 7

7.15 A.M. — A glorious day. We could tell it was fine from the patch of blue we see through our skylight, but on deck the early morning sunlight is dazzling, the colors of everything extra fresh and newly washed. I started to do exercises, the 'hop-scrabble-hop' Dad used to make us do on the lawn before breakfast. All the rigging is frosted white. Our bare feet have made footprints in the dew on the deck.

3.00 P.M. — Lunch at last. Stephen

was ashore painting all morning. The picture is really a portrait of the *Cornwallis* (the miniature ferryboat), but he has painted also the quality of this still clear day.

February 8

11.00 A.M. — Lunch. Stephen went ashore to paint directly afterward. He is working much better here than in Charleston, where he was continually irritated by the self-conscious picturesqueness of the place.

2.00 P.M. — Mail has arrived that has wandered from Maine to New York, to Charleston, to Bermuda. There is a reproduction of Stephen's 'Cocktail Hour' on the cover of the *Art Digest*.

I have been reading Sir Edward Grey's *Fallodon Papers*. He lists gardening as one of the highest forms of pleasure. Although he does not say so, I think that is true because you make and improve something with your own hands, then stand back and admire your creation. In a minor way, it must be the same satisfaction that an artist feels. Ellison experiences it, for this morning when he rowed me ashore he said, 'I always go all the way round the boat after I have been working on her to see how much better she looks.' (He has been painting the stays.) Certainly it is a peculiarity of both boats and gardens that you willingly go grubbing on your hands and knees for them and take a most passionate pride in the results.

Living on a boat, you can never quite take things for granted, and it keeps keen your delight in the most ordinary occurrences — baths, and candles on the table, for instance. When a storm howls outside, the snug safeness of a small harbor seems incredibly dear, and after we have been fog-bound we put to sea again as though it were the most exciting thing that ever happened. To know the kind of day is

always interesting. Being with Stephen has made me aware of what I see — two colors together, a strong straight line in opposition to a delicate curved one, the rhythm in railroad tracks or telegraph poles. There is a faded purple stucco store with an old awning striped turquoise and white, a bunch of bananas in the doorway with a small but brilliant red tag, that I have seen him look at each time we go by.

5.15 P.M. — Stephen returned. This week he has painted five pictures; four are as good as anything he has done, but he is very depressed. He feels, What's the use, when painting is no longer a living art functional in people's lives (as possibly it was in the Renaissance)? People don't look at pictures; they either buy what they consider Georgian pictures to go in their Georgian houses, or keep the same ones until they are as meaningless as part of the wall paper. A picture should be changed once in a while or hung in another place to give it new life. I made him a cocktail to try to cheer him up a bit.

February 14

They have made a big crate and all the canvases are packed in it. Since we have no suitcases, we packed most of our town clothes in on top of them, which I think will be a surprise to the gallery.

There has been such a disheartening accident. As Stephen and Ellison were lifting the crate from the tender to the wharf, it slipped and fell in the water. Every single canvas was soaked. I cried, but Stephen says that after a little restretching no damage will have been done. Thank goodness!

March 26, GEORGETOWN

11.15 A.M. — Stephen is ashore painting. I am so glad we can stay at anchor; we had to get special permission from the harbor master. There is no privacy

tied up at a dock. Loafers gather, cross their arms on the big fat posts, and gaze down at us from only a few feet away, so that I hardly feel like reading on deck, to say nothing of skipping rope or doing exercises. They even watch us eating in the cabin when the skylight is open. Our present position gives us a feeling of dignified seclusion, yet is a conveniently short row — barely a hundred yards — from shore. And from here we command the whole water front: from the little Coast Guard station, cupola on top, painted gray with white trim, to the old brick clock tower with its belfry and gold weather vane. In between stretch low flat-roofed buildings, some of extraordinary colors, and, instead of a sidewalk or back yards, a long broad wharf. Sometimes when I go ashore at low tide I have a very hard time climbing up because there are no regular steps, but a large fat Negro cook always comes running out to help me, with wide grins and many exclamations.

I am settled in the cabin. The Delco is not running, Ellison and Beverly make no sound but the quiet slap-slap of their brushes as they paint the *Morgana's* sides. I have been thinking of all our early struggles with the various mechanical parts of the boat and of how, as Stephen said, they really made us love her more. Just now everything looks so nice. The sun coming through the open skylight lies in a crooked strip across the red rug and the blue chintz couch, jiggles over the yellow cushion in one corner, and goes in a flat broad band up the white wall. I have some corn bread in the oven, but the day is so calm I doubt if it will be a success — the heat of the oven has some mysterious relation to the direction and velocity of the wind. Once I had to cook a brown Betty for five hours.

1.15 P.M. — Stephen and I had a

glass of sherry before lunch and remarked to each other for the thousandth time how pleasant life was, here on our boat.

Afternoon. — The Mayor's wife sent me out a basket of pink camellias, which pleased me very much.

Dinner early (shad), then to the movies. It is very warm. I wore my blue linen dress.

March 27

Breakfast, 8.15. — I finished *Upstream*, one of the best things I've read lately, and started Cabell's new book. Went ashore to buy food for 12.30 lunch (shad again, since we leave here so soon).

Stephen's Uncle Ott, whom he had not seen in six years, turned up this afternoon. He stayed to dinner, so of course we had shad again. It is our prize dish — Beverly cooks it to perfection and it is caught here in the river only a few hours before we eat it. Stephen gave Uncle Ott a big cocktail, we had Rhine wine for dinner, brandy afterward, and he became quite loquacious. He is an amazing person, and, I thought, charming. Apparently he spends all his time driving about the country by himself, visiting graveyards. As a side line he has been tracing down the Etniers and has decided, to his brother Carey's disgust, that they were of German, not French, origin. He told me very seriously that he had 'gotten over seven hundred, but there were two or three good ones he just could n't lay his hands on.' (Etniers, he meant.)

March 28

Uncle Ott came down to say goodbye.

We were planning to go down to the mouth of the river in the afternoon and leave for Southport to-morrow morning, but at noon Stephen telephoned Mr. L—— to come at once and help us

make New York in one jump from here.

2.00 P.M. — We had a letter saying that it is still very wintry and cold in New York.

3.15. — Stephen telegraphed to Mr. L—— not to come till next Thursday. We both immediately began feeling very restless.

Stephen went to bed at 8.30. I stayed up two hours and finished *Smirt*.

March 29

Our restlessness continues. Stephen finds breakfast the most exciting time of day — there is the paper, and the uncertainty of seeing what the day is like. I did accounts and answered letters. When I went to mail them, the postmistress, without making any bones about it, sorted out all the post-cards, put on her glasses, and read them.

March 31

It is warm, drowsy, sunny weather. I sat on deck all morning, and after lunch went with Stephen to paint. I noticed that the usual idle crowds that gathered were at one time all blacks and at another all white, never mixed. One fat man stood in the offing for some time, then said, 'A cat may look at a king.' Stephen, oblivious, went right on working. The man repeated louder, 'A cat may look at a king, I say.' Stephen jumped, and the fat man, stepping forward, smirked, 'May I see?' Stephen can paint undisturbed by any number of onlookers, and I have often heard him envied this ability. Once, on a busy street corner in Bermuda, an obliging policeman had to restrain the crowd from pressing completely around him and cutting off his view.

It is impossible to buy meats in this place, but I found some fresh corn to amuse Stephen. I also bought him an Easter basket at the ten-cent store.

April 1, Easter Sunday

Stephen consented to have a boiled egg for breakfast, and the basket was a success. I am sitting on deck now. It is one of those glorious God-given blue days. We have put our mattresses out to sun.

About three o'clock a south wind sprang up. We deliberated for half an hour, then Stephen decided that it was too good to miss. We frantically telegraphed Mr. L—— not to come, that we would work north gradually by ourselves. We wrote hasty notes to the post office to forward mail, to one or two stores that we were not fleeing our bills, and were off by 3.45. As we passed the big lumber schooners one captain called that he envied us and that it was only a new boom that was holding him up. It is unbelievably thrilling to be off — the bustle of getting under way, the hasty business of stowing the numerous fragile knick-knacks that we always accumulate during a long stay in one port, and the uneasy movement of the deck beneath your feet again.

We reached the mouth of the river and left the light buoy at 7.00 P.M. The breeze dropped somewhat. Stephen and I took the 8.00 to 12.00, midnight, watch. It was very calm. A full moon came up — orange at first, then white and bright in a cloudless sky. We moved slowly along.

May 8, ISLES OF SHOALS TOWARD HARPSWELL

To-day I could sing a hymn to Maine. It would begin with the uneven-measured music of the names: Merry-meeting Bay, Monhegan, and Seguin; Cutler, Ile au Haut, and Frenchmen's Bay; Cutters Nubble, Christmas Cove; the Cranberry Isles, Vinal Haven, Tenants Harbor. On a chart the coast of Maine is shreds — long-fingered inlets with vistas between many islands out to sea. All winter long I have sat in other harbors and thought of the sum-

mer when I would sit on deck in Boothbay. People say the coast of Maine is grim and forbidding. They are wrong. It is firm and strong, with jagged reefs and rocks that would pierce a boat as sharply as the jagged outlines of the tall black spruce pierce the blueness of the sky; but everywhere it breaks up into safe, welcoming harbors. There are trees and grass and deep water. The Southern coast—unending stretches of sand, no harbors except where occasionally a channel has been dredged through a sand bar, no tree or rock or hill or tuft of green grass to break the monotony—that is my idea of an uninviting and forbidding shore line.

The people we have met in other places we have compared unfavorably with Maine people. I know this is an exaggerated example, but in New York we saw a play, *Tobacco Road*. It was about the struggle of a man, against overwhelming circumstances, to save his land. Every character in it was highly staked. Their fates were as unhappy and wretched and miserable as fate can be. But, although intensely interested, I was not moved by their disintegration. Suddenly I remembered the old Greek notion that tragedy should deal with kings or princes, so that the fall might be great. And I thought: You could write a tragedy about a Maine man, however poor, because there is an internal dignity in him that would make the spectacle of his fall great and moving.

The Northern spring is more touching than any other. All the way up the coast I have watched the spring coming to different places. In Georgetown it came slowly, luxuriously, lazily, taking many languorous days. In Maine the snow melts and leaves in its place drifts of tiny white wild flowers across emerald grass, while the air still tastes like a drink of ice-cold water. The light in Maine is different from the light anywhere else. . . .

But I must stop now because Stephen wants me to take the wheel.

Later.—Stephen has set the balloon jib and a small, high fisherman stay-sail that we have never had out before. It is another glorious day.

This morning we were under way at 7.45—a light southwest breeze which seemed to be strengthening in puffs. Little silver crescents chased each other over the blue water. It was like a field of tall grass when breezes travel over it, bending the tops of the grasses so that the sun catches the stems and causes fleeting shiny patches. On the sea it happens more frequently when the water is a pale smooth silver and the puffs ruffling the surface make darker patches scudding over it. Now it is eleven o'clock. The wind is steady, so that all the sails are filling beautifully. We are having rum flips on deck.

1.15.—Lunch. Paper plates unnecessary, the boat is so steady. We have passed Cape Porpoise. Cape Elizabeth is ahead. Ellison has seen a whale spouting.

3.30.—I have had the wheel the past hour. With every sail on the boat drawing, she is running as dead before the wind as she can go, precariously near the jibing point. There is a long following sea. Every now and then a wave, lifting up the stern, gives us an even greater impetus forward, then sizzles along the side. Halfway Rock has been in sight for some time. I am beginning to recognize the islands—Green, Hope, Jewel. I remember how proud I was, when I was first married and came to live in Maine, because I learned their names so quickly. Great Chebeague, Brown Cow, Bates, Ministerial. Farther ahead is Haskell's Island, and, off the other bow, the unmistakable humped back of Whaleboat. I can even see Ragged Island, way off toward Small Point, which marks the top of Casco Bay as Cape Elizabeth does the bottom.

All day I have been noticing this peculiar Maine light. In *No More Sea* Wilson Follett describes it, saying that the 'high clouds, flat as marble slabs on their under sides, turned a kind of refulgence downward, investing' the landscape 'with an inexpressibly beautiful and strange distinctness' till you felt you were 'seeing new-created colors, or old colors through new-created eyes, so limpid and tenuous was this cloud-refracted northern air.' There are none of those high flat-bottomed clouds to-day, but the islands are invested with a quality of radiance and distinctness I have seen nowhere else. Perhaps the sun's rays striking at a sharper angle makes the light in Maine different from that of places more in the middle of the world.

Stephen and I have climbed out to the tip of the bowsprit. From there you can see nothing but canvas — sail overlapping sail; the great belly of the balloon jib, the small high fisherman, the foresail out one side, and the mainsail, straining forward with the full brunt of the wind, out the other. If you put your head way back you can see, above everything, the home-coming pennant streaming forward against the sky.

We are passing Eagle Island. The forward sails are flapping so that I hold my breath for fear of a jibe, but they will fill again as soon as we round the buoy off Flag Island.

I can see Ellison's house sitting in the little semicircle of bright green grass at the head of Tide Mill Cove. I have never seen such variousness of green — the young leaves of the birch and oak and other non-evergreens in vivid chartreuse streaks through the dark mass of the pines. Soon we shall have passed the point. We are going fast and still carrying all sail. Ellison, his eyes dancing with excitement, says, 'Keep it up, Steve. Let's run her right up on the mud at the end of Ash Cove.'

The Merriconeag is almost abeam. I remember once last summer, coming back from a cruise, we came through the Gut just at dusk. It was quite still and the boat seemed moved forward by some invisible force. We were going through a school of sardines. In the dark water they looked like a whole lot of silver quarters that you had thrown overboard. We stood in the bow and I thought that this was what coming into heaven might be like — at twilight, in the bow of a ship moving mysteriously. Then the funny old shape of the Merriconeag Hotel would come into sight and you would recognize where you were. . . .

At this point Stephen thrust the wheel into my hands and ran forward calling directions. The sails came down with record speed and efficiency and everyone silently congratulated himself, for an audience had gathered on the side of the hill, holding up an American flag to welcome us. Feeling very proud, I swung the boat in as big a circle as I dared and headed her into the wind. She hung there motionless, the mainsail flapping. Ellison and Beverly stood ready to trip the anchor; but Stephen, calling 'Wait a minute,' dashed below. He was back in a second, shouting 'All right!' As the anchor dropped, he fired a Very pistol cartridge into the air. I watched the pale green light shoot upward, then fall slowly into the water. In daydreams one always stages such things as home-comings beautifully. Actually, they seldom come off in their full perfection. It happened that this one did.

We rowed ashore, landing on a seaweed-covered rock. One of the wind-twisted apple trees has been winterkilled; the white lilac by the studio steps should be in bloom in another two weeks; I must start working in the garden. It will be strange to live on shore again for a while.

RECOGNIZING THE COMPANY UNION

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IF President Roosevelt were psycho-analyzed, his labor policy, with its apparent contradictions and paradoxes, would be more understandable than it is to-day. Clearly, the fact stands out that human suffering, in any form, he cannot view objectively. Reports of unemployment, of human decay and retrogression in West Virginia and the Tennessee Valley, of irate workers battering at the gates of closing factories, of women and children starving, stir in him the bitter memories of his own physical pains, of his own physical and spiritual sufferings. The labor clause of the NIRA bore the marks of a purpose to help the laborer, 'the Forgotten Man,' in the apt but carelessly inaccurate language of the President — but who was, rather, the defeated man, the frightened man, who after four years of depression found himself psychologically a permanently unemployed man.

I

It was sentimentality that dictated the phrase in Section 7 of the NIRA that laborers be given the 'right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing.' In fact, there was so much sentimentality in the atmosphere during the honeymoon period that no one, not even the capitalists, noticed the ambiguities in the section. Who are laborers in the United States? Does the word mean industrial laborers only? What is meant by 'collective bargain-

ing'? Does it mean that laborers in a single shop shall organize a committee to bargain collectively with their employers, or does it mean that all laborers throughout the United States shall organize a syndicate or a Soviet, or through the American Federation of Labor shall bargain with an association of all employers of labor in the United States? Or did the President have in mind that collective bargaining was to be done through government agencies?

The confusion of ideas inherent in an undefined 'collective bargaining' became apparent at once, for every possible interpretation was immediately given the term, and the President and his advisers seemed to switch from one definition to another. Throughout the second Congressional period of Mr. Roosevelt's term, when the Wagner Bill was before Congress, some legal definition, capable of being upheld by the Supreme Court, was urgently needed to save the Executive from the constant necessity of seesawing from a pro-A. F. of L. attitude to a pro-Company Union attitude.

It was this confusion and sentimentality which resulted in an increase in strikes after June 1933. According to the *World Economic Review for 1933*, published by the Department of Commerce: —

In that month only half a million man-days were lost as a result of strikes, but by October the number of days lost equaled more than 3.6 millions. The National Labor

Board was created on August 5, 1933, to act as arbitrator in strikes and by December 15 had taken jurisdiction of 155 disputes, involving 350,000 workers. Including Regional Board cases, the number of employees involved was estimated by the National Labor Board to have been about 600,000. The minimum wages set in the various codes that were adopted were mainly beneficial to the very low-paid workers, and generally the skilled workers were left to bargain for higher wages. Most of the strikes were caused by demands for higher than code wages, recognition of the unions, and alleged violations of the codes by employers.

This statement does not cover the Toledo strike, the textile strike, the Minneapolis strike, the threatened steel strike, the Harriman strike in the South. It does not include the general strike in San Francisco, spreading what General Johnson called civil war on the whole Pacific Coast.

In a word, government insistence upon 'collective bargaining' without defining the term, without applying adequate organization for the process, without placing limitations upon the rights of labor and capital, added to the misery of the labor situation just at the moment, curiously enough, when it appeared that reemployment might occur in the United States.

For, if either the American Federation of Labor estimates or the Federal Reserve Board indices be employed, it is clear that after June 1932 a movement toward reemployment was beginning to make itself felt, and that by March 1933 it was well on the rise; but toward the last quarter of 1933 'downward tendencies were prevailing, the increase in private unemployment being about half a million,' according to the Department of Commerce report. Except as government agencies like the CWA and the PWA employed men, reemployment has been slight in 1934, in spite of huge government expenditures for goods and public stimulation of

prosperity. Nevertheless pay rolls increased both in 1933 and in 1934, because of the higher wages paid under the NRA codes. It was, in fact, characteristic of this period, and still is characteristic, that those who actually work in industry are better paid than at any time since 1929, but that the number of unemployed, excluding government employment, remains fairly stationary in the neighborhood of ten million.

In this situation, the term 'collective bargaining' begins to have a special meaning. Ordinarily, American labor being on the whole rather unskilled in character, capital could obtain labor at varying prices, in a market that was overflowing with unemployed. In fact, under such conditions, capital might have found it cheaper to increase the number of men employed than to install new labor-saving devices. The employed laborers sought definitely to avoid being swamped by a deluge of workers seeking jobs, and the collective-bargaining clause gave them, under the NRA and the President's Reemployment Agreement, the exact mechanism to establish a vested interest in their jobs.

Thus the first effect of the President's effort to end unemployment seemed to be to give the employed worker a means to protect his job both from the unemployed worker who might take it at a smaller wage and against the capitalist who might hire two men at one man's pay. No matter how one analyzes the purposes, motives, and achievements of the NIRA and the reemployment agencies let loose by the government, the Act accomplished just this: it fixed the minimum wage and set a numerical maximum for reemployment in the conditions of the present market.

Conscious of this danger, the government sought to employ surplus labor itself in the CCC, the CWA, and the PWA. From the point of view of this

study, this particular work of the government, apart from creating an artificial market for goods, served only to set a minimum wage which industry had to better. For instance, I was told this story the other day by a country banker in Massachusetts. He said that a customer of his offered a man a job at sixteen dollars a week. The man refused it on the ground that he would not take a job for one dollar a week.

'What do you mean, one dollar a week?' the prospective employer asked.

'Well,' replied the man, 'I can get fifteen dollars a week doing nothing for the government on a road job, which ain't work. Here you offer me another dollar a week to do real hard work. Why should I take it?'

Now that was the exact effect of these agencies — they set a minimum wage for the employed, whether employed privately or publicly. But they gave those privately employed the weapon of collective bargaining, guaranteed but not defined by the government.

II

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor did have a definition for the collective-bargaining clause of the NIRA. In his speech at Akron, on September 4, he said: —

The National Recovery Act can be properly classified as revolutionary legislation because it confers . . . upon labor the right to organize without interference or restraint by employers of labor and to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. It further stipulates that no employee shall be required to join a company union as a condition of employment.

Later in this same speech he said: —

If industry is permitted to organize and control business, labor likewise must be permitted to organize for mutual helpfulness and protection. And labor is doing that very thing. The spirit of organization

has been aroused and the workers are exercising the right conferred upon them in Section 7(a) of the National Recovery Act to organize. . . . It is the purpose and intent of the American Federation of Labor to protect workers in the exercise of their right to organize and to invoke punishment, through proper court procedure, upon those employers who are charged with and found guilty of violating the law. . . . The great labor organization which I have the honor to represent serves as a medium through which the workers of the nation may give expression to their hopes and ideals. . . . In conformity with the traditional policy of the organized labor movement, we offer coöperation through organization and collective bargaining. Such an attitude, in my judgment, represents the spirit as well as the letter of the National Recovery Act.

Thus the A. F. of L. made its attitude toward this phase of NRA policy perfectly clear. Section 7(a) of the NIRA recognizes the principle of collective bargaining; the Federation asserts that it is the medium for collective bargaining and insists that this is the meaning of the law. It is true that on August 23 a statement signed by General Johnson and Donald R. Richberg had denounced this interpretation and the Federation's assumptions. They insisted that only they and the courts could decide what Section 7(a) meant, and that 'no one else can assume this function.' 'The words "open shop" and "closed shop,"' they wrote, 'are not used in the law and cannot be written into the law.'

But to the members of the A. F. of L. and to most organized laborers their attitude represented political hedging. The A. F. of L. proceeded to organize for strikes in support of collective bargaining with themselves as the medium for collective bargaining. So it happened that Section 7(a) stimulated a class war, an industrial war, in which there has been bloodshed, over the single issue: Was it the intent of the framers of the NIRA, before political

developments caused them to change their minds, to make the A. F. of L. an arm of government, an agency of government for collective bargaining?

This question the Administration felt it unwise to answer directly; the Federation's challenge was supported by continual strikes. It is true that the strikes immediately after the World War were larger both in the number of men who struck and in the man-days out, but when one remembers the ten million still out of work and the millions of dollars that the government is spending to maintain industrial peace, then the strike situation appears as ugly to-day and as dangerous as it was in 1919. Then it was over wages and hours; to-day it is over the interpretation of the collective-bargaining clause of the NIRA. Then it was the result of post-war readjustments; to-day it is the result of the government's attempt to enforce collective bargaining and its vacillating unwillingness to define the meaning of the term.

The Administration's switching back and forth, now seeming to recognize the A. F. of L., now rejecting it, has frightened the workers who belong to company unions, while at the same time it has disgruntled the workers who belong to the Federation. Miss Mary van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, who resigned from an NRA committee dissatisfied with its labor rulings, said at the National Conference of Social Work in May, 'Its net effect upon the workers' struggle for security has been to raise high hopes, followed by bitter disappointment. The collective-bargaining clause was a new Magna Charta to organized labor, but [it] has not been sustained by the Roosevelt Administration.' That undoubtedly and succinctly states the attitude of those who expected the A. F. of L. to become a sort of Soviet alongside the American Government, a Smolny Institute functioning simultaneously with a Keren-

sky régime. Their disappointment and despair are fierce; their annoyance is expressed in constant strikes.

There can be little doubt that in the beginning the Administration expected to wipe out the company union and to stand by the Federation. But that proved impractical, for the workers in the country's principal industries were not in the Federation. In these industries, capital has been able to prove that its own workers are not dissatisfied and that they do not want to join the Federation. Capital's demand that the Federation produce its membership rolls could not be met by the Federation because, in such an industry as steel, the number of workers who were members would have been too small compared with the membership in the company unions. Mr. Roosevelt was faced with the dilemma of either forcing all American workers to join the American Federation of Labor or abandoning the fight on the company union. It was easier to ditch the Federation and to depend on local police and tear gas to see the country through a period of industrial strife. It would have been still easier to find out the facts and to analyze the situation before Section 7(a) of the NIRA was passed by Congress. There would then have been no need for workers to picket the NRA building with signs bearing the inscription, 'What about 7A Johnson!'

III

Early during the Seventy-third Congress it was realized by the Administration and by Senator Robert Wagner of New York, who had assumed the rôle of administrator of Section 7(a) of the NIRA while still a member of the Senate, that a measure was necessary to avoid strikes under Section 7(a). Here again an awkward problem arose, for labor could not give up its right to strike without sacrificing the single

weapon which throughout the history of modern industrialism had proved adequately coercive to gain the ends which justified the existence of trade-unionism. Deprived of the right to strike, organized labor ceases to have any means of asserting its strength except through the courts, which are not always time-conscious — that is, they lag behind the social changes often by as much as a generation, sometimes by several generations.

It is true that in Italy and Germany labor has lost the right to strike under a Fascist system, but Fascism guarantees to labor a social equality with capital by the system of class equalization in the corporate state. Similarly, in Soviet Russia the strike is impossible because the government itself is theoretically a dictatorship of the proletariat — that is, labor controls the state and the state exists for labor. Capital, in the sense that we know it, does not exist in the Soviet State; the state itself is the sole depository of the total capital of the country; the state *is* the worker, the peasant, and the soldier.

Either under Fascism or under Communism, the strike is an act of treason against the state. It is an uprising. Striking workers are shot down as rebels. Picketing is counter-revolution. Even an expression of opinion concerning labor conditions may be regarded by the rulers of Italy, Germany, or Soviet Russia as bordering on resistance to the government, and might lead either to the concentration camp or, not impossibly, to death.

In the American democracy, the right to strike and to picket has generally been upheld by the law and the courts. Perhaps the best statement of labor on this subject was made by the brilliant Secretary-Treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Joseph Schlossberg, who said: —

Every strike . . . even the smallest craft strike, is fundamentally a social protest. It is a challenge to the existing order. . . . In a sense, a strike resulting in the improvement of working conditions tends to stabilize the capitalist order, because it makes that order more bearable, or less unbearable, for the workers. In this sense the legalization of the strike is a safety valve for capitalism. Without such legislation every strike would be a violent social revolt. . . .

Many well-meaning people have been diligently searching for something to replace the strike. The answer of history is that nothing replaces the strike. The strike is the only real weapon the workers have and they could not give it up if they would. If the workers should, assuming that possibility, make a final and complete surrender of their right to strike, the working conditions following as a consequence of surrender would bring the very opposite results — a violent strike. If strikes should be forbidden by law, there will be illegal strikes. Strikes may be broken through persecution or repression, but by no method can the strike be abolished. The strike is a social corrective which cannot be eliminated.

General Johnson in his San Francisco speech upheld the right of workers to strike, but denounced the general strike as civil war. It is difficult to understand why, if a few workers strike, their conduct is altogether American, but, if all strike, it is un-American. It would appear from this speech that the Administration has not yet clarified its attitude toward the principle of the strike.

IV

The question then arose, under both the NIRA and the proposed Wagner Bill, whether labor could continue to use its weapon, the strike. On this subject workers of the A. F. of L., of company unions, and of Communist unions were at one: they could not give up the weapon. Once, obscurely in the daily press, Senator Wagner was reported to have said that his bill did not withdraw

from labor this right. Employers, nevertheless, were opposed to the bill because it would impose upon them a complete and binding government control of industrial relations, so that neither capital, labor, nor management would have any voice whatsoever in determining any vital question in this field. The bill gave to the majority of employees the right to determine which union was to be the agency of collective bargaining in a plant, but no means were provided to protect the worker who did not choose to belong to the majority union. He might be coerced and even driven out of his job.

It is difficult, no matter how objective one desires to be, to see anything else in this bill but an attempt to force the whole of American labor, by act of Congress and by the machinery of a Federal Board, into the American Federation of Labor. It was clearly an attempt to exterminate the company union, while avoiding strikes by government intervention through a quasi-judicial body which had only to discover that an employer had sought to influence his workers to have justifiable ground under the law to declare him guilty of an unfair practice.

From the beginning it was apparent that the real danger to both capital and labor in the Labor Disputes Act (the Wagner Bill) lay in the unlimited powers given to the proposed National Industrial Adjustment Board — a partisan, not a judicial, body — to regulate industrial relations for the entire country, acting as a combined Ministry of Labor and Labor Court in a Fascist country, and in the destruction of existing agencies in industry which aim to stimulate friendly coöperation between capital and labor within an industry. Under the bill there would be a board composed of three members to represent the public, one member for the employers, one for labor, all appointed by the President in the usual manner.

The board was to enforce its rulings against unfair practices when these were called to its attention by the Secretary of Labor. The aim of the bill can be briefly put: an employer could use no means to prevent his employees from joining any type of union the individual workers might choose to join, but the employees must not join a company-dominated union. Now the clarity of that idea is like that of a stream after a typhoon has churned its waters. Just how is a Federal Board to determine at what point a company union is dominated by a company? Suppose there is an agreement between management and labor for a contribution to the union, or for management to take union dues out of the weekly pay roll; does that involve domination or mere friendliness? And is it domination when done for a company union and friendliness when done for an A. F. of L. union? The dangers of conflict on this single point give one a sense of what Pandora's box may prove to hold if it is opened.

But both sides were to be protected by judicial review in the Circuit Court of Appeals, which was to have final jurisdiction. This raised a fine constitutional point, for the question was asked, and quite rightly: Why, under the American Constitution, should appeals be limited by any act of Congress until the whole route of 'due process of law' has been traveled — that is, until the United States Supreme Court has exhausted the rights of the individual under the Constitution?

V

In the end the Wagner Bill was shelved. It aroused so much protest from industry that the President refused it his support. For the situation in the country had changed. A year of the New Deal, nine months of the NRA, failure to reemploy ten million

hands, resistance to boom propaganda, inability to maintain a general high price level, discontent among the employed workers, a less frightened attitude on the part of capital, a few unfavorable court decisions — all these have made the nation critical, if not of the President, at any rate of some of his policies and of the personnel of administration. The Wagner Bill would have been passed unread, as so many other bills were, during the honeymoon. By the early summer of 1934 even unorganized labor was raising its head and declining, as in the steel industry, to be coerced into joining the American Federation of Labor. It would seem that the characteristic American resistance to whittling away the capitalist structure by agitation and revolutionary propaganda is again asserting itself in the struggle within the labor movement for power. The failure of the Wagner Bill definitely eliminates, for the present at any rate, the possibility of forcing by government fiat the whole of American labor into one big union.

A substitute emergency measure, which is to have only one year of life, was passed during the last days of Congress, after blood had been spilled and 'vomiting' gas used in labor wars in various parts of the country. There was, at the moment, danger of a vicious steel strike; a longshoreman's strike was taking place on the Pacific Coast which was particularly nasty; smaller strikes were increasing in number throughout the country; Congress wanted to go home, and the President looked forward to the delights of Waikiki.

In those circumstances and in that atmosphere a measure was passed authorizing the President to appoint a 'National Labor Relations Board,' which is empowered 'to investigate issues, facts, practices and activities of employers or employees in any controversy arising under Section 7(a)

of the NIRA or which are burdening or obstructing or threatening to burden or obstruct the free flow of interstate commerce.' The board is authorized further to conduct elections to determine the type of organization which workers in any plant desire to have operate for them as the agency for collective bargaining. Such elections are to be by secret ballot. It would appear from the act, perhaps only after a judicial interpretation, that just as the employer is not permitted in any way to influence such a ballot, so may not the American Federation of Labor or any other organization interfere with, influence, or cajole workers in their exercise of this ballot.

The board may also hold hearings in connection with a dispute or a charge of discrimination, and act as a Board of Voluntary Arbitration when invited to do so by the parties to a dispute. In this connection, it is difficult to discover that the board has any powers which the Department of Labor has not enjoyed for many years. In fact, it would appear from the order establishing the new board that it is subordinated to the Department of Labor, for its recommendations to the President must be made through the Secretary of Labor, who can, of course, if she be so minded, pocket them and forget which pocket she used — if she uses pockets. Senator Wagner's National Labor Board is disbanded, and the New York Senator passes out of the picture as a labor tsar of the United States.

VI

Hidden away in the President's order establishing the new board is a small paragraph marked with a small *c*. This paragraph is so tremendously telling that it is here given in full: —

The National Labor Relations Board may decline to take cognizance of any labor dispute where there is another means of

settlement provided for by agreement, industrial code, or law which has not been utilized.

Now this paragraph is a concession to capital, for it means unmistakably that if management and labor in any industry can make a deal which is satisfactory to themselves, even though it be antagonistic to the American Federation of Labor, the board should not interfere. It is this paragraph which gives official recognition to the company union, and in the course of the next year the American Federation of Labor will doubtless fight hard to prevent this paragraph from reducing its membership to what it was in 1929.

To offset this indirect, dubiously stated recognition of the company union, paragraph F — full capital — states: —

Nothing in this order shall prevent, impede or diminish in any way the right of employees to strike or engage in other concerted activities.

This, of course, wipes out the whole purpose of the act, which is to prevent strikes. It is the very last paragraph in the Executive Order, and stands out boldly above the President's name and seems to say: 'We've done the best we can; now you do your share.'

The act was designed to please everyone. The capitalists won their point, which was to deal with their own workers by continuing the device of the company union. The A. F. of L. can continue to call strikes. Honest citizens can witness the spectacle of disputes and hearings. The Department of Labor goes on with its work as heretofore, the new board using departmental employees as mediators and investigators. The phrase 'collective bargaining' is still indefinite and undefined. And — the maintenance of law and order remains with the local police and the courts. Everyone is satisfied, nothing is changed, and the

entire transaction has the benediction of Congress. Politically, it was a master stroke to get this business out of the way. Fundamentally, the labor war is still with us.

VII

The basic American industry is steel, and steel has never been unionized. At one time the I. W. W. tried to organize the workers of this industry, and the A. F. of L. helped break the Leftist union in the interests of the capitalists. As long as the steel workers remain outside of the A. F. of L., it is not to be expected that motor-car workers can be brought in. It was logical, then, for the American Federation of Labor to train its heavy artillery on the steel industry with the objective of destroying the company unions forever, not only in that industry but throughout the country. The Federation reasoned that Section 7(a) of the NIRA either applies to the steel industry or becomes nonexistent, and, be it repeated, the Federation interpreted that section as recognizing it as the sole medium for collective bargaining.

John Weir of the Weirton Steel Company was the hero or villain of the drama, for he took it upon himself to fight this issue in the courts. In the course of his fight with the government concerning the application of the NIRA to his industry, the government, forced by the strike situation, sued out an injunction to prevent Weir from pursuing 'unfair practices.' Weir invoked the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction law, heretofore a weapon of organized labor, to attack the validity of Section 7(a) of the NIRA. His attorneys insisted that 'the code was passed for the workingman, not the American Federation of Labor.' They insisted that their workers favored the company union. In fact, they denounced the legality, the constitu-

tionality, of the NIRA, and, to sustain their contention, quoted the words of the liberal Justice Holmes: —

We are in danger of forgetting that a strong public desire to improve the public condition is not enough to warrant achieving the desire by a shorter cut than the constitutional way of paying for the change.

Judge John P. Nields, in the Federal District Court in Wilmington, Delaware, sustained the position of the Weirton Company. Thus the NRA's attempt to impose the A. F. of L. upon the steel industry failed. This was the third failure, for the A. F. of L. had failed in the motor-car strike in Detroit and in the Toledo strike. But the Weirton decision is important because it is judicial and indicates the attitude of the courts, already noted in the decision of Federal District Court Judge Charles I. Dawson of Louisville, Kentucky, who temporarily enjoined the government from forcing bituminous-coal operators to abide by a code which they opposed.

The Administration, Senator Wagner, and the steel operators realized that they could not go behind Judge Nields's decision without testing the constitutionality of the NIRA, particularly in its labor provisions. The American Federation of Labor recognized that it could no longer look for government support and would have to resort to the strike as the only weapon.

A 'rank and file' committee of steel workers now took the case in hand and petitioned the President directly, objecting to a proposed revision of the steel code. They threatened a strike by June 16. Meanwhile John Weir announced that a poll of his workers showed 9801 against the strike as compared with 460 for it — 95.5 per cent standing by Weir and the company union. The steel capitalists stood firm, believing that they could depend on

most of their 430,000 workers not to strike because no issue existed between capital and labor in the industry.

During the month of June, 1934, the agitation continued, not among the workers, but among government officials, NRA officials, labor leaders, and steel-institute officials. The strike was constantly being postponed and a new date set. The capitalists suggested an impartial industrial-relations board, which labor rejected on the ground that it would not be an impartial board, that it could not be in the circumstances.

Without the support of the Administration, the American Federation of Labor found itself weak and helpless. It dared not call a strike, lest John Weir's figures should prove to be correct, lest it should become clear that the steel workers were really in favor of the company unions. By June 28, the strike was called off and the President created a National Steel Labor Relations Board by Executive Order, which, in effect, was given no powers which did not already exist in other government departments. It was a temporary face-saving device used to placate organized labor.

Thus ended what gave every prospect of being the crucial battle for power by the American Federation of Labor. Had a steel strike been fought and won, the A. F. of L. must have become the sole agency for collective bargaining in the country. But the issue and the proposed strike were lost. The A. F. of L. came out of this struggle defeated and weakened.

VIII

This cannot mark the end of the attempt by the American Federation of Labor to constitute itself the sole agency of collective bargaining. It is its task and its duty to continue to fight, and no law has taken from it its

sole weapon, the strike. What is apparent, however, is that after a year of persistent effort, supported until June by the President, Senator Wagner, and the NRA, the American Federation of Labor could not break down the resistance of either the American people or the American worker to enforced organization, to a class struggle based not upon economic but upon social grounds. If anything, the company union — representing, as I pointed out in my article in the August *Atlantic*, a mutual association of capital and labor in an industry — is stronger than it was a year ago, because, threatened by legal destruction, it has become legalized. It persists because it is sound, both because of its vertical organization and because of the social relationships of capital and labor in American life.

The struggle in the future will be between the two types of vertical union — the company union and the Communist union. Both represent the same principle — namely, that labor should be organized to speak for an entire industry, in all its parts, and not for merely a single craft in that industry. The acceptance of this principle by the workers would eliminate the American Federation of Labor. Both vertical unions represent the same idea: that

labor action should be principally economic and not political; that labor can be strengthened, not by Congressional legislation and administrative support, but only by the workers' own efforts in wresting rights from capital. The avoidance of politics would weaken the A. F. of L. still further, for it is an organization which exists by political action. Both vertical unions are similar in lumping together the skilled and the unskilled worker, in their opposition to the outside agent, the labor union wire-puller and racketeer.

They differ in this essential: namely, that whereas the company union represents an agency of the capitalist system, the Communist union devotes itself to the class struggle; that whereas the company union supports capital in the profit motive, the Communist union seeks ultimately to confiscate industry in the interest of the proletariat.

This struggle is imminent in the United States, with the A. F. of L. a political spectator, as it really was in the San Francisco general strike, protecting as best it can a very small percentage of American workers. It seems probable that ultimately a revised form of the company union, less dominated than at present by capitalists, will emerge as the victor in this contest.

HOME-COMING

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

I

HER son's house was spacious, neat, precisely made, sturdy. In fact, it embodied all of Richard's best traits, thought old Mrs. Farrow as she lowered herself, studiously careful, into the low chair. She was the first to enter the living room, the only one who — for this evening at least — would be able to look upon the room's very accurate, slightly aloof hospitality unchastened by any other person's presence. In her opinion, the only slight objection there was to the room was that it did not seem homelike. It was like a waiting room, a dentist's outer office, she told herself exactly — repeated it, for already her thoughts were shying off again toward the other. And she should not think of the other any longer. It was not necessary; it was n't even healthy. She had done that all day, and there were still hours of waiting ahead of her before he came. Hours of idleness, she thought almost aloud, looking at her empty hands, folding her fingers loosely over each other.

Yes, like a dentist's office. But that was Ada's fault, and that one year of hers at the art school studying interior decorating. Not a thing in the room that lived, not a canary, not a goldfish, not even a picture worth a fig, only that plant at the window which was neither ivy nor fern, but which had the correct slant to its shape, no doubt, bent that way by Ada. She heard footsteps, her son's footsteps, and looked

once more a little hopelessly at her hands.

The footsteps retreated again. For a while she still had to be alone, not thinking of what was in store for the evening. Pretty soon all their faces would be there, with all their thoughts written over them, almost in black and white. Perhaps it was n't so strange that it was Ken, her favorite grandson, who was causing all this trouble. But the novelists always made the black sheep the favorite of the grandmother also. No doubt she ran true to pattern, or they knew what they were writing about. That was a good idea to think about while she sat and waited. Ada was a nice girl, but arty and self-conscious; Ruben was too good, like a clock, annoying like an alarm clock; but Ken . . . Oh well, she should n't think of him. Not yet. But he was her favorite, she concluded hastily, as again her son's footsteps came closer.

Mr. Farrow entered the room unfolding the evening newspaper. One could easily conceive that Mr. Farrow had planned and built this house, especially this living room. The straight blue eyes, the knotty hands, which had handled bricks and mortar, the unassuming clothes, the slightly lumbering gait — yes, Mr. Farrow was the builder, a builder who had done well by himself.

Old Mrs. Farrow spread out her empty hands and said, 'Here I sit, nothing in my hands. I guess I'm get-

ting sort of lazy in my old age, Richard.' But when his face retained the same fixed, calculating rigidity, she added hastily, 'Yes, why don't you turn on the radio? I was going to, but I'd already sunk in this chair, and did n't have the courage to get up again.'

He looked at her vaguely. 'Are you all right there, Mother?'

'Sure. What's the matter with me?' she asked stridently.

'Nothing, if you say you're all right. You want the radio turned on, don't you?' He hunched down and fidgeted with the radio dial. 'Takes her mighty long to get heated up to-night,' he grumbled. Then, before sound came, he suddenly turned toward his mother. 'Do you think we ought to put it on to-night? Considering . . .'

'Sure. Why not?' she interpolated. 'We can't just sit here all of us all night looking at each other. Besides, why not have it on when he comes in? He isn't coming to a morgue, is he?' She was raising her voice impatiently above the first strains of a dance orchestra. 'Something lively,' she shouted.

Mr. Farrow turned to another dance orchestra and then lowered himself in a chair and spread the newspaper out in front of his face. The radio dominated until other footsteps came down the stairs. The old woman heard it was her granddaughter, Ada. When the girl stopped in the doorway, she appraised her somewhat hostilely, for already she imagined Ada's eyes sweeping over each article in the room trying to catch anything awry, anything not precisely harmonious. And because she imagined Ada thinking that the room should be especially neat and intimate to-night, so that the effect on Ken must be soothing, overwhelmingly soothing after two years in a cell, she slapped her hands on the arms of her chair and demanded, 'Ada, where's your mother? Now, she

is n't sitting upstairs sobbing again, is she?' Her voice came unintentionally brusque and severe, as she had only intended to stop Ada's calculations.

'Mother is n't crying at all, Grandmother,' the girl protested somewhat petulantly. 'She'll be down in a moment.' After another minute's appraisal of the room she picked up a book and went to the davenport, first scowling indefinitely at the radio, then relaxing with her book. That artistically relaxed pose, the old lady thought grimly, and tried to listen to the radio, but Ada's mother's footsteps came down the stairway, thumping awkwardly on high hard heels. Better to have a good carpet on those stairs instead of Ada's notions, the old woman thought.

II

Mrs. Farrow stopped in the doorway also with a faint look of alarm toward the radio, next at her husband, then at the clock. 'Ten minutes of nine,' she said plaintively. 'Richard, you don't suppose he might come on the nine-o'clock train, do you?' She walked to the radio and turned it lower, her back carefully turned toward her mother-in-law.

Mr. Farrow shook his paper impatiently. 'No. I told you before, no train comes in at nine. But you can never tell. Maybe he took a bus.'

'Well, did n't you look up the bus schedules?'

'No.' He spread his paper grimly, excluding her.

'He is n't likely to take a bus. Imagine him going two hundred miles in a bus! Why, he never liked a bus.' Old Mrs. Farrow had addressed herself directly to her daughter-in-law, piqued because the radio had been turned so low that the crackling of Richard's paper could easily drown it. Also, there was no necessity for that martyred look on her daughter's face.

'This is hardly the time to say anything about his likes and dislikes, Mother. I think he has other things to think about than whether he likes bus rides or not.' Never mentioning his name, never stating where he was coming from. That little game had been going on ever since they were certain of the day he was coming back. For the two years he had been there, they had never mentioned the place. A bit of realism might clear the sky quite a lot, the old woman thought sternly. But she sank back in her chair, also worrying about her grandson, no longer hearing the music. Perhaps it was easy for her to be correct and hard because she was old, she scolded herself, watching her daughter seat herself on a rocker with some sewing, studying her as she placed a neatly folded handkerchief carefully on one knee, ready to receive her tears. Old Mrs. Farrow shut her eyes, listened to the dim music and street-car sounds, until thoughts came again.

When the thoughts had gone too far, she opened her eyes hastily, saw that handkerchief again and the hands of her daughter rhythmical over her sewing, her son's hands red and taut on the edges of the newspaper, Ada straight and dead-still with her book. All of them were pent, uneasy, desperately trying not to show their restiveness, each one at his worst, she thought. And she was seeing them all at their worst, because she had to contain herself. She fixed her eyes on Ada's shoe, almost falling from a dangling foot. When that shoe fell, all this preciseness would be disturbed and the tension might break. But before it fell Ada put her foot into it more firmly. Old Mrs. Farrow sighed and looked at a large photograph of Ruben which was facing the door. That was the first time she had seen it there. That precise, adding-machine face; no wonder he did so well in the bank. No wonder. But that

picture there, facing the door through which Kenneth was coming soon — that nettled her. If he would only come through the back door as he used to, that would be perfect. But he wouldn't. She leaned forward and demanded, 'Now, why, if you can't have pictures of real people in this room,' she paused abruptly to scowl a bit too ostentatiously at Rembrandt's Elizabeth Bas, until she saw that they were all listening, 'why must you have that picture of Ruben there? It has n't been there since Ada got back from art school, and there it is. Now why?' She addressed the last words to Ada, who had shut her book and looked with misgiving at Ruben's picture.

'But I did n't do it, Grandmother. You know I hate to see photographs about the house. And it is n't simply because Ken is . . .' She stopped suddenly and looked at her mother, whose fingers were crawling toward the handkerchief. 'Well, simply because photographs are out. They look terrible. Mother, did you put Ruben's picture there?' she demanded.

Even Mr. Farrow dropped his newspaper and leaned forward to get his wife's explanation. Mrs. Farrow's fingers retreated from the handkerchief and felt impotently for the needle. Somewhat bewildered, she looked at Ruben's photograph. 'I just put it there to-night, Ada. I thought, whereas Ruben can't be here with us to-night, when he — when Ken comes — well, I thought, anyway his picture is here. Sometimes I think that Ruben suffered more than any of us, what with his responsible position in the bank. It was n't easy for him.'

The old woman thumped her fist impatiently on her chair. Almost they had mentioned it, had been direct about him. But not enough. 'Ruben has n't suffered any more than the ice-man,' she blurted out. 'Now if you say that he's ashamed — more ashamed

than the rest of us — well, then you're saying the truth. I don't believe for one minute that he's got a meeting to-night. He just did n't want to be here to see his brother come back.' She clamped her mouth firmly shut when she felt them all staring at her.

Even when her daughter's hands searched for the handkerchief again, she kept her mouth shut. But when her son said, 'Why, Mother, what's the matter with you to-night?' in a voice that was altogether too soft for his big strong body, she sat back and smiled apologetically. 'Maybe waiting's a bit too much for me,' she muttered.

III

It did n't matter what they did after that — not even Ada's striding up to Ruben's photograph and carrying it off toward the back of the house. Nothing. Not even three street cars passing, jarring the house sometimes, rattling things in the china closet, in spite of the house's sturdiness. She sat back and waited impatiently like the rest of them, wishing her fingers were busy with something.

Mr. Farrow finished his paper. It had been finished when he had brought it in. All three watched him flick through the pages again, Ada counting the seconds for each page on her watch, Mrs. Farrow's hands going faster, the old lady's staring getting more intense until he had nearly reached the last page and she suddenly announced, 'It's hot in here. Can't we open a window?'

Ada rose. 'If we open this one at the front we can hear cars stop and people coming up the porch,' she said. They all knew she had been meditating on that, in spite of the casualness of her voice.

'Yes, open that one. Awful warm weather for October,' Mr. Farrow grumbled, and picked the newspaper

up again, which he had allowed to crumple to the floor.

Ada leaned out of the open window. She straightened and looked only at her grandmother. 'Don't you think we could turn on the porch light?'

'No. Why should we? This is no bridge party,' her father answered at once.

'Well, I just thought . . .'

'Don't think. This is n't an occasion for foolishness. It's serious. You ought to realize that. It'll be serious for him, and it is for us.' After his diatribe he thrust the paper in front of his face again.

'Oh, all right.' Ada went back to her book and Mrs. Farrow's hands moved on again. Old Mrs. Farrow shut her eyes and listened to a far-away street-car jangle and the voices of children outdoors. Too late for children to be cavorting around. The silence was long, endless, even Richard did not turn the pages of the newspaper any longer. He just sat behind them and stared. And then there came the sound of footsteps toward the house, up the porch steps, and all their hands were suddenly still on the things they were holding. The bell pealed. Mr. Farrow folded his paper and made preparations to rise. But then they heard voices, a woman's voice tittering in response to a man's. Mr. Farrow sagged back in his chair. 'You go, Ada, and see who's there,' he commanded.

Ada went reluctantly toward the door. 'Don't mince like that, Ada,' the old lady shouted before she too sank back in her chair, closing her eyes, careful that she had n't looked at the clock first.

Ada returned after the sound of mutterings at the door. They had been unable to understand her vague protestations. With her entered a young couple, their faces screwed up politely, their eyes humble. Mr. Far-

row did not rise. They all sat and stared. Ada remained standing behind the two, while the yellow-faced, watery-eyed young man explained: 'We heard that Kenneth was home. And as we're both such good friends of his, we thought we'd see how he was. But Ada says he has n't come yet.'

'No,' said Mr. Farrow.

'But you expect him to-day, don't you, Mr. Farrow?' very cloyingly, very tenderly, as condolences for the stricken. The young woman's smiles wrinkled around her gold-rimmed glasses while she stuck her arm through that of her companion. No one had asked them to be seated. Ada hovered sternly behind them.

'Yes, we expect him to-night,' Mr. Farrow said, and started to search for his paper.

'Oh, well, in that case maybe we'd better run along. Tell him Brick and Anny came in to wish him lots of luck, will you? You know Anny, of course.'

'Sure, yes, come again when he's home,' Mr. Farrow mumbled, finally rising out of his chair, mainly because he had been unsuccessful in reaching his paper.

The two callers cast some smiles broadly into the room and appealed to Ada about this unusual October weather, groped toward the hallway again, where Ada was already holding the door open for them. Then their voices were outside once more; but not until Ada returned was the silence broken.

'If any more truck like that comes to-night, Ada, tell them we're all in bed. Anything,' Mr. Farrow fumed. 'Tell them anything, but don't let them in.'

'Well, why don't you go to the door, then, like you ought to? Maybe you can hold them out. I could n't. They crowded as if we had a fire sale here,' she protested.

'Funny they did n't think of bringing

a bag of peanuts to chew on while they watched the show. Wanting to see Kenneth! Only wanted to see how pasty he'd got, how humble after two years there. That's all. Well, he can't look pastier than that specimen. Call him Brick. Must be a brick of cheese.'

Old Mrs. Farrow leaned eagerly forward in approval. 'Never knew he was such a friend of Kenneth's. Ken would n't pick anything like that for a friend.'

But suddenly they lapsed into silence again, thinking of the friends Kenneth had chosen. Ada picked her book up again after one despairing look at the clock. Mr. Farrow forgot his newspaper. Mrs. Farrow, very intent on her sewing, said, 'Maybe, Richard, you should have driven down and fetched him. You know it would n't have hurt.'

'No,' he boomed. 'He got himself in there without our help; he can find his way back to us without our making a show over it. Just like those monkeys that just called. First thing you know, you'll have him thinking he did something important. No, he deserved every bit he got.' He rose and strode toward the kitchen, where they heard him splashing water noisily into the sink.

'Don't get him upset like that,' Ada scolded.

The old woman sat and blinked at the clock.

IV

For many long minutes nothing was said. Mr. Farrow returned to the room, seven street cars passed, the voices of children ended. And then once again the doorbell rang, and none of them had heard footsteps or voices. No one rose after the ringing. They simply sat and looked at the door until Mr. Farrow said at last, 'You look and see who's there, Ada.'

Again Ada cast a pleading glance

back at them all — then especially toward her grandmother before she walked reluctantly toward the door when the bell rang a second time. 'Quit your mincing, Ada,' the old woman commanded desperately.

The voice which answered Ada's was not Ken's. It was a deep, assimilated bass, unctuous, measured. Ada's replies were almost audible — almost, because her uneasiness was making her shrill. 'It's the preacher from John Street, where Ken used to play basketball,' Mrs. Farrow whispered, and pushed her sewing next to her on the chair.

Ada returned with the pastor, behind him as if she were shoving him in. He came, straight-backed, as if dutifully against his will, his face innocently florid, his eyeglasses twinkling. This time Mr. Farrow rose and the grave handshaking started. Even old Mrs. Farrow's hand lay for a while loose and unwilling in the preacher's, her old eyes telling him that after all she was compelled to do this, because people were silly enough to get that way about preachers, but that it was firmly against her particular, private will. At least, she hoped that her eyes told him all that. But when his hand cupped warm and long over hers, she withdrew hers unceremoniously. He must be nearsighted, she thought grimly.

After the good-evenings came a discussion of the October weather, and then inevitably the sanctimonious voice turned more sanctimonious when it touched on Ken. 'Yes, I heard that Kenneth would be home. You know, of course, that he frequently wrote me letters. Oh yes. I have tried to be of as much guidance to him as I possibly could be. Got in touch with the pastor there, who kept his eye on him. Kenneth was a good boy, a little wild. I had hoped I could have done more. But . . .' He hesitated, smiled be-

nignantly, and looked at Mr. Farrow, expecting him to say something.

Mr. Farrow cleared his throat, but remained silent. Mrs. Farrow said, 'Yes, we expect him to-night. Almost any time now, in fact. I am sure he'd be happy to see you.' Her voice sounded insincere in spite of her desperate politeness.

'And, Miss Ada, I suppose you'll be very happy to have Kenneth back?' the pastor continued, his eyes already sweeping toward old Mrs. Farrow for his next remark.

'Oh, yes, of course,' Ada smiled fiercely.

Suddenly old Mrs. Farrow lifted herself out of her chair with unaccustomed alacrity and scampered toward the back of the house. 'I must see about the hot water,' she mumbled, and swept faster, fearing that his remarks might yet catch up with her.

There was a long awkward silence then. The pastor rubbed his hands and once more made comments on the weather. Mr. Farrow offered him a cigar, already expecting the 'No, thank you. I really never smoke, never crave for it.'

During another period of silence, Mr. Farrow looked anxiously at the clock. 'Yes, he may get here any moment,' he explained slowly. 'But then, also, maybe he won't get here till after midnight.' He watched the effect of his words on the pastor's face. Only one benign sympathetic nod was the answer. 'Well, you see — not suggesting anything, and all that — but you see, we'd like to meet Kenneth just with our own group to-night. Just the family group. This is rather a different occasion. You'll see, of course.'

The pastor saw. Even Mrs. Farrow smiled piously, obviously in sympathy with her husband. The pastor rose, his smile frozen to a courteous good-will-to-all-men expression. 'Of course, I understand, Mr. Farrow. It must be a

little painful. But so much can be done with the right guidance. So very much. And I do intend to help you, with all the strength God has given me. Oh yes. You must not protest. I know it is one of my duties. Let's see, how old is Kenneth now?

'Twenty-two,' Mrs. Farrow answered promptly, her ears cocked with misgiving toward the scouring sounds in the kitchen whither her mother-in-law had fled.

'Oh yes, twenty-two. Still a very pliable age. I am certain that much can still be done with guidance. Not that Kenneth is a really bad boy.'

The farewells started. Dead silence reigned in the kitchen. The old lady was no doubt contemplating a safe return, Ada thought. Mr. Farrow went to the door with the pastor. More words, soothing ones, drifted back from there. Old Mrs. Farrow returned from the kitchen. 'I went and scoured that pan you baked the pudding in,' she announced. Then, peering at the door, 'Had to do something — something noisy, so I could n't hear him.'

V

There had once more been a long silence. 'Five of ten,' Mrs. Farrow said to end it, and studied her stitches critically.

Ada shut her book and lighted a cigarette. Mr. Farrow frowned at her. Then he too rose and selected a cigar. 'Seeing the preacher did n't want it, I might as well smoke it myself,' he explained. 'Any other man would have accepted it. So it would have been wasted anyway.' He sat down and blew smoke rings. Ada puffed assiduously at her cigarette; Mrs. Farrow coughed deprecatingly and nodded in the direction of the old lady, who had fallen asleep. But at that moment she opened her eyes and protested, 'I suppose I've got to do better than this,

if I want to see him with my own eyes.'

Immediately thereafter a car stopped in front of the house. Then another, and there were voices, among them Ken's, loud and cheerful. They all rose in unison, even old Mrs. Farrow, but none of them moved when the doorbell rang. Again Ada went to the door, when she saw that all the others hesitated. Mrs. Farrow clutched her handkerchief.

They heard, 'Hi, Ada, old kid, how's sledding? Folks in?' Then Ada's answer, too low, perhaps because they were not listening to it. The door opened, and Kenneth in a new suit, pale but debonair, clean and smiling, waved his hands at them, while they remained staring, immobile, speechless. 'Hello, everybody! Hello there, Grandmom, how's the old scout?' He continued smiling, hesitating momentarily at their silence. 'Look here, I just ran in to tell you everything is O.K. You see, the fellows — Eddie, Jim, and the bunch — drove all the way down and met me. Awful decent of them. They knew you folks were n't coming, so they knew they would n't be butting in. I got these new togs downtown. How do you like them?' He pirouetted in front of them while they looked dumbly at his neat gray suit. 'Not bad, is it? For a recent graduate? Well, as I was saying, the fellows got me, drove all the way.' He stopped at the sounding of a peremptory automobile horn outside, turned and shouted through the open doorway, 'Hey there, Nan, hold your horses for a second, will you? Be with you in a minute.' He turned toward them again in the room, seemingly oblivious of their staring. 'I'm driving. Just ached to get my fingers around a steering wheel again, so they let me. We had dinner downtown, and now we're going up to Eddie's to celebrate a little. Don't you worry about me.

Thought I'd run in and let you know, so you would n't sit up all night.' He turned toward the door, and from the porch he shouted, 'I'll be seeing you when the roosters start crowing!'

VI

They remained where they were and listened to a car door slamming shut and cars crunching away. No one moved to shut the door until Ada went to do this, and Mrs. Farrow sat down in her chair again and looked mechanically at the clock.

'He'd been drinking already,' Ada said, returning from the door.

'See you when the roosters crow,' Mr. Farrow mimicked bitterly. 'How do you like the new duds? Just like he'd just graduated from college instead of . . .' He stopped grimly.

'Instead of serving two years in prison,' Mrs. Farrow completed his sentence dryly.

Old Mrs. Farrow stood silent, pinching her fingers. At last they were mentioning the truth, wording and phrasing it accurately. And she did not like it. She did not want to hear it. 'Two years in jail for forging checks and what not,' she added, to smother her own terrible disappointment and to prevent them from saying it.

'And look at his crowd. That Nan!' Ada complained and flung herself on the davenport.

'Two years, and we sit here expecting something — I don't know what. Just what did we expect? Anyway that he'd be sorry and meek, anxious to be back, promising things.' Mr. Farrow chewed his cigar ferociously.

'You should have gone and gotten him. You had nothing to do all day,' Mrs. Farrow complained.

'Get that good-for-nothing? Go two hundred miles for that? I'm damned glad I did n't stir from the house. Was never so glad in all my life.

I should have faked up a meeting too, like Ruben. I guess Ruben had him spotted, all right.'

'There, I knew Ruben had no meeting,' the old lady grumbled. 'I knew it. The prude.' She lowered herself in her chair again. They all followed her example. When she saw that they were all seated she concluded, 'Well, that's that, I guess.'

They sat listening to the radio, which Ada had impetuously turned higher. The truth had been spoken, the unmentionable had been mentioned, and the truth was worse than silence and lies. They looked at each other guiltily. Ada started another cigarette. Facing and naming the truth had demoralized them, no matter how often they had turned it over in their own minds. The stating of it before others — family members even — had done it, completely demoralized them. But Kenneth had done that, they accused and palliated at the same time. Mr. Farrow rose. 'If a son, after serving two years, can go and celebrate, well, what's the matter with us?' he challenged. 'Why should we sit here in the dumps? That's what I'd like to know. How about us all having a good helping of that dandelion wine that set us on our ears a couple of Sundays ago? We'll show them what we can do!' he shouted defiantly, and strode toward the cellar.

They heard him clanging bottles. The three women did not look at each other. Ada said, 'That's the spirit anyway, even though I don't like dandelion wine. We might get some good stuff for the occasion.'

'Who'd ever have thought this would be the way for the evening to end,' Mrs. Farrow said, and rose to get glasses. 'Come here, Ada, and help me,' she called from the kitchen.

Old Mrs. Farrow folded her hands. Thinking was done. Everything was done. No more worrying. Let the dead

bury their dead. Let the prisoner shape himself another prison. Good boy, though, Kenneth. Too much life and too much spirit, therefore no good. She could count the street cars passing, louder and fewer now. Go ahead and avoid the truth again, the truth of their disappointment. That was necessary. She would help them. She rose wearily from her chair and banged the window shut. Whoever might come could stay outside.

VII

Mr. Farrow entered with the wine. He poured, they toasted and drank, not mentioning Kenneth again — avoiding Kenneth so assiduously that everything they mentioned was an avoidance of him. The wine was pungent and heady and the room grew hot and dense, for Mr. Farrow smoked furiously and Ada lit one cigarette after another. The weather was too warm for the time of the year, they concluded. The business depression was bound to continue, no building going on, Mr. Farrow complained. They were all heading for ruin. But that again touched on Kenneth. Must write to Mildred, Mrs. Farrow mentioned, but how to write to one's own sister and not say anything about Kenneth! They listened to the radio, they laughed, they had more wine. And because they had totally forgotten Ruben, they sat startled, each one holding his glass, when they heard his key in the lock.

Ruben entered and stopped. They stared at him as they had done at Kenneth, forgetting to reply to his good-evening. They noted his surprised glaring at their glasses and at the smoke-filled room. They were aware of his neatness, his correctness, his fierce unassumingness, as he stood there, immaculate, unhandsome, stiff and rigid like the crease in his trousers. He stood and waited for them to speak, wondering and disapproving of the

half-emptied glasses. 'Well, I guess this is a surprise,' he said at last.

'Yes, it's a surprise,' Mrs. Farrow answered vaguely.

Still he did not come nearer, but remained standing with his topcoat over his arm. Only men like Ruben would wear a topcoat on warm evenings like this one, simply because the calendar said it was October, they thought. 'What's the big occasion?' he asked, desperately jovial.

They did not answer, but when Ada sipped from her glass they all followed her example.

He colored and threw his coat on a chair. 'I guess it is a secret. If it was n't so funny, if it was n't so close to the old story of the prodigal son's return and his older brother not liking it, I would laugh. I would n't mention it. But it's so close, why, it looks as if you're playing the part.' Unwittingly he was assuming the rôle they had all imagined for him as they sat there staring at him censoriously looking at their drinking.

'Have a drink, Ruben?' Mr. Farrow suggested.

'No.' He snapped his lips shut, and thrust his hands in his pockets. 'Where is he?' he demanded. 'Where are you hiding him?'

'He's gone to bed. He went to bed right away,' Mrs. Farrow said, so easily that none of them glanced up in surprise.

'He rode the bus all day. He was awful tired,' Ada added.

'Yes, we thought he'd better get a good night's rest,' Mr. Farrow said.

The old lady smiled a little triumphantly, her heart suddenly light. She sipped from her glass. 'Poor boy,' she muttered. 'He was so ashamed of himself. Tired, too. And I guess he was ashamed of meeting you, Ruben — you more than any of us.' She felt warm, beautiful, protecting Kenneth — helping all of them against Ruben, spinning

out lies so beautifully around him that they were smothering him.

Ruben smiled wryly. 'How did he look?' he asked.

'Pale,' Mr. Farrow said. 'He looks worn-out. Had very little to say.'

'Yes, I put him in the guest room. He's sleeping. You'd better not disturb him. And I told him he'd better sleep late to-morrow. Maybe you won't get to see him till to-morrow night,' Mrs. Farrow told him with all the semblance of truth and concern.

The old lady had risen and pulled at Ada's dress. 'The guest-room door,' she whispered, while Mr. Farrow said mournfully, 'Yes, that is too bad. You won't get to see him. It's too bad, Ruben, but maybe you don't mind.'

Ada clattered up the bare stairway. 'No. I guess to-morrow is all right,' Ruben said and sat down. 'So he took it pretty hard, did he?'

They nodded. 'Now, won't you have a drink, too?' Mrs. Farrow urged.

'No, I guess not. I don't like it. Guess I'll turn in, myself. I am tired, too. Work the whole day and then

this meeting to-night — that is pretty tiring,' Ruben stroked his temples wearily.

Again Ada's footsteps came thumping down the stairs. 'Ada makes altogether too much noise, altogether too much. She'll wake him up yet. I always told her, with her silly notions, that there ought to be a carpet over it.'

Old Mrs. Farrow almost believed that she was protecting Kenneth against Ada's noisy thumping. Perhaps the wine did it. Perhaps untruth was far better than truth, if only to soothe herself. Anything against Ruben, in deep, vast unity with them all against Ruben. Age did n't matter and truth did n't matter. 'Ada, I'm sure you woke him up with all your thumping,' she said angrily when the girl came back in the room.

Slowly they all sipped from their glasses and watched Ruben with ill-concealed hostility as he continued stroking his forehead in assumed weariness. 'You'd better go to bed,' the old woman said. 'But don't you go thumping up the stairs.'

DEMOS

BY BERGEN EVANS

I

SOMETHING eager about the frank, open face, something unprofessional about the excited wave of the arm instead of the usual annoying jerk of the thumb, made me pull the car sharply to the curb in North Philadelphia and beckon to him to get in. At my suggestion he shoved his battered cardboard suitcase, tied with a knotted string, into the rumble seat, and clambered in beside me, voluble in his appreciation of the lift. His activity and alacrity had not prepared me for his broad Southern accent.

The traffic along Roosevelt Boulevard at eight in the morning left me no time to reply to his talk with more than an occasional monosyllable, or even to heed it except in fragments, but my inattention did not seem to bother him. It was a glorious summer morning, still cool, though the light haze promised a hot day, and he was obviously in good spirits. There was a faint odor of carbolic acid about him which suggested a night with the Salvation Army or in some 'flop-house'—and his gregarious soul longed to expand in fellowship.

He came from South C'lina,—Spartanburg,—where he had worked for a contractor for eleven years. His boss had gone bankrupt, and after a period of unemployment he had set out to see what the world had to offer one with a strong pair of arms and a willing spirit; but he had found the market rather glutted with these particular

commodities, and after a fruitless search northward, through Knoxville, Louisville, and a disheartening week in Chicago, had turned east. He was not yet broken, not even frightened, though he had sold his last suit of clothes in Chicago for two dollars; but he was puzzled, and there was a hint of indignation and exasperation in his tone.

'Ah was allus taught that if a man was willin' to work there was plenty fer him to do!'

My sympathetic murmur encouraged him to air his grievances. The state of affairs of which he felt himself to be a victim was the fault of the government—of Hoover's government.

'It would n't a happened if he had n't a let the banks fail. He would n't give 'em any money. He would n't give *anyone* any money. Why, on his ranch out West he only hires Mexicans and don't pay them more'n their livin'. He says that a workin'man don't need more'n a dollar a day—he says that's plenty fer 'em.'

I said that this hardly seemed enough.

'I'd like to see *him* try'n' live on a dollar a day,' he went on angrily. '*He* lives off'n the fat of the land. He's got millions—made millions out of Fords.'

Startled, I protested mildly, but he was firm.

'Sure, he got a rake-off off'n every

Ford made. Ford got all his stuff in duty-free and he split with Hoover. That's why Ford told all his men they'd be fired if they did n't vote fer Hoover.'

I asked if he thought that Roosevelt would do any better than Hoover.

He was not sure. Hoover had got things into such a mess that maybe no one could do anything now, but if *anyone* could, Roosevelt could. His admiration for the President knew no bounds.

'He's a friend of the workin'man, and he'll see that he's treated fair. Course,' he added apologetically, 'he ain't an eddicated man like Hoover, but then he ain't all fer the rich people.'

This apology was interesting. Roosevelt, the poor man's friend, had apparently been decorated with the poor man's virtues; the scion of New York's aristocracy had become a hero in homespun. Hoover, on the other hand, although born on a farm and self-made in his fortunes, being not the people's but the bankers' friend, had been metamorphosed into a variation of the city 'slicker' with a college education.

I objected that by a workingman's standards Mr. Roosevelt would have to be classed as a rich man; but his faith was able to remove mountains of objections.

'Yeah, they say he's got money, all right, but he come by it honestly — out'n that place he's got down in Georgia fer cripples. Fairly mints money out'n it.

'But he does a heap o' good with it, too,' he added hastily, lest his hero seem mercenary.

I realized that I had picked up no ordinary wanderer, but Fama herself in disguise, one of the blind mouths of Demos crying in the night. The man was certainly no moron; his blue eyes were bright and shrewd, and his square, ruddy face beamed with cheerfulness. I felt that somehow this

amazing mass of misinformation, this base ascription of base motives, was significant. Here was a modern Ther-sites speaking for his kind, his views on the times dredged from the subliminal depths of society; for I suspect that in the spirit if not the letter of his beliefs he spoke for untold millions of the electorate.

II

An Italian funeral procession which held us up in North Trenton turned the conversation on to 'furriners.'

'They say Hoover's a furriner. Would n't be a bit surprised; he certainly did n't have no feelin's fer the American people. There's too many furriners in this country. Hoover let 'em in. They got all the jobs an' a white man cain't git a job now. They oughta all be sent back to their own country. Some says you cain't do it because they own too much property here, but ah say pay 'em fer their property and send 'em back.

'An' all Americans in other countries oughta be made to come back here,' he added, in an effort to be absolutely fair about the whole thing.

Even if allowed to remain, he did not feel that a foreigner ought to be paid as much as a 'white man.' I reminded him that he had blamed Hoover for his treatment of the Mexicans on his ranch, but the fault, it seems, was in hiring Mexicans in the first place. Once hired, even the grasping Hoover's wages were adequate for *them*.

'A white man cain't earn no more money'n that in Mexico; why should they git more here?'

I could think of no answer to that, and by an easy transition the talk drifted from foreigners to gangsters. I was surprised to learn what a hero Dillinger had become. A victim of social oppression under the hated Hoover, he was but wreaking a merited revenge on society for having been

unjustly 'railroaded' into the penitentiary. That he robbed the rich, particularly bankers, marked him as a friend of the poor.

'They arrested him at first fer a thing he never done. I don't blame him. If I seen Dillinger right here along the road now an' I could do him a good turn, I would. Whenever I sees Dillinger's name in the papers, I read it. That's more'n I do about Lindbergh.'

A touch of scorn at the mention of Lindbergh's name showed that the once popular idol had fallen. His opposition to Roosevelt over the air-mail cancellations had apparently ranked the Lone Eagle among the forces of evil.

Beyond Adams Station a Negro lying in the shade by the side of the road introduced the racial question by moving a languid thumb in the direction of New York as we passed.

'Ah reckon there *is* white men up here would a give him a ride,' he observed scornfully.

He expatiated upon the whole Negro problem. The nigger thinks that up North every man will call him 'mister' and invite him in to dinner. But that ain't so. He's treated worse in the North than in the South.

The Northerners had put a nigger in Congress. He did n't even seem resentful. It was apparently what he expected of Northerners or of Congress, I could n't tell which, and he — De Priest, I assume — had been trying to get part of the Capitol turned into a restaurant for niggers.

There were even more preposterous things going on: 'He tried to introduce a law agin' lynchin' th' other day.'

My passenger spat scornfully on to the road. 'That's just the way with niggers. Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile. As long as there's niggers,' he added firmly, 'there'll be lynchin'.'

'But are n't there laws against lynching already?' I asked.

'Yeah,' he conceded, 'some counties has laws, but they don't amount to nothin'.'

He sensed that I was not fully in accord with him on this point and, since I was a Northerner, was willing to go a little into the philosophic justification for his attitude: —

'This is a white man's country. Let the niggers go back to their own country if they don't like it.'

'But they did n't come here of their own accord,' I protested. 'They were brought by force.'

'Yeah, but as slaves. Let 'em stay slaves or else go back to their own country. They got a country of their own just like we have.'

He seemed to feel that the Negro, having come to America as a slave, had violated a contract in obtaining his liberty, and therefore was unworthy of consideration.

'But Africa's not as nice a place to live in as America,' I added — logic and sense having apparently nothing to do with the discussion.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'That ain't *our* fault!'

III

From the ramp beyond Newark, blue and unreal against the horizon, we saw the sky-piercing towers of Manhattan. It took him a little time to realize what they were.

'Boy, it's a big town!' And then softly, 'Too big!'

It was his only suggestion of loss of courage. The sight of the commerce on the Jersey side aroused his animation.

'Boy, there's a heap of factories here!'

As we approached the Holland Tunnel the almost-deafening roar of the traffic was pierced by a policeman's whistle and we were suddenly stopped by two men in plain clothes wearing police badges who ordered us to the side of the road and began to question

us. I suppose that my alien license plate had caused us to be singled out from the stream of traffic for special inspection.

Our account of ourselves was generally satisfactory, though the inspector, a tall, long-nosed, grimy fellow in ill-fitting clothes, had considerable difficulty in understanding the Carolinian's speech. It would be hard to exaggerate the divergence between the civilizations which they represented, yet they had much in common: both were shrewd, suspicious, and ignorant. The Southerner was scornful, the New Yorker condescending.

'Y' gottany guns?'

He took our startled silence for incomprehension and felt it necessary to descend to what I assume he regarded as the vernacular: —

'Y' gottany shootin' irons with yuh to pr'tect y'selves with?'

We said that we had not and were allowed to proceed. My companion, greatly puzzled by the cleverness of our interlocutor, asked again and again what he had said and why he had said it, and finally decided that the 'feller' was a fool.

He was not as much impressed by the Holland Tunnel as by the entrance fee. The actuality of the tunnel probably exceeded the powers of his imagination, but by standing up in the open car he could count five dollars' worth of toll moving right before his eyes.

'Boy, they sho' mint money out'n this thing!'

I let him out at Twelfth Street, somewhat bewildered by the city but not a whit dismayed.

'This is sho' a busy town,' he observed quietly.

He pulled his disreputable suitcase from the rumble seat and wrung my hand warmly in parting. He wished that he might pay me for the ride, but was at present insolvent. Something in his manner suggested that an offer of help would not be welcomed. He reckoned that there would be a pile of restaurants in this town and thought that he would begin his career as a dishwasher.

I forbore from saying that there were probably a 'pile' of dishwashers in the town also, but waved him an encouraging farewell as I swung back into the uptown traffic.

PRAYER IN AN EVIL TIME

God of pity and love, return to this earth.
Go not so far away, leaving us to evil.
Darkness is loose upon the world; the devil
Walks in the land, and there is nothing worth.
Death like a dog runs howling from his lair,
His bite has made men mad, they follow after
All howling too, and their demoniac laughter
Drowns like a sea our solitary prayer.

Return, O Lord, return. Come with the day,
Come with the light, that men may see once more
Across this earth's uncomfortable floor
The kindly paths, the old and loving way.
Let us not die of evil in the night.
Let there be God again. Let there be light.

ROBERT NATHAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S WASHINGTON¹

BY MARGARET CHANLER

I

BEFORE Uncle Sam Ward came to us in Sorrento my mother had taken me to America for the first time; we stayed in the country for two years. For the summer of 1881 the same kind uncle hired a cottage for us in Newport directly next to Cliff Lawn, the summer home of the Chanlers, who were his grandchildren by his first wife, Emily Astor. Their mother had died some years before, leaving ten small children. The distracted widower, John Winthrop Chanler, had not long survived her. The two oldest boys, Armstrong and Winthrop, known always as Archie and Wintie, were just growing up; there were six younger ones — in all, five boys and three girls; two boys had died before I knew them.

Archie and Wintie came to see us very often. We used to take them on catboat sails and picnics. Wintie was the most entirely charming boy I had ever seen, but it never for a moment occurred to me that he was for me and I for him. He was just back from Eton and preparing to enter Harvard College in September.

When a few years later, in 1884, Wintie came to Rome, I found him as delightful as ever. Again in 1886 he joined us in Vallombrosa, where we were passing the summer, and it was there we discovered what the stars

must have known from the first. We were married before Christmas, and when spring came we started for America, which was to be my new home.

II

After the birth of my first baby at Rokeby, the Chanler family place on the Hudson, we were advised by friends that, with my foreign bringing up and my tendency to catch bad colds in winter, I should find Washington easier and pleasanter to live in than New York. Accordingly we hired and furnished a little house on Dupont Circle and settled there in the late autumn.

Our house was sunny and comfortable, and we soon found ourselves surrounded by friendly acquaintances, many of them old friends of Wintie's parents who had lived in Washington when John Winthrop Chanler was Member of Congress from New York. One of Wintie's earliest recollections was of being taken as a very small boy with his brother Archie to a children's party at the White House. The rooms were crowded with grown-ups, and the ladies all wore immense crinolines; the two children got completely lost, hidden as they were among the great ballooning skirts. They could not identify their mother's gown, nor were they tall enough to catch sight of any familiar face. Some friend of their parents finally sighted them, hand in

¹ Previous chapters of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler's reminiscences appeared in the July and August issues. — EDITOR

hand, with scared faces, wandering in the vast forest of furbelows, and took them back to their anxious parents.

That winter in Washington laid the foundation of many lasting friendships. Henry Cabot Lodge was there for the first time as Congressman from Massachusetts. It did not take many meetings with him and the beautiful Nannie, his wife, to ripen acquaintance into a friendship sealed for life.

Forget any praises I may have bestowed on others. She was the most wholly charming woman I have ever known; an exquisite presence in this workaday world. She had unusual beauty, a pale face with regular features and dark eyes the color of the sky when stars begin to twinkle. She had great wit; it was the only weapon she ever used in self-defense and Cabot was a little afraid of its winged shafts. Daughter and sister to Admirals, she had perhaps caught from them a certain sense of discipline, some secret code of high behavior that guided her action but was never imposed on others. Gay and hospitable, she took delight in all that was delightful, yet never lost her bearings in fogs of enthusiasm. She combined the usually contrasting qualities of keen intelligence and warm-heartedness. I never found another human instrument so delicately tuned to understand and sympathize. She was one of the shining ones.

Cabot Lodge was made of ruder stuff. He was a militant politician, and his nature bore some of the battle scars of his encounters with the enemy. Many of his Boston friends had turned against him when, in the campaign of 1884, he had taken the stump for Blaine after having done his best to defeat him at the Republican convention — a question of loyalty to party. The harsh criticism and disavowal of

Boston's Back Bay and the enmity of many of his friends may have done something to accentuate a certain ready-to-fight element in Cabot's character. In discussion he was one of those who care more for downing his adversary than for discovering a common ground for possible agreement.

His was the complete irreligiosity of his generation. As it was said of someone else, 'born in Boston and educated at Harvard, what should he know of religion?' He never missed an opportunity to snarl or gibe at it. The Catholic Church was his favorite 'straw man' and he demolished it to his own satisfaction several times a week, leaving *Mater Ecclesia*, as it seemed to me, quite unscathed. I am not painting an agreeable picture of Cabot Lodge, yet under the captious crustiness there was a very real man whom one could not but like, respect, and grow to love. He was a true scholar and a true friend; I do not know two qualities that please me more, and he was, besides, an accomplished horseman.

His fine library was an essential part of him, and he was at his best when, at the end of an evening, — there might have been a dinner party at his house and all but two or three of the guests departed, — he would take down one volume and then another, reading some rare lines of prose or verse with an intimate sense of their meaning and beauty. He then thawed into a most sympathetic and 'belovable' person, representing no longer the harshness of Plymouth Rock, but the pleasant laureled dingles of Parnassus. He knew and loved books with most intelligent affection.

III

Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy when we first lived in Washington. He and Mrs.

Roosevelt lived in a tiny house on Jefferson Place. Theodore, Junior, was just the age of my baby; Alice, later Mrs. Longworth, daughter by the first marriage, was a little girl in pigtails. The Roosevelts used to give Sunday evening suppers where the food was of the plainest and the company of the best. Theodore would keep us all spellbound with tales of his adventures in the West. There was a vital radiance about the man — a glowing, unfeigned cordiality toward those he liked that was irresistible. When he eventually became a world-famous figure and a popular idol, he kept intact this great gift of friendship; but he lost, which was natural enough, some of the light-heartedness of the old days when we were all young.

One of his charms lay in a certain boyish zest with which he welcomed everything that happened to him. I never knew anyone more pleased with things as they were — life was the unpacking of an endless Christmas stocking; honors and high office were elaborate toys one must learn to understand; a cantankerous opposing Senate was a jack-in-the-box that popped out and made faces at him. He sometimes had trouble in shutting down the box on the ugly face; then he took pleasure in calling it names. He loved the caricatures of himself. When he was Police Commissioner in New York (we were living in New York at the time) he came to dine one evening in great glee. He had gone to his office that morning and found the personnel at Police Headquarters gathered round a letter delivered by the postman; clerks and stenographers were tittering nervously, and hesitated to show it. 'And here it is,' he said, pulling it out of his pocket. It bore no other address than a pair of glasses over a double row of clenched teeth. He was enchanted. 'Few men,' he said, 'live to see their own hieroglyph.' The Spanish War, the Battle

of San Juan Hill, were glorious boyish experiences. He assured us that, considering the number of men engaged, the battle had been one of the bloodiest on record. As for being President, it was the greatest fun in the world, and we, his friends, all shared in the fun.

I was once staying with the Lodges, during Roosevelt's presidency. Cabot came home for dinner tired and irritated; he was Senator then, and had been wrangling with his fellow legislators all day. After trying various subjects of conversation, I mentioned a book I had lately come across, *The Lives of the Dukes of Urbino*. Cabot flew out at me: 'A pack of unmitigated ruffians and blackguards!' (which of course they were); 'I would rather read the lives of the Selectmen of Nahant.' After dinner we went to the White House to hear some music, which was followed by a little supper. The President had put me next to him during the music and I had amused him with Cabot's sally about the Dukes of Urbino. After the music had stopped and supper was announced the President called out in ringing tones, 'Now the Selectman of Nahant will lead the Duchess of Urbino in to supper.' Cabot gave me his arm rather sheepishly and growled through a reproachful smile, 'You went and complained to him!'

On another occasion, — this was after Roosevelt's term had expired, while Wintie and I were staying with the Lodges at East Point, their country place at Nahant, — a telegram signed 'T.R.' announced that he would come out to spend the day with them. He had just returned from his great world tour, and was attending some political convention in Boston that night. He came unaccompanied, and no other guests were invited. He was bursting with the things he wanted to tell us. He always liked to talk from a rocking-

chair; so one was brought out on the piazza, and the Lodge family — including the three children, who were by this time grown up and married — and Wintie and I sat around him while he rocked vigorously and told one story after another, holding us enchanted, making us laugh till we cried and ached. He had arrived long before luncheon and he stayed till late in the afternoon.

Some of his best stories were about King Edward's funeral, — or 'wake,' as he irreverently called it, — the latest of his experiences: how he was put in a royal carriage with a foreign minister who resented not having been given a gala coach with hammercloth and footmen standing behind, and pointed out that they had not even been treated to the handsomest liveries. Roosevelt had answered him in rather broken French that he was so glad to be there at all that he would not have minded had the liveries been bright green with yellow spots. One should beware of trying to make jokes in a foreign language. The unknown diplomat reported that Mr. Roosevelt had concurred with him in his complaint about the liveries, but on the ground that they should have been bright green with yellow spots, presumably the ex-president's own colors!

He had much to tell of Emperor William's friendliness, which did not seem to have beguiled him overmuch, though he had enjoyed his visit to Kiel and all the hospitality shown him in the imperial palace. They met again at the funeral party, where Roosevelt had taken a great fancy to the handsome Tsar of the Bulgars, whom he found intelligent and attractive. They were holding an animated conversation when the German war lord shouldered his way through the crowd of royalties there present, took hold of his arm, and said imperiously, 'Come with me, Roosevelt; I will present you to some-

body worth your knowing — my cousin the King of Spain,' scowling the while at the Bulgarian monarch.

He also told us about the special train that took the funeral party to Windsor, where King Edward was to be laid beside his royal ancestors; of how one king, whose private car happened to be next to the dining car, was cross with the other kings and would not let any of them go through when luncheon was announced, so they all had to wait and grumble until the train could be stopped at a station. When this was finally done, kings and potentates scrambled out on to the platform, hurried past the car that was closed to them, and reached their food only to find it getting cold, and with hardly time to eat it before the train was due at Windsor.

These stories and many more he told us with infinite zest and humor, in the long monologue. I do not think the rest of us spoke a hundred words, but no one had a moment's sense of boredom — all were amused and excited. It was a manifestation of that mysterious thing, *nth*-powered vitality, communicating itself to the listeners.

It is easy to talk about Theodore Roosevelt, delightful for us who knew and loved him to recall his life-enhancing presence, but much will yet be said and written about him before he takes his definite place in history. Clio is biting her pencil while she looks for the final word.

IV

Washington was pleasant enough, but we did not take root there; it was no place for a young man — Wintie was only twenty-four — with no occupation and no desire to hold office. His Etonian education had in a sense unfitted him for American life, which has no place for charming idlers; yet he was essentially American and never wished to expatriate himself, but only to move

about the world in search of fun and adventure, and they generally came his way. I was unfeignedly homesick for Rome. In February of the next year we took passage to Naples on a German steamer.

Oh, but it was good to be in Rome again, to feel the caress of Roman sunshine, to breathe the delicate Roman air, to hear the splash of fountains and the dear sound of bells. What joy to walk the Roman streets again! I could go out alone, now that I was married, and linger in my favorite churches, smelling of incense and old marble, or take Wintie for a morning stroll on the Pincio, stopping on the broad terrace that overlooks the city, and waiting to see the black ball come down over the tower of the observatory at noon to give the signal for the Castel Sant' Angelo to fire the cannon by which Rome sets its watches. The sound of the cannon promptly sets off the mid-day Angelus, and the air is filled for several minutes with its many-voiced clangor, ranging from the solemn boom of St. Peter's and St. Mary Major's through every diapason of rich sonorities to the humble tinkle of little convent bells that add their quavering treble to the great harmony of prayer.

That visit was not a long one, but in September 1897 my mother died, and my husband generously suggested we should go to Rome and settle there for a few years to be near my father so long as he might live; he was then well past his fourscore years. So we rented our Tuxedo house and went abroad for an indefinite stay, with our five small children, of whom Laura, the oldest, was ten. Rome was Paradise after the years spent in Washington, New York, and Tuxedo Park. I felt as though my body and soul had come together again after a long separation; for during my exile in the country that should have been my own some part of me

was forever there, in the eternal city, 'alone and palely loitering' about the well-remembered places. In the midst of the hurry and high tension of American existence my living ghost had haunted the streets of Rome; at any moment, had anyone asked me the question, I could have told just where I was — on the Piazza del Gesù, on the Spanish steps, in the Via della Scrofa, or wherever. There was no particular spot to which my thoughts were anchored; they were fully occupied with things and people about me and had nothing to do with this uninterrupted shadowy consciousness of being in Rome. It was an idle trick of memory and imagination and wholly involuntary so far as I was concerned. It was part of the great magic of Rome.

To find myself there again in the body, not living as a stranger, but well established, for we leased and furnished a sunny apartment in the Via Venti Settembre, seemed like a lovely fulfillment of dreams. The children had good Italian nurses who took them to play on the Pincio every morning, just as ours had done, and they soon talked Italian among themselves and made friends with the children of my old friends and fell in with the dear Roman pattern. Happily, Wintie also liked the pattern; he even brightened and enriched it for me by bringing a new element into it. He bought a couple of horses, and riding was a new delight. I had only known the country round Rome from driving on the familiar highways and picnicking in favorite places. No one knows Rome who does not love the Campagna, but no one really knows the Campagna who has not ridden or taken very long cross-country walks over it, and this I had never done.

The Roman Campagna has a beauty all its own; it spreads its miles of lovely solitude in every direction about the

great Urbs, the ancient mistress of the world, and is part of her majesty. There are stretches where no human habitation is in sight; you may come upon a Vergilian shepherd tending his tinkling flock, dressed, as his father's fathers dressed, in his high cone-shaped hat, shaggy goatskin breeches, and ample cloak. There are blue hills in the distance to the east, south, and north; to the west a shimmering line on the horizon, *Il tremolar della marina*, gives an occasional glimpse of the sea.

Sometimes the rise and fall of the rolling country reveal the dome of St. Peter emerging out of the hazy distance like a great blue bubble: the dear *cupolone*, beloved of all good Romans.

We had gone, then, to Rome because my mother died; we left it after my father's death. Our going and coming were bordered with mourning, but the four Roman years that lay between were like a last kind gift from them to me, their final parental blessing.

V

We had seen Mr. Henry Adams from time to time during our winters in Washington, but had never achieved more than mere acquaintance with him; he had been formal and aloof with us, had seemed at once proud, shy, and self-conscious. In the winter of 1898-1899 he came to Rome with the Cabot Lodges, and as they wanted to see us every day during the several weeks of their visit, our company was somewhat thrust upon him. He began rather shyly by making friends with Laura, our lively eldest, then about eleven years old. He told her he was her little boy and that she must take care of him, as he was growing smaller all the time; she must call him her 'Deordy,' as did one or two of his especially privileged 'nieces.' He paid her almost daily visits, going straight to the nurs-

ery while the Lodges called on me in the drawing-room. He took her for long rambles and gave her beautiful toys. She was not a little proud of his attention and puzzled by some of the strange things he told her about himself; could it be true that he was growing smaller? She knew, of course, that he was not really a little boy, but a very small old gentleman; was he shrinking back into childhood? She asked me one day if she might bring her wonderful Deordy home to lunch with the family. He had shown so little desire to see us that, beyond the hospitable gesture of asking the Lodges if they would like to bring him to lunch or dinner (and they had not brought him), I had not tried to entertain him. On Laura's invitation he came, and from that midday meal sprang one of our warmest and most treasured friendships.

The prickly porcupine moulted his quills into angelic feathers; there was no intermediate hesitation. We discovered at once that we immensely enjoyed one another's company and that we must be together as much as possible. Whatever had been the cause of his first aloofness, it was forgotten and forgiven from the moment Laura brought us together. He liked and even loved us, Wintie for his sparkles, and me, perhaps, for the religion I professed.

He had for the last few years passed his summers in France, and had amused himself with the French Middle Ages. He had discovered Our Lady of Chartres and her cathedral; Éléonore of Guienne, mother of Richard Cœur de Lion; Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, the philosophers, the mystics, the troubadours; above all, the master builders of cathedrals and makers of stained glass. At Chartres he lost his heart to the *Belle Verrière*, which taught him to understand the cult of the Virgin Mother and inspired that curious 'Prayer to the Virgin and

the *Dynamo* which came to light among his private papers after his death. It was found in a leather wallet with a few intimate papers, and was written in pencil. Mr. Adams's niece, Mrs. Bancel La Farge, herself a Catholic, offered to send me a copy of the poem, and was surprised to find I had long possessed a fair copy in Mr. Adams's delicate script-like calligraphy which I had treasured, without, however, knowing that he had never shown it to others.

He had approached the subject of mediæval Catholicism as a historian free from all bias might examine the Laws of Manu or the religion of ancient Babylon, believing it to be something long dead, of purely archæological interest. He found, to his surprise, that the thing was full of life, of beauty, of profound human significance; he discovered the Church as a living power shaping human destinies through the centuries, even to the present day, and not only among the unlettered and unreasoning masses, but among those with whom his high fastidiousness had much in common. The fact that I was a believing and practising Catholic linked me somehow with his new interests.

His family never took his Catholic philosophy for more than a literary pose, it was so remote from the things they were used to, so contrary to the Adams tradition; but to me it seemed a sincere intellectual adventure, a voyage of discovery into otherworldly regions, where Henry Adams, the Harvard Professor Emeritus, author of a standard work on American history, fell in love with the twelfth century and used all his genius to get as near to it as possible.

So he resolved to write about Mont St. Michel and Chartres for his pleasure and that of his friends. The book was privately and very handsomely printed and given away to the favored few, not

lightly bestowed for the asking. A college president wanted a copy and, knowing me to be a friend of Mr. Adams, wrote a beseeching letter after sending several verbal requests, but Porcupinus Angelicus put on his prickliest quills and blankly refused: 'No, the book was not written for college presidents.' When Father Pardoe, a learned and eloquent Jesuit to whom I had lent the volume, was so interested in it that he wanted a copy for the college library, Mr. Adams was delighted to let him have one. Father Pardoe told me that some of the theological definitions were astonishingly brilliant, as well as perfectly sound; this cannot happen to theological definitions very often. It happened this time because Henry Adams brought not only a highly trained and gifted but a wholly fresh mind to the subject, kindled to brightest enthusiasm by his discovery of a new world.

Among his friends the Mont St. Michel and Chartres book had the most immediate and unqualified success. We all loved it and sang its praises. I remember talking to Cabot Lodge about it and saying that I liked it too much to talk about it with outsiders, with people who had not read it, to whom my praise might sound fulsome and exaggerated. To my surprise Cabot Lodge said he felt just the same way about it, and that he did not know another book which gave him quite the same intimate pleasure.

It was taken for granted that the big public could never understand it, and must at all costs be kept away from the darling thing. How little any of us imagined that it was in time to become a popular favorite and share the honors of 'best seller' with *The Education of Henry Adams*, the book which followed it, and which was written and destined for an even more intimate circle. Only one hundred copies were printed in the original edition. But Henry Adams did

not live to see his volumes on every table, his writings discussed in every periodical. Not long before he died the American Institute of Architects obtained permission to publish *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. They promised to have print and paper of the best, but produced a rather shoddy, commercial-looking volume, which disappointed its author by its undistinguished appearance. The public was not put off by this; it was enchanted with the book and bought it by the many thousands of copies, as it bought the *Education* a year or so later, but Henry Adams died in his sleep and did not hear the chorus of praise. One wonders how it would have pleased him; would he have revised his opinion on the average human intelligence, taking back his favorite saying that it was impossible to underestimate it? It could not but have embarrassed him to find so much attention centred on him, who avoided crowds and was only happy in the company of a chosen few.

VI

Henry Adams lived the last years of his life in a rather ostentatious retirement; he did not go out into the world, but saw everyone who was worth seeing in his own house. He had a great influence with his friends and a very individual relation with every one.

When I meet any of them I think I recognize something of his point of view in theirs — a certain critical detachment, foreign to the American mind, by nature more given to incredulity than to criticism or analysis.

He was delightful with children; he had an elaborate doll's house behind a sliding panel in his library, always ready for any little girl that might be brought to see him. I took my youngest son, Theodore, to lunch with him one day, and as I was presenting him I said, 'This is your Uncle Henry [all my chil-

dren called him that] and he knows everything.' Teddy looked at him in round-eyed silence through part of the meal, watching his opportunity. During a pause in the conversation of the grown-ups the little boy leaned forward respectfully and said, 'Uncle Henry, how do you feed a chameleon?' He had possessed one for three days, and the creature had refused meat and drink; of course the all-knowing uncle told him just what to give it.

I often stayed with him in Washington, after we went back to America, in the handsome house he had built for himself and his wife, but which she had not lived to inhabit. It was designed by Richardson in the rather heavy New England-Romanesque style of Trinity Church in Boston and the Capitol in Albany, with a low carved archway over the entrance, and elaborately carved stone fireplaces of the same design. The rooms were large, sunny, and well proportioned; the walls were hung with good pictures, a fine collection of English nineteenth-century water colors and a great many beautiful old Italian drawings *de haute époque*. He liked his house and was proud of it. The library, where he and his friends passed so many pleasant hours, was of course overflowing with books, but there were choice *bibelots*, Chinese bronzes, and flowers on his big table; the best of the water colors were hung there, the lovely Turner landscape, the curious Nebuchadnezzar crawling on all fours and eating grass, painted by William Blake; and all the rarest Italian drawings were disposed about the mantelpiece. The chairs and sofas had all been built to his measure and were extremely low, covered with a dark maroon leather, and, I need hardly add, superlatively comfortable, so that once folded into their depths one had no wish to move. The whole room had a mellow patina left by the much good talk it had harbored.

I was there once with Henry James and John La Farge, both very old friends and well beloved of our host. I sat next to Henry James at luncheon; he and John La Farge were staying with Mr. Adams. (We were in a house we had taken for a couple of winter months to be near our Washington friends.) Mr. James murmured, under cover of the general conversation, that the one thing he wanted to see in Washington was the Saint Gaudens monument in Rock Creek Cemetery, where Mrs. Adams was buried, but that he could not possibly make his wish known to Henry; so I offered to take him in my brougham, and after luncheon we slipped away together without saying where we were going. Mr. James was an old friend of my family and I had known him all my life, meeting him in Rome and elsewhere, at long intervals, for we were rarely in the same place; but I had never had the privilege of his sole company for a whole afternoon. There was no one more delightful to talk with, for all his mumbling hesitation in trying to find the one matchless word that should precisely express his meaning — hesitation that the irreverent compared to a rhinoceros trying to pick up a pea. The word, when found, well justified the search; it was never a pea, nearly always a pearl. Besides having so much to give, he had the rarer conversational art of being or seeming to be immensely interested in his interlocutor. He would have made a wonderful father confessor; he solicited confidences; he wanted to know all you could tell him.

On the way to the cemetery we talked of this and that; it was a wintry day in early spring, and when we reached our destination, and found our way to the tomb, the trees that surround the monument had a slight sprinkling of snow on their boughs, and the sky was bleak. Mr. James stood

for many minutes bareheaded before the solemn bronze figure, which seems to embody, more than any work of modern art, that great calm which is beyond hope or fear; he seemed deeply moved.

On the way home he told me a great deal about Mrs. Adams, whom he had warmly admired, and of whom all mention was avoided in Henry Adams's presence, as he had himself avoided it in his *Education*, passing without a word over the years of his unusually happy married life. Mr. James abounded in her praises; it seems she was a brilliant and charming woman, so brilliant that the circle of intimates considered her the more interesting of the two: 'We never knew how delightful Henry was till he lost her; he was so proud of her that he let her shine as he sat back and enjoyed listening to what she said and what she let others say.'

In the volume of Henry Adams's letters we get an occasional glimpse of those little parties they liked to give, how good the talk had been, how pleased they had all been with themselves and with each other (some wise Frenchman has said that he who leaves your company pleased with himself is surely pleased with you); but it was hard to imagine another focus than Henry Adams's own wit and wisdom in any group collected about him; not that he talked much, but he was always the centre of interest, and what he had to say was always what we most wanted to hear.

VII

One of the topics Mr. James had most at heart was that of Europeanized Americans; he felt so strongly about their dilemma that he developed it into a 'case of conscience' in which right and wrong action were somehow involved. He disapproved their

divided allegiance and thought their duty lay in a deliberate and irrevocable choice. He was a little shocked to hear that I had a son at Eton and daughters in the Sacred Heart Convent at Southampton (that was on another occasion, at a meeting some years later in New York), and said I was shifting the burden of the decision on to the shoulders of the next generation. When, shortly before his death, he became an English subject, it was his very sincere declaration of faith, the result of long and deep thought on the matter.

My own case, that of an American brought up by expatriate Americans with a strong European bias, was to him an unusually lucid statement of the problem, and he felt I should do something about it. I asked Mr. La Farge what he thought (he was much wiser and far more exotic than I), and told him all that Mr. James had said and with what earnest solicitude. 'Dear Henry,' was his reply, 'he forgets how easy it has become to cross the ocean; the issue that so worries him does not exist.' But then, La Farge was not interested in ethical conundrums.

For my own part, I have never found the whole answer to this one. Contact, sympathy, and close friendship with people of other nations may have sapped my patriotism a little, but it never occurred to me that my children had better belong to another country than their own, and this is the final test of a woman's convictions.

VIII

I must return to Henry Adams, who will pardon my having left him for a moment to speak of Henry James, whom he dearly loved. He, at all events, solved the Jamesian problem in favor of America, for in the last years of his life he passed his summers

on this side of the Atlantic, and he told me how much happier they were than many that had gone before. He was curiously shy, self-conscious, and inaccessible with foreigners; during all those summers spent in Paris he never made friends or even bowing acquaintances with any of the lights of the Sorbonne or the Collège de France. He might have known Gaston Paris, Gebhart, Langlois, — the list is too long to fill out, all great experts on the Middle Ages and the things he was studying at the time; he read all their books, but would not meet them, preferring the society of his own little group, consisting almost entirely of Americans. 'There are no men in Paris,' he would say to the well-dressed good-looking women of his own race who would lunch with him at Larue's, and in whose dressmaking expeditions he took interest.

Fashions have their place in thought. To be surrounded by the young and gay, to avoid somewhat the fellowship of his learned colleagues, may have kept his spirit from gathering dust, his pen from scratching and rusting over unimportant controversies. His book was dedicated to his nieces; it was learned, although it was not addressed to the learned; it reached not only his nieces, but a vast public to whom it brought a new message.

He was essentially a teacher and had a great gift for communicating interest and imparting knowledge, or at least a desire for it, to those about him, but for all this he was keenly aware of the individual human predicament, the most understanding comforter, the most reliable counselor to his friends in trouble. Like most intelligent older people, he took great pleasure in surrounding himself with the young; he knew how to charm them, to stimulate their half-awakened minds.

My youngest daughter went to stay with him in Washington and tells of a

strange evening she spent alone with 'Uncle Henry.' Miss Tone, the 'niece in residence,' was dining out, and the sixteen-year-old Gabrielle, better known to the family and friends as 'Bebo' (the first two syllables of her Roman nursery name of Bebolina), was rather afraid of him. She need not have been, since he was amused with her and soon made her feel at home; during the meal they chatted cheerily of places and people they had known, and then settled in the low arm-chairs of the library for the rest of the evening.

There was a pause; Uncle Henry leaned back with his eyes half closed and his two hands joined at the up-turned fingers. Then he began to talk, softly at first, as if to himself; then, gathering momentum from his surging thoughts, he went on to speak of all that lay on his mind, the mysteries of

time and eternity, man and destiny, his aspiration and helplessness. It was all way over her head, but she listened breathless, feeling that something great and wonderful was happening, though she could not understand it. At last he paused and came back to earth, looked at her, and said: 'Do you know why I have told you all this?' Of course she had no answer. 'It is because you would not understand a word of it and you will never quote me.'

She could not remember what had been said, nevertheless something precious and unforgettable had been conveyed — a sense of the great problems that the human intellect is forever trying to solve; a contact with a high train of thought left her spirit deeply stirred, bubbling and luminous like the wake of an ocean liner in phosphorescent waters.

(The End)

SCIENCE AND THE LAYMAN

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

I

It is a disconcerting fact that strong convictions usually rest on ignorance. There is more knowledge in the world to-day than has ever existed before, and there are fewer generally accepted beliefs. Outside the severer sciences, having to do for the most part with matters on which the layman is not concerned to form a judgment, almost everything is held to be a matter of opinion. This is a basic fact about the modern mind. It is new, and it is very important. For it indicates that in our day, compared even with the time of our grandfathers, an entirely new basis for belief is insisted upon. Authority and tradition are now discredited, not only by a few exceptional rebels, but by the generality of mankind.

This is, undoubtedly, the greatest of all the changes that science has made in our general outlook. Not that science is wholly responsible for this change. A number of other factors have been at work, but it is science, or rather the scientific spirit, that gives to modern skepticism its chief support and justification.

On all the matters that now come within its scope science has successfully fought its battle with authority. It started by bringing a skeptical attitude to matters which had long been thought settled. This attitude was a necessary preliminary clearing of the ground. It is very necessary, for the scientific examination of any fact, to

get rid of all preconceived ideas. But this is merely the starting point. After that comes genuine analysis, and the patient accumulation of all relevant data. The scientific spirit, so far as it can be said to be at all general in the modern mind, seems to stop short at the first step. There is certainly a widespread skepticism abroad — about everything under the sun. But there is very little trace of genuine inquiry. Religious dogmas, moral codes, the duties of a citizen, patriotism, are all matters on which clear and definite positive statements are regarded with skepticism. The traditional views about these things are no longer accepted. But no new beliefs, reached by a scientific process, have been put in their place. The scientific spirit, as applied to these regions, has not advanced beyond its first stage. The preliminary work of destruction has been accomplished, but the waste land so created remains a waste land.

Vigorous and healthy young people are often able to maintain life in an atmosphere of idle skepticism. The ardor of their instincts and the novelty of existence make the adventure of living sufficiently interesting, in spite of the absence of any religious beliefs or any conviction of a supremely important distinction between right and wrong. An increasing number of young people in the post-war world feel no need of such beliefs, and even actively resent them as possible constraints.

On the basis of a universal skepticism, very largely a spiritual offshoot of modern science, they have arrived at the conclusion, in Dostoevsky's phrase, that all things are lawful.

This attitude is all very well — for a time. But there comes a stage in growth when life, instead of being an unlimited adventure, 'narrows to one mortal career,' as Santayana puts it. We are no longer content that life should be a succession of exciting experiences. We want it to have meaning. The great problems of religion and philosophy become, however vaguely, our problems. And we find, in the modern world, that these problems, the most important of all to us, have no answers — or, rather, have an infinite number of answers, all of them doubtful.

We need go back only a few years to see how novel a state of affairs this is for the ordinary man. There have always been skeptics, of course, but the present universal skepticism about these matters is an entirely new phenomenon. There is still a great deal of inertia, too. The churches still have plenty of adherents, although their doctrines, in many cases, become steadily more and more ambiguous. Our judges still mete out punishments, although righteous indignation with the wrongdoer has greatly declined. Nurse Cavell's remark, 'Patriotism is not enough,' has not yet superseded the inscription, 'For King and Country,' on her monument. But none of these things now express general beliefs. To the man who is in earnest, who wishes his life to have direction, to have true significance, none of these things necessarily bring solace and conviction. This is not to say that there is no truth in these things, but that this truth, being based on tradition and authority, is not generally accepted. For an increasing number of people life has been deprived of all transcendental signifi-

cance, or, in the ordinary meaning of the term, is meaningless.

This state of affairs, as we have said, can very largely be referred to the development of the scientific spirit. The scientific spirit constitutes the one great challenge to tradition and authority. It has made good; its prestige is enormous. An increasing number of people regard it as the one hope for the modern world. It is being invoked everywhere it can be invoked, even in politics and finance. But all the major interests of mankind — his spiritual problems — lie at present outside science. Here science has confined itself to destroying, or at least weakening, the plausibility of all the old solutions, without putting anything positive in their place. And this, to many people, more than counterbalances whatever advantages science may have brought with it. Science, these people say, has made life easier to live and at the same time made it not worth living.

This feeling is only indirectly due to definite scientific teachings. Science has only rarely directly combated any of the spiritual doctrines, or religious dogmas, that have hitherto nourished men. But what science has done is to establish a different scale of probability. Statements which look all very well in one universe of ideas may look very inadequate in another, although the logical reasons for the change may not be at all obvious. There can be no question, for instance, but that some religious doctrines look much less plausible in the modern universe of astronomy than they did in a universe whose chief and central body was the earth. It might be difficult to justify, logically, this change in our sense of likelihood, but it indisputably exists. Similarly, that doctrine of evolution which maintained that the whole process had come about by the random action of natural laws made belief in man's transcendental significance much

more difficult. In the new setting provided by physical and biological science the assumptions concerning man's destiny and importance on which religious dogmas rested became much less plausible. Also, the new psychologies have, it appears, undermined the old bases of morality. We no longer think of right and wrong as the inflexible, objective things our grandfathers supposed them to be. The upshot of the new psychology, for the ordinary layman, is to diminish his belief in man as a fully responsible moral being. So much of a man's behavior is now referred to his complexes and inhibitions, themselves accidental products of his circumstances, that the notion of moral responsibility has become almost meaningless. And morality itself, our notions of right and wrong, have their whole *raison d'être* in their survival value. Like everything else about a man's make-up, they exist because of their usefulness in the struggle for existence. They have no absolute value.

II

We have said that modern scientific doctrines, while they may not directly combat the old orthodox religious and moral assumptions, have made them much less probable. But it is a curious fact that it is the sciences which are least well established that have had the greatest influence in this respect. Indeed, of the mathematical sciences, astronomy alone has had any influence at all. And its influence has been confined to demonstrating the physical insignificance of man and his planet in the material universe. The modern universe of millions of millions of stars lasting for millions of millions of years certainly makes it unlikely that man's significance in the scheme of things can be related to the size of his planet or to the duration of his life. Judged by such standards, he must be counted as an

extremely insignificant and fleeting episode in the history of matter. To the mediævalist, who was shocked by Copernicus's theory that the earth is not fixed in the middle of the universe, but moves round the sun, the universe of modern astronomy would doubtless seem a very distressing affair. But to us his reaction seems rather naïve. We do not so readily assume that man's importance in the scheme of things, if there is a scheme, must be dependent on his spatial and temporal dimensions. We cannot see that his physical insignificance is necessarily a fatal objection to the religious assumptions regarding his nature and destiny. The modern skepticism on those matters, therefore, owes comparatively little to the science of astronomy.

But when we come to the biological sciences we encounter teachings which certainly have had a great influence on religious beliefs. The passionate resistance offered to the theory of evolution was due primarily to the fact that it did conflict with fundamental religious convictions. It made man a chance outcome of the operations of the laws of nature. Everything that had been relied on as evidence of design was swept away by this theory. The chance combinations of a mindless mechanism were sufficient to account for all that exists.

Also, another primary religious conviction, the notion that there exists a 'soul' or 'spirit' in man, was made much less plausible by this theory, for it showed that all living things are so connected that the argument from continuity would require us to attribute a soul to every living thing, and possibly, if life can be shown to result from physical and chemical laws, to inorganic matter as well. Man's old special and privileged position seemed to be destroyed, and this made the notions that he had a spiritual nature and a transcendental destiny much less plau-

sible. Certain discoveries in physiology reënforced this conclusion. The fact that operations on the body can transform a saint into a homicidal maniac, and vice versa, makes the notion of a man's true character and of a spiritual nature, existing apart from his bodily functions, very elusive. The notion that there is a soul which exists apart from the body, and does not share in the destruction of the body, loses greatly in credibility. The new psychologies, also, by explaining the 'higher' elements of our nature in terms of the 'lower,' have made less credible the concept of man as a spiritual being, a partaker of the divine nature.

But, as we have said, these doctrines, which have had the greatest influence on the general outlook of the layman, are not among the best-established of scientific doctrines. Science and religion are not yet in hopeless conflict. The theory, for instance, that the whole course of evolution is a chance outcome of the random workings of the laws of physics and chemistry is by no means a proved and accepted scientific doctrine. We know that there are many, among the biologists themselves, who find it entirely unsatisfactory. They think that the notion of 'purpose,' even if in some very attenuated form, must be invoked to make intelligible the actual course of evolution. Mechanical notions, they assert, are not sufficient for the biological sciences. But there is not yet any very clear idea as to what supplementary notions are to be introduced in biology.

This, perhaps, does not matter very much. It is the need for such notions that interests the religious person. For such a notion as 'purpose' is incompatible with any form of materialism — the doctrine that everything results from 'accidental collocations of atoms.' The real offense of that phi-

losophy against religious intuitions lay not in its emphasis on 'atoms,' but in its emphasis on 'accidental.' For the 'matter' of modern physics has become so elusive an entity that to say everything is wholly composed of matter can no longer be a shock to anybody. Matter, according to some of our leading physicists, may even be mental. The whole universe, according to Eddington, is composed of 'mind-stuff' and, according to Jeans, is a thought in the mind of God.

Materialism, so far as it reduces everything to matter, has therefore lost its sting. But the statement that everything has come about 'accidentally' really is incompatible with the assumptions of religion. All religions must be pure fantasies in a mindless and purposeless universe. But it would obviously be impossible for science ever to *prove* that the universe is purposeless, and therefore the possibility of a religious interpretation would always remain open. The 'purposeless' theory might be found sufficient; it could never be found necessary. Nevertheless, the discovery that that theory was scientifically insufficient would make the acceptance of the religious outlook much easier.

III

Psychology, as a science, is in a much less assured position even than biology. Indeed, some of the doctrines of psychoanalysis and behaviorism, for example, can hardly be called scientific at all. Nevertheless, they have been created by the scientific movement and they have played their part in affecting the general outlook of our time. It is very largely the prestige of the 'exact' sciences which secures for these doctrines such attention as they receive.

But the layman is not always aware of the difference. His natural judgment of a scientific theory, in the absence of

special information, would be dependent on the degree to which it squared with common sense — that is, with the set of concepts he had found adequate to his own experience. He has been made aware, however, that this criterion is not sufficient. He is daily in contact with scientific achievements which, as he knows, rest on theories which are certainly not what he would regard as common-sensical. It often happens, therefore, that he develops an uncritical credulity about these matters. He becomes willing to give a measure of credence to almost anything that professes to be scientific. The influence exerted on the layman's outlook by pseudo-science may be as great as or even greater than the influence exerted by well-attested scientific doctrines.

In discussing the influence of science on our general outlook, therefore, the word 'science' has to be extended to include almost everything that calls itself scientific, including some of the more absurd exaggerations of the new psychologies. Such depressing doctrines as that what we have been accustomed to call man's higher aspirations spring from unsatisfied sexual desires, or, still more astounding, that 'thoughts' consist wholly of incipient speech movements, that 'perceptions' are movements of the eyeballs, and so forth, receive attention largely because their authors invoke the name of science. Were it not for the immense prestige of this name, the layman would probably reject them as obvious absurdities. He may think they sound absurd, but then he probably thinks that non-Euclidean geometry sounds absurd. He has learned that it is not safe to dismiss a scientific theory merely because it sounds ridiculous.

The layman's consciousness that he is in no position to judge of the real standing of a scientific theory often results, as we have said, in an uncritical

credulity. This has its ludicrous aspects. The credulity is so widespread, the prestige of science is so great, that, for example, appeals to it are now part of the recognized technique of advertising. Instead of the blunt statement that so-and-so is the best, we are now given what purport to be the scientific reasons for its excellence. The fact that these statements, whether justified or not, in many cases make appeal to a degree of scientific knowledge that the layman does not possess is not at all to their disadvantage. The right atmosphere has been created. The layman has learned to be submissive before scientific mysteries.

But, besides this widespread credulity, we sometimes meet with a shallow and comprehensive skepticism respecting the claims of science. Unfortunately, this reaction is often just as indiscriminating as the other. Mr. Bernard Shaw is reported to disbelieve altogether in the vast stellar distances preached by modern astronomy. The stars, he thinks, are much nearer than that. And there are intelligent people who seriously believe that Einstein is some sort of clever careerist whom the scientific world, for some mysterious reason, has conspired to boost. Such instances perhaps illustrate the natural human tendency to resent the incomprehensible. Other cases of skepticism spring from the desire to preserve certain cherished beliefs. Thus the Fundamentalists reject modern biology and geology in the interests of certain religious dogmas.

On the whole, however, the general reaction of the lay mind to the teachings of science is one of uncritical credulity. We may summarize this aspect of the influence of science on the layman by saying that there is now a general tendency to regard the scientific man as the one trustworthy authority. From being the laughable

preoccupation of a few eccentrics, science has become the one key to knowledge, the one source of truth, in the modern world.

IV

The impact of science on the popular mind has had the effect of increasing both credulity and skepticism. For a very large number of people all authority, except scientific authority, is discredited. But this, we may be confident, is due merely to the present lack of any general understanding of the limitations of science. Many of the scientific men themselves are now busy in defining these limitations for us. There are questions that science is incompetent to deal with, and beliefs may rightly be based on evidence which is not scientific evidence. The fact is that science deals with a public world. It is concerned, as far as possible, only with perceptions that all men possess, and it claims that its results are of a kind that can secure universal assent. But there also exists a private world. My toothache, my perception of beauty, my sense of communion with God, all belong to it. These are not perceptions that everybody shares, nor can universal assent be claimed for them. But they are not therefore necessarily illusions. Indeed, many of our most unquestionable convictions rest entirely on such private data.

An experience which belongs to the private world, whether it be the taste of tomatoes or the mystic vision, cannot be subjected to scientific investigation. Nevertheless, the distinction between private worlds and public worlds is not absolute. In the endeavor to rationalize our private experiences we may make statements, as by constructing religious dogmas, which refer to the public world. Such statements may conflict with scientific knowledge. Hence arises what is called the conflict between science and religion. On the

other hand, it is easy to see that science is not as purely objective as it professes to be. The primary judgments on which science relies, such questions as to whether a pointer coincides with a certain mark on a scale, or as to whether there are a certain number of objects in a collection, certainly are judgments on which universal assent could conceivably be obtained. But scientific theories, and still more the meaning of scientific theories, are matters on which considerable diversity of opinion can, and does, exist. Some of the modern controversies about quantum theory and relativity theory, for example, suffice to show that, in these matters, æsthetic and philosophical predilections, resting on purely private perceptions, can play an active part. Even in pure mathematics, Henri Poincaré tells us, a proof which is satisfactory to one mathematician is not always satisfactory to another. The controversy between the vitalists and mechanists in biology also suggests, in its violence and inconclusiveness, that we are here dealing with purely private notions of what is reasonable. The public and the private worlds do, to some extent, merge into one another.

But although science is not all we know and all we need to know, it is true that, in the public world with which it deals, the dominion of science is supreme. Any rationalization of our private experiences that we effect must be consistent with scientific knowledge. The scientific method of arriving at truth, in the regions to which it can be applied, has proved itself the best method that man has yet hit upon. Owing to its success, the scientific method has obtained immense prestige in the eyes of the layman. In spite of its prestige, however, the scientific method still remains very unpopular. The patient accumulation of all relevant evidence, the cautious framing of hypotheses, and the careful verification

of them, are almost unknown in ordinary human pursuits — such as politics, for example. And any attempt to apply such methods is strongly resented.

The fact is that man is not yet able to apply the scientific method to matters with which his emotions are strongly engaged. This is a disability which afflicts scientific men as much as any other sort of men. The reactions of scientific men in the Great War were just as passionate and irrational as were those of any other 'patriot.' And in such largely emotional matters as politics and social reform we find scientific men scattered among the various groups in quite the ordinary statistical way. Outside their science, scientific men are not conspicuous for their detachment and fair-mindedness.

We must conclude, then, that, in spite of the universal respect paid to the scientific method, its roots do not yet lie very deep. It has flourished in science because most of the things with which science has hitherto been concerned do not noticeably involve our emotions. The precise speed of light, the melting point of sulphur, the size of the hydrogen atom, are not questions on which we instinctively feel impelled to take sides. Whatever the truth may turn out to be, we can view it with comparative indifference. It sometimes happens, of course, that science does touch on matters which concern our emotions. Our detachment, our docility in face of the facts, then instantly vanish. The Copernican theory which so shocked the mediævalists is a case in point. Another is provided by Darwin's theory of natural selection. And a great deal of the opposition encountered by the psychological theories of our own day has a similar cause.

It is no mere accident that science has advanced farthest in those regions where we are most indifferent to its re-

sults. One reason for this is to be found in the very constitution of human nature. Emotional interest necessarily creates bias. Perhaps an intelligent fish would find most of the painfully won results of human psychology fairly obvious. But there is also the possibility that the more 'human' sciences are intrinsically more difficult than those which deal with inanimate nature. It may well be that the principles governing the behavior of living bodies and minds are more numerous and more elusive than those governing the behavior of sticks and stones. But, however this may be, the discovery of these principles is certainly greatly hindered by human nature itself.

An important element in this resistance is fear. It is unfortunately true that those scientific doctrines which have a 'human interest' are nearly always unpleasant. The theory of evolution, for example, was almost universally found to be much more depressing than the theory of special creation that it replaced. Even those who preached the theory preached also that the pursuit of truth required, above all things, stoical courage and endurance. Truth, judged by the samples that science had obtained of it, was not a joyful and liberating thing. It was obviously something to be dreaded, although it was still, of course, man's first duty to pursue it. Science's further adventures into matters of human interest do nothing to diminish this impression. The new psychologies, for instance, cannot be called exhilarating. Such a doctrine as that art is a form of anal-erotism cannot be said to enrich life. In these matters it seems to be true that whatever science touches it debases. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that further attempts to extend the scientific method arouse in many people feelings of resentment and fear.

V

Nevertheless, as we have said, the general attitude of the layman toward science is, at present, one of respect and credulity. But this attitude is changing somewhat. The very activity of science at the present day has a little lowered its authority in the eyes of the layman. The rapidity with which new theories are invented and discarded evokes something of the distrust with which we watch the vagaries of our more versatile politicians. The frequent popularizations of science, keeping the layman up to date, show him that science is a far more tentative, imaginative, adventurous thing than he had ever supposed. Now authority, to the popular mind, must before all things be consistent. It may be that these rapid changes in scientific theory testify to a steady growth toward some general and final statement. But, to know that, we should have to know the inner connections between the changes, and this is something the layman does not know. He does not realize that the changes are only changes within limits. The possible variations seem to him to be almost without limit, so that a statement to-day might conceivably be replaced by its 'opposite' to-morrow. It is not surprising, therefore, that a certain skepticism is beginning to leaven the general credulity toward scientific statements.

It is probable that this skepticism will grow. And a very important fact is that it applies to the best-established of the sciences — the exact sciences. It is precisely physics itself which has witnessed the most revolutionary changes in our generation, and it is these changes, above all, which have been brought to the attention of the public.

For the first time since Newton, the 'exact' sciences appear as not unshakable. This loss of rigidity applies

still more, of course, to the biological sciences. Biological theories, like psychological theories, are even more obviously tentative and experimental than those of the material sciences.

We conclude, therefore, that the general attitude toward science is in a transition stage. Scientific authority still looms immense in the general mind, but it is not quite so unquestioned as it was. The very ingenuity and fertility of the scientific imagination have created a certain distrust — even among many of the men of science themselves. This skepticism is, by and large, a wholesome corrective of the uncritical credulity that has hitherto characterized the layman. That credulity has too often been exploited in the interest of mere fads and prejudices. If the present skepticism is the first stage toward a critical appreciation of scientific theories, it is to be welcomed. And the criticism, to be adequate, must take account not only of the tentative character of science, but also of its limitations. It must no longer be assumed that science has universal jurisdiction. The extravagant claims that have been made for science in the past are now seen, by the scientific men themselves, to have rested on a misunderstanding of the true nature of science.

Science gives us but a partial knowledge of reality. There is much, and of the greatest importance, that lies outside the scientific scheme. A great deal of confusion and misgiving has been produced in the past by the failure to realize this fact. In the new outlook that is preparing, this source of confusion will be done away with. We shall no longer be required to regard our religious experiences as illusion, art will be seen to have a significance greater than that of a mere amusement, and science will rank with these as yet another method by which man makes contact with reality.

RULES OF THE ROAD

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

I

To say that automobile accidents are caused by carelessness on the part of the motorist is like saying that deaths are caused by cessation of function on the part of the heart. Of course. But what has been said says nothing.

It is similarly futile to place the blame for accidents on youthful, or aged, or crippled, or half-blind, or intoxicated, or foolish drivers (in strict accordance with one's favorite prejudices), although each of these groups contributes its part to the problem, and a word will be said later regarding the effect of repeal on accidents. Nor is the weather, the roadway, or the mechanics of the car primarily at fault, although these too cause their certain share.

No. It is impossible to explain away the fact, patent to anyone who cares to review the simple statistics, that most accidents occur in clear weather, on paved, dry highways, and that they involve drivers who are experienced, physically fit, and sober, and who deem themselves cautious.

Strictly speaking, the bulk of the damage is done — and it is a woeful bulk of damage indeed — not by carelessness, a word which may mean anything, but by little, specific careless acts which can be isolated, studied, and, happily, avoided. There is in force in the United States a body of driving conventions the habitual violation of which is suicidal, but the observance of which may very well carry a person

through a lifetime of safe driving. These conventions are the basis of our legal driving codes and they are based, in turn, upon these codes. Little matter whether the hen or the egg came first.

Frequently the codes are violated by drivers; sometimes they are grossly violated by city councils and state legislatures. As an instance of the latter type of case, I might cite the law in Illinois which provides that all state highways shall be 'through' highways and the driver on them shall have the right of way — except on those state highways numbered higher than 46! Despite such rhymeless and reasonless regulations, however, one can be safe by obeying the conventions as they are generally followed.

It is the purpose of this article to summarize these sane conventions, and it is hoped that the reader will honestly analyze his own driving habits as he is aware of them. If he must say to himself, 'I am guilty of that,' or 'Occasionally I violate this,' may he make a conscious effort to break himself of the bad habit. After all, it is *his* skin which is at stake. The best drivers are called upon but seldom to exhibit great agility in extricating themselves from dangerous situations. They rarely get into these situations.

While the deaths and injuries caused by automobile accidents are leaping to new high levels this year, — the reasons for this will be mentioned later on,

— one can console one's self by reflecting that, just as it takes two to make a fight, it usually takes two to make an accident. If a person is really careful, he can not only avoid contributing to the cause of an accident, but also avoid one which might be caused by the other fellow. Accidents involving two automobiles which are caused solely by one of the drivers are so very unusual that they can be left out of this discussion.

II

In spite of occasional exceptions, most driving rules are reasonable. Even those that do not appeal to one's common sense are a great deal safer to observe than to violate. One must remember that signs, signals, and traffic policemen are supposed to be of *mutual* benefit to motorists. One stops at a 'stop' sign before entering a 'through' highway and grumbles to one's wife that nobody was coming in either direction for blocks. But what a lawless shambles our streets would be if nobody observed 'stop' signs, or if we observed them only when traffic was heavy, or when we were not personally willing to chance a collision! The driver who disregards a sign pits his momentary judgment against the careful analysis of the traffic engineer or enforcement officer. The fact that the sign is there may indicate a danger which is not apparent to the driver. If all hazardous intersections were so obviously hazardous that a prudent driver would naturally stop or slow up, the signs would scarcely be necessary at all.

The fundamental driving convention in the United States is to drive on the right side of the street. That ought to be a startling bit of news to nobody. But even on the shortest of trips one encounters not a few motorists who apparently never heard of the rule. Is carelessness the reason that people drive on the left? Is it just plain lack of

courtesy, poor breeding, or stupidity? Could it be another absurd expression of rugged individualism? No matter what, driving on the left is *the* cause of thousands of accidents every year, including most of the deadly head-on and sideswiping collisions. Some people habitually hog the road — and riding the centre line is hogging the road, too — just as others habitually drive on the right-hand side. Doing one or the other is clearly a matter of habit, and a person can have a good habit and be safe, or a bad habit and endanger himself and others, as he chooses.

A new and important convention has grown up since the arterial entrances to big cities have been broadened into six-lane and eight-lane highways. It is, 'Drive in the outside lane, except when passing.' How sensible this is. It leaves the whole centre of the highway free for the faster vehicles, and when anybody wants to spurt around a truck or other relatively slow car, there is plenty of room for him to do so safely. When the convention is not observed, all drivers are endangered. The fast traveler must dart in and around the road hogs; he is forced to pass on the right, a dangerous practice; and sometimes he is so pocketed that he must actually move out into the lanes on the left side, facing oncoming traffic, to get around. It is all very well to say that this driver should take his time. The fact is that people *will* hurry, and if a driver insists on crawling down the middle of the highway he is likely to be the direct cause of a serious crash. Do not think that I am encouraging or even condoning excessive speed. I am merely pointing out one of the more important ways in which drivers who do not speed cause accidents on the road.

But before getting too far into this discussion it would be well to point out the different sets of conventions that must be considered. Since most ac-

cidents in cities occur at intersections, the conventions governing approaching them and turning on them might well come first. Then there are the rules of driving between intersections; most accidents in rural areas occur here. One must realize also that there are conventions to which one is accustomed at home and others to be observed abroad. And surely urban and rural driving are not the same.

III

Beyond question the rule at intersections which causes the most trouble is that one which deals with the right of way. The basic rule is simple enough to express and is easily understood, but there are as many possible combinations of circumstances as there are permutations in hands in the game of poker. The driver approaching an intersection has the right of way over the vehicle coming on the cross street from his left; and he must yield the right of way to the driver coming from his right. That is the fundamental rule as it is observed generally the country over.

But does the rule hold when one of the streets is a 'through' thoroughfare? How about emergency vehicles? How close to the intersection must the driver from the right be before one waits for him — or how rapidly must he be approaching? Similarly, has one the right of way over a vehicle coming from the left even if it reaches the corner first?

The answers to some of these questions are relatively easy. The driver approaching the 'through' street, for example, must come to a full stop, after which he may proceed across on the basis of the fundamental rule as it was stated above. In actual practice, he is sensible enough to wait for an interval in the 'through' traffic of sufficient length to let him cross without charging into some fast traveler's path.

Many people do not know that in most places, when they are driving on the 'through' street, the driver entering from the right has the right of way after he has once come to a full stop.

Emergency vehicles — fire trucks, police cars, and ambulances — have the right of way, regardless of rules, when they are on business. It might be said, though, that they ought to demand this privilege only when they are responding to a call. There is no need for driving a fire engine at top speed back to the station.

The answers to the other questions regarding right of way are complicated in the extreme. In civil suits for damage growing out of accidents, the common law is usually invoked which requires the judge or jury to decide whether the driver did 'what a reasonably prudent person would have done under the circumstances.' The best rule to follow is one that anybody can lay down for himself: 'I shall not dispute the right of way. Maybe it is mine; but how foolish I should be to take it, only to discover that the other fellow did not know it was mine. I have it on good authority that cemeteries are full of drivers who insisted on the right of way.'

What is the proper way to make a turn at an intersection? There is probably no common violation that causes more irritation, more close shaves, and more mishaps of varying degrees of severity than improper turns. Turning right may not appear to be so serious, because the driver must attend only to vehicles traveling in his own direction, but the danger to pedestrians on the crosswalk is very great. How many drivers there are who spin down the centre of the street and suddenly swerve to the right directly across the path of an unsuspecting motorist who was almost abreast of them in a lane nearer the curb, and barely grazing a person on foot in the middle of the

side street. When one makes such egregious blunders, one should receive humbly any expletives that the other fellow cares to hurl. Incidentally, it would be interesting to know how many lessons in good driving have been taught once for all time by barrel-chested truck and taxicab drivers who think nothing, on occasions like this, of delivering a curtain speech of rare point and power. One hates to be made the fool in public, and there is seldom an appeal from the verdict bawled out by the frank chauffeur.

Turning left is more hazardous, because the flow of traffic in the opposite direction must be considered. Here, cutting across the path of a vehicle going in your direction may very well force it headfirst into an oncoming car.

The rules for turning are simple. Turn right only from the right lane. Turn left only from the lane nearest centre. Get into the proper lane well in advance of the turn, so that you will not have to jockey suddenly for position. Be on the lookout for pedestrians who are on the crosswalk of the street into which you are turning. Good drivers obey these conventions automatically. If a right turn is coming, they have scarcely to think about getting into the lane along the curb; they do so naturally and without effort. It is one of their good habits.

There are other conventions concerning safe driving at intersections that cannot be omitted from a discussion of this kind. You should never pass another vehicle, particularly a large truck, at an intersection. As you pass, your view to the right is cut off, and the truck driver may be waving a motorist to pass in front of him and into your path. Show consideration for pedestrians by stopping for a traffic signal behind the crosswalk, so that people on foot do not have to walk out around your machine. A dangerous practice is to approach a corner at high speed, de-

pending on your brakes to bring you safely to a sudden stop. To do so frightens pedestrians who do not know that you can stop and are not sure that you intend to. In addition, the driver coming up from the rear may not have brakes as efficient as yours, and he may crash into you.

Hand signals are important. Unfortunately there is no uniformity in them the country over, but your left arm extended far out will in any place indicate that you contemplate some action and give warning of it to the driver behind. As a matter of fact, he can usually tell from the position of your car in the road what your intention is — whether to turn right, or left, or to stop.

IV

Drivers seem to be no respecters of the finest art of the builders of roads and streets. Any place will do for an accident. Even on unobstructed, wide, and apparently safe streets and roads, motorists come to grief. The situation is not quite so bad as this may sound, because more accidents, proportionately, occur on dangerous streets and roads, of course, than on those that are safe. Traffic engineers have done much to make driving less hazardous. But little careless acts, even between intersections, cause a tremendous number of tragic mishaps.

Failing to signal as one leaves the curb is an omission fruitful of accidents. Most people do not know that the car in the constituted flow of traffic has the right of way along a street and that it is up to the driver who wishes to enter the stream to wait for a lull which will give him his chance. Then he must signal to drivers who may come up from the rear that it is his intention to take his place in the line. He should signal by extending his left arm. That is sufficient; but, as with all arm signals, he should not fail to make it in time. A

signal is of no earthly use if the driver sticks out his arm and immediately executes his manœuvre. The other fellow has a right to expect the warning in advance.

Weaving through traffic, a practice touched on briefly earlier in this paper, is one of the great dangers to motorists and pedestrians alike. Usually the weaving is done at high speed, and that aggravates a dangerous condition. Stay in place in traffic until there is a clear opportunity to pass properly; then sound your horn and proceed. Do not sneak around one car to the right, cut in front of it, and then swerve around the left side of the driver ahead, trusting to luck that nobody is coming toward you too close. Such weaving is looked upon as a flagrant form of reckless driving and is punishable as such. There is a convention dealing with the spacing between cars, too. A driver is following the car ahead too close if he cannot stop in time to avoid hitting the man ahead should the latter stop.

Just as it is dangerous to pass another car at an intersection, it is dangerous to pass on a curve or hill, and for the same reason — the view is obstructed. One can't see through the crest of a hill and usually one can't see across a curve. Many of the most deadly accidents occur because of this malpractice. Frequently three vehicles are piled up — one's own car, the car being passed, and the machine which was coming out of sight.

Even in parking a car one can cause serious difficulties. Streets normally wide enough to permit of an even flow of traffic become congested and hazardous because of a double-parked car. A machine parked too near an intersection can make it difficult and dangerous for pedestrians to cross, and a parked car has frequently obscured a 'stop' sign, causing motorists to speed right into the flow of fast 'through' traffic. There is a universal convention

against parking near fire hydrants. Doing so may not cause an automobile accident, but if firemen must waste precious moments in getting a machine out of the way for their engine, a life may be lost in a burning building. In a hazardous, complicated world one must be thoughtful of others as well as one's self if serious trouble is to be avoided.

Railroad crossings offer their special hazard. In recent years several railway companies have become curious about the practices of motorists. Observers have been sent out to watch people drive over crossings. One company reported that on its crossings these observations revealed that 2 per cent of drivers looked both ways before driving upon the tracks; 17 per cent looked in one direction only; and 81 per cent looked neither to right nor to left. Another company reported that in a single year 500 crossing gates, lowered to protect the motoring public, were struck and destroyed by automobiles. Still another stated that, of 96 fatal accidents on its crossings, 54 involved automobiles which had been driven into the side of trains already on the crossings.

A driver who is normally prudent need be guilty of but one careless act at a railroad track — and it's the end of the world for him!

V

While this paper deals with those driving rules which have the widest acceptance throughout the country, it must be admitted that there is a confusing array of local regulations which the driver from another part cannot be expected to know. I have never yet heard of a motorist so conscientious that he prepared himself for a trip through various states by studying the motor-vehicle laws of those states. Headway toward uniformity of laws and ordinances and signs is being made,

if slowly, and before this paper is published the Fourth National Conference on Street and Highway Safety will have assembled under the auspices of the Secretary of Commerce in Washington.

But it is one thing for a group of men, expert on the problems relating to automotive travel and transportation, to draft the best possible body of laws; and it is another thing to have those best of possible laws accepted by cities and states over this country of ours. Too many local officials, proud of their authority and individualistic as *prima donnas*, have a way of insisting that their pet notions constitute the only practicable solution to traffic problems. Occasionally one of them does present a plan which may be almost as good as the standard agreed upon, but the adoption of it and of others of lesser value gives us the dismaying variety of regulations which makes safe driving so difficult for the motorist who is away from home.

Thus there has grown up a driving convention for the tourist. It is: Do not assume that what is legal at home is legal elsewhere. Take your time. Watch carefully what the majority of drivers do. Then do likewise.

Contemptible indeed is the driver from out of state who wantonly breaks every rule that does not suit his convenience simply because he feels that his foreign license will enable him to 'get away with it.'

Country and city driving differ in certain important essentials. On the city street, where drivers are always getting into position for making turns, passing on the right-hand side of a car is generally permitted. Many boulevards are divided into lanes by painted lines; each lane of traffic moves more or less independently of the others. The danger is not in passing on the right, but in dodging from one lane to the next.

In the country, on the other hand, a

driver takes his life in his hands if he comes up behind a car, blows his horn, and proceeds to pass on the right. The driver ahead will, more than likely, swerve into him, never thinking that he may be coming around that way. The convention is to pass only on the left. There are relatively few intersections on rural highways, and in some places a driver can travel for miles without removing his foot from the accelerator. While this condition ought to spell safety, danger pops up from another quarter. The ennui or boredom suffered by many drivers while traveling mile after uneventful mile reduces them to a somnolent state. Surprising are the number of serious crashes caused when drivers fall asleep and speed right off the highway.

A good convention to follow in country driving has to do with acceleration and deceleration. Too many drivers, passing through thickly settled farming districts, step on the accelerator and keep the machine traveling at forty or fifty miles, or even more, never slowing up until they come to a town. This is highly dangerous, because of the innumerable crossroads, country stores, filling stations, and barbecue stands that dot the highway. For safety the fast traveler should slacken his pace to pass these places, and then make up for lost time, if he must, between them; and it is, of course, absolutely necessary to slow up sufficiently to read directional signs.

Three other conventions should be observed also. Do not advertise your itinerary by pasting stickers and pennants on your windshield and rear window. You will obscure your vision dangerously. If you must stop to change drivers or change a tire, drive completely off the pavement. And always pass to the right of street cars except on one-way streets.

Many a driver from the plains has something to learn before he travels

in the mountains. Your experienced mountain driver never throws his car out of gear to coast. The slope may be so steep and so long that his brake lining would be worn down to the bands before he reached the bottom. He keeps his car in gear so that engine compression will 'brake' him safely down.

VI

There is an unpleasant appropriateness about the publication of this article at this time. The heavy-traffic and high-accident months of 1934 are upon us. The last six months of every year are the worst. If drivers would avoid their little careless acts now, thousands of lives would be saved. The fact that a driver has never had an accident does not prove his immunity. From one half to three quarters of all automobile accidents are caused by drivers who never had one before.

But there is another reason for the need of greater care than ever on the streets and highways of the United States. Automobile deaths increased 15 per cent during the first quarter of 1934 over the same period of 1933. If this high rate obtains for the rest of the year, no less than 36,000 people will have been slain by motor vehicles before December 31 — an increase of 5500 over 1933 and an increase of 2260 over 1931, the worst automobile-accident year in history.

Why are we experiencing this terrific increase at this time? It is not yet possible to answer this question with absolute surety, but one can point out some of the elements which are having their effect.

In the first place, travel by car is increasing. More cars are registered this year than were registered last year.

Gasoline consumption has increased, too. Thus the exposure to accidents is greater — but not 15 per cent greater. There must be other reasons.

The speed and power and the easy-riding qualities of low-priced cars probably constitute another factor. One can ride at fifty miles an hour in a modern Ford, or Chevrolet, with more comfort and less vibration than were possible at half that speed only a few years ago. And either one of these will travel at a surprising rate. Thus the percentage of high-speed cars on the road to-day is abnormally high.

Repeal of the prohibition laws is having its effect also. In Milwaukee, arrests for drunken driving have increased 65 per cent this year as compared with 1933. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, convictions for driving while under the influence of liquor have more than doubled in 1934. In the city of Chicago there were five times as many accidents involving drunken drivers or pedestrians during the first three months of 1934 as there were during the same three months of 1933. These fragmentary data may not be conclusive, but they point in one direction only, and are corroborated by the opinion of many observers in the field who agree that there are many more drivers on the road to-day who have been drinking than ever before.

All of these explanations, and probably others too, are playing their part in bringing about the tragic increase in automobile deaths. The thoughtful driver can do one thing at least about it. He can correct his own driving habits and studiously avoid those careless acts which continue to cause the bulk of the accidents on our streets and highways. Then, at least *he* and *his* family will be safe.

DOLLARS AND DIPLOMATS

BY BRUCE BARTON

I

'THACKER, the U. S. consul . . . was not yet drunk. It was only eleven o'clock.'

Thus O. Henry in one of his rollicking Central American tales. Somewhere in his tropical wanderings he must have had intimate liquid relations with a consul of the old school, for with slight variations the same portrait appears in several of his stories. The consul is a broken-down politician with a steady taste for rum and a marvelous tobacco-juice aim. He has served the party faithfully, but all the home jobs are gone and so he has been shipped abroad to a port he never has heard of, in a country whose language he never can learn. A dozen beach combers constitute the American community, forgathering in a local gin mill where the consul becomes a presiding genius. Once in thirty days he sets down his glass, brushes off the dust from his Fourth-of-July coat, and rolls down to meet the mail boat with its fresh supply of plug tobacco and its stale supply of home-town gazettes. Before the ship's funnels have disappeared below the horizon he is in a high state of alcoholic content again.

The picture was not wholly exaggerated, as I have reason to know, because thirty years ago I met my first American consul. It was on a boat trip. He was tall, angular, gray-whiskered, clad in the regulation garb of statesmanship — black coat, trimmed with worn cuffs and dandruff.

After dinner, when the high balls had mellowed him, he volunteered the following: —

'The foreign service ain't what it used to be, sir. The reformers are spoiling everything. Would you like to know how we used to do things in the good old days? Would you like to hear how your humble servant became the representative of his native land in far-off Slongum?'

He paused dramatically. The necessary encouragement was supplied, and he went on.

'My uncle, sir, was the late Senator Fussenfret of Iowa. I had been in politics ever since I was a kid; in Iowa, sir, every man is in politics. Well, it happened that the unappreciative voters declined to reëlect me to my place in the legislature. I boarded a train for Washington and walked into the office of my uncle, the Senator. "Uncle, I lost out," I said, "and how about it?" Well, sir, he reached for his tall black hat, and "Come with me, nephew," he said. We walked over to the office of the fellow who examined candidates for consulships. Uncle marched in very dignified, and the examiner stood up, looking sort of nervous. Uncle said: "Mr. Ewston, this is my nephew, Colonel Hendrock of Iowa. The Colonel has been a member of our state legislature, sir; he has served as state oil commissioner, and I am sure he will make a most acceptable consul at any point to which you may assign him."

'With that my uncle put on his tall hat and walked out. The examiner, looking still scared, said: "Sit down, Colonel, and write your full name." So I sat down and wrote my name. Then he said: "Write your home address." So I wrote my home address. Then, "Write the name of the hotel where you are stopping." And I wrote that. Then he said: "I guess that will be all, Colonel. If I think of any more questions I will get in touch with you at your hotel."

'So I went back to the hotel and took a nap. Along about four o'clock I dropped down to the bar to have a nip, and a boy came in with the afternoon papers. I bought one and read that I had been appointed American consul to Slongum and that I had passed with the highest marks of any candidate who ever had been examined.'

Thus sadly spoke the ancient statesman, shaking his gray whiskers and dropping a tear in his rum. He was, as I have said, the first American consul I had ever seen.

II

Within the past few weeks I have had occasion to see a number of consuls of the modern type, as well as ambassadors, ministers, and attachés, in various cities of the Orient. By and large, they are first-class. The younger members are nearly all college graduates, speaking one or more foreign languages. Linguistic ability is important, but personality and judgment are much more important. The young men have both. They compare favorably with the best talent that our big corporations have been able to recruit for foreign service. They are a credit to America.

Contrary to deep-seated tradition, they devote only a small fraction of their time to drinking tea, changing their clothes, or buttoning their spats.

There are ships to be cleared, cargoes to be checked, commercial investigations to be made, and reports to be sent for the information of American business men back home. There are all sorts of resident and transient Americans who must be looked after; there are delicate negotiations to be carried on with the representatives of other nations. It's a real job, and the social part of it, like the social part of any business man's life, is largely important in forming and keeping contacts.

Much good hard work was done previous to 1932 in raising the standards of the consular service and putting it on a basis where it could be most effective. An Assistant Secretary of State named Wilbur J. Carr had much to do with this. His name is seldom in the newspapers, for he is a 'career man' divorced from politics. Secretaries of State come and go, but he goes on forever, and no chief of the department could operate without him. Another champion of the service was Edith Nourse Rogers, Congresswoman from Massachusetts, author of the Rogers Bill. These, with other sympathizers in Congress, had managed to lift both the standards of the service and the pay. Our men were not provided with homes and offices as are the representatives of Great Britain and other first-class powers, but their salaries and other allowances combined to make their situation quite satisfactory. The morale of the service was high.

Then came the economy drive. Congress had to swing the axe more or less blindly, and the foreign boys caught it in the neck. They took the 15 per cent cut along with the home workers, which was all right, but this was only the beginning. Out went all their 'allowances,' which in most cases constituted from 25 to 40 per cent of their compensation, and then, as a final blow, the dollar was devalued. A 59-cent dollar at home is still a dollar. Prices

adjust themselves to its new value very gradually; if the cost of living advances, so also does the wage scale. But a 59-cent dollar abroad is just 59 cents, and that's that. If the dollar bought four rupees or yen or pesetas on the day before the President's proclamation, it bought two and a half the day after. You, an American living in the foreign country, pay your bills in rupees, yen, or pesetas. You are just out of luck.

When we entered the Orient last March we found the younger men in the foreign service in desperate condition. Nervous breakdowns were common, and wholesale resignations or even suicides seemed to be on the way. Several of the youngsters, at my request, told me their personal situations. Here are a couple of examples: —

John Jones, age twenty-nine, vice-consul in an important city in China. Married, two children. Salary and allowances in 1932 just about equal to what the foreign branches of an English bank or commercial house pays beginners from home. In 1933, salary reduction, elimination of allowances, and depreciation of the dollar cut the income nearly one half. Young Jones was frantic. He owed bills he could not pay. His clothes were shabby. He often was compelled to decline an important official invitation because he could not afford a few cents for a taxicab. His wife and children were actually underfed. The amount of time he could spend thinking about the government's business was small indeed. His nights, as well as his days, were filled with anxiety and dread.

John Smith, vice consul in a city of India. Same situation, complicated by a hospital bill incurred in saving the life of his child. 'I'm running behind every month,' he said. 'Even if I could stick it out financially, — as some of the men can who have inherited money, — what hope is there in a service where all promotions have

been suspended for three years? My only escape is to find someone who will lend me money enough to get home, and Heaven only knows what I shall do there. I have given ten years to the service; I am out of step with home conditions; I shall have to begin at the bottom.'

Some months later word was received that Congress had remedied the situation in part. A bill was passed to reimburse the men for the losses incurred by the devaluation of the dollar. A 5 per cent restoration in pay was provided and another 5 per cent promised. This action saved our foreign service from complete demoralization. It was a vital step, but it was only a step. The so-called 'rent, light, post, and representation' allowances also ought to be restored. These are special grants, differing in each post according to the cost of living and the amount of official entertainment involved. The men should have at least what they were getting in 1932 if we are to be represented abroad as we ought to be.

III

Once when I was very young and just beginning to write for the press I took a little fling at our ambassadors and consuls. I pointed out that when Benjamin Franklin was our Ambassador to France he did not conform to the French styles, but set a style of his own. All Paris adopted his cut of coat and his three-cornered hat. He did not follow; he led. The moral of my youthful editorial was that we ought to send business men abroad who would disdain the precedents and customs of the effete foreign nations and blaze a path of their own. This was largely nonsense. It is a fact that we need capable, self-reliant representatives — and we have them. But it is also a fact that in foreign countries, and in the Orient particularly, what is known

as 'face' is a force too strong to be defied by any individual or any government. If you lose face you lose all standing and effectiveness, and your government suffers. Face consists in playing the game according to the traditional rules and being so situated that you can properly hold up your end.

Summing it all up, I should say that we Americans must dismiss these two cherished notions: —

1. That any American citizen can, by the mere fact of being an American citizen, make good without background or training in any sort of job. Appropriations for our foreign service are menaced constantly by the Congressional argument, 'I have hundreds of constituents who will do the work for half as much.'

2. That the diplomatic representatives of other nations are moustached young gentlemen who wear spats and drink tea, and that any red-blooded American can make them look like a bunch of sissies.

Both notions are wrong. Foreign service is a matter of sound judgment

plus expert training. Foreign governments pick very smart young gentlemen for the service and give them every advantage of good housing, good pay, sufficient allowances for travel and entertainment, and a pension at the end. As the richest and one of the largest nations in the world, we ought to be represented at our best.

When we pick a golf team to compete abroad we do not select men who have shown proficiency in getting themselves chosen chairmen of house committees, nor are we compelled to confine our selection to men who were fortunate enough to inherit money from their parents. We choose players who *can play*. We need that kind of players in the tense game of world politics and commerce. If we expect to win we ought to give our players the necessary equipment: good pay, first-class homes and offices, the opportunity for promotion, and sufficient allowances to enable them to live as well as the players of our competitors, and, like them, to be provided for in old age.

FACING EAST

BY EDWIN R. EMBREE

I

FOR centuries we in the Western World have been assuming that Western civilization was in every way superior to every other culture, and have been trying to force our ways of life and our standards upon the whole world. Religious missions, imperialistic conquest, and world trade have been handmaidens of our determination to make over all people into our image, an aim which has been infused with much altruism and pious zeal, however perverted by complacent arrogance.

We did n't invent this idea of racial superiority. All great nations have had it — Egypt, Greece, Rome, China. In more amusing forms it has cropped up quite as blithely in ancient Palestine and modern Rumania, in the tiny islands of Samoa and the Arabic tribes of North Africa.

But several things have reënforced the arrogance of the West and given it unique status. The theory of progressive evolution, taken over from biology into the social field, has provided a philosophic base for the belief in a natural superiority of modern — that is, Western — civilization, which is viewed as a final flowering of society, a culmination toward which all social change has been tending during the millenniums. Christianity, one of the few great proselyting religions, has consolidated our faith in a mission divine as well as human. Furthermore, a whole group of nations in Western Europe and America, rather than a

single state, are unified in a common arrogance. And battleships and modern communications have given us a power and an opportunity to push our assumptions down the throats of the whole world with an effectiveness more devastating than anything heretofore known in history.

Our power has been so overwhelming, our efficiency so dazzling, our mechanical gadgets so fascinating, and our cocksureness so hypnotizing, that we have convinced not only ourselves, but unfortunately a considerable portion of the rest of the world, that we of the West are completely superior to all other peoples and all other cultures. Confused as to the elements of our own greatness, we have insisted on the superiority of the entire bundle of our modes of life: our religion, our morals, our competitive capitalism and world trade, our democratic political concepts, even our mechanical gadgets and our worship of routinized busy work. Hundreds of millions of very diverse people are to-day turning from their ancient characteristic folk ways to ape us in our trivialities as well as in our greatness. Women in the warm Pacific islands are wrapping themselves in skirts and dresses, young men and girls throughout the East are leaving their native dances and crowding into movie houses to gaze at the antics of oversexed females from Hollywood and to admire the gun play of Chicago gangsters; beautiful handmade tapa

and batik are being supplanted by cotton prints from Manchester and Glasgow; leisurely communal farming is giving way to routine labor in sugar mills and factories, in pineapple plantations, in commercialized service to tea and coffee, tobacco and rubber. All elements of Western civilization are being avidly swallowed by the awe-struck youth of the East with little realization of what they mean and with a devastating neglect of the beauties of their own arts and crafts, the dignity and expressiveness of their traditional ways of life.

Now, just as the whole world is accepting it, Western civilization begins to totter. The World War was more than a gesture toward suicide; it was the spectacular evidence of the impasse to which competitive nationalism and imperialism had brought the Western nations. The present economic debacle is no accidental or transient crisis; it is the culminating collapse of competitive capitalism, presenting the grotesque absurdity of want and privation not because of lack of food and goods, but, ridiculous as it sounds, because of too much abundance in all food crops, too great plenty of all products and supplies. Meanwhile democracy cracks and groans under the stress of real problems and is being rapidly abandoned in many of the Western nations. The old sureties in religion and morals and goals of life are crumbling.

During the period of its spectacular rise, the West had all the arrogance and intolerance of rapidly growing adolescence. We did not recognize any other civilizations. People were civilized if they were like us. In so far as they differed from the Western pattern, they were uncivilized, primitive, backward, savage. We sent out missionaries to convert the whole world to our religion, to save people from their sins of difference, to reform their morals

to our standard. We undertook the political reorganization of Africa and the East as a duty, the white man's burden. We ruthlessly seized in the name of God and of civilization the territory of the American Indians, the Australian blackfellows, and the Polynesian islanders. We took control of large parts of Asia and Africa and the Pacific, partly for our own gain and aggrandizement, but also in the sincere and complacent belief that the West alone possessed civilization and that its domination of the whole world, in the course of a manifest destiny, meant progress and enlightenment to people who before our coming had lived in darkness and were clearly backward.

To-day we are not nearly so self-satisfied and sure of our complete superiority as we were during the mighty era of the West which drew to a close with the beginning of the twentieth century. We have become more adult in our thinking and our tolerance. We have discovered serious lacks in our ways of life and we have begun to observe elements in the lives of other peoples which seem to us satisfying and rich beyond anything in our Western experience.

This new attitude is not yet widespread. Most people in America and Europe still think of the rest of the world as barbarous and backward. The Christian banner still waves over hundreds of thousands of zealous crusaders devoted to 'the conversion of the world in this generation.' England and America, still bearing rather wistfully the white man's burden, are trying to introduce some semblance of democratic forms into India and the Philippines. Tourists and colonial officials are still shocked into sensual titillations at the deviations of remote peoples from our morals. Hitler and Madison Grant still cry urgently the Nordic credo. The great mass of patriotic citizens are still offended at

the suggestion that anything non-Western should be called civilization. An increasing number, however, of intelligent people the world over are less intolerant and self-satisfied than heretofore, more desirous of fundamental changes in social organization and human behavior.

In this time of disillusionment and change it behooves all peoples to hold on to the good from any civilization while they ruthlessly slough off the bad and the nonessential. In the present world, so closely bound together by modern communications, it is inevitable that the culture of every people should be influenced by that of others. In contemplating a new world made up of elements from various existing social orders, the first task is to differentiate the sound and fine aspects of the several civilizations so that the beautiful and useful *mores* shall be retained by their present adherents and emulated by others.

II

The striking characteristic of North America and Western Europe — the group of nations which for convenience we call the West — is a civilization built up deliberately by science and invention. The triumph of the West in the discovery and use of tools of all kinds is not yet fully appreciated, either at home or abroad. For some reason we are reluctant to take the pride in it to which we are entitled. Many of us are even apologetic, a bit ashamed of our mechanical advance. Yet it is our one great gift.

Western progress during the past two centuries in ferreting out the secrets of nature and in using the discoveries to bend natural forces to man's service is staggering in its magnitude. The Industrial Revolution was nothing less than the setting of machines to do quickly and efficiently what hereto-

fore had been accomplished by tedious, sweating, human labor. At one stroke machine manufacture freed man from a huge amount of animal toil and guaranteed an abundance of goods beyond the fondest hopes of previous generations. Scientific farming, together with the organized handling of grains and the packing of meats and the refrigeration of all kinds of perishable foods, provides, for the first time in history, enough food for everyone. Power-driven looms offer abundance of clothes. Mills turn out materials of all sorts in terms of real world plenty.

Because of machine production, man is to-day in an entirely different position with respect to food and material needs than he has ever been in before. The age-old desperate struggle to find food enough and clothes and shelter enough for daily needs is ended, once for all. We may continue to have financial panics and depressions, but they come now from snarls in our distributing machinery, not from scarcity of goods. Any real lack of food and materials and even luxuries and toys need never haunt us again — unless, of course, we some day forget or repudiate the miraculous control of nature which science and machines have given us.

Western tools have not only brought in plenty; they have transformed the world. The stark fact is that steam and gasoline, electricity and the vibrant sense organs of the radio, have jammed the world together until America and Europe are immediate neighbors of Japan and Asia and Africa.

Western science in a single phase — medicine and its application in public health — has transformed men's very lives. By use of the penetrating tool of scientific investigation we have searched out the causes of many of man's bodily diseases, have found specific remedies for hundreds of the common ills, and developed means of

preventing scores of the great contagions. Again we face a triumph only faintly realized even by the people who daily benefit by it. The life span, the expectancy of life which each of us may look forward to, has been lengthened in the West by more than two decades. And not only has death been thwarted, but daily health has been improved even more strikingly. Not only is life longer, but, to a degree undreamed of even a century ago, it is free of disease, robust. Fevers, plagues, pox, leprosy, hookworms and other intestinal parasites, to some extent the lung and respiratory diseases — these, which used to slay tens of thousands in a single stroke, which used to incapacitate millions for long periods of time, are all measurably under control; many are completely eliminated from all orderly and careful regions of the West.

With the age-old fears of starvation or privation and of sudden death or disabling disease put into the background, man may proceed about the constructive phases of life freely and with confidence. With close contact established with all his world neighbors, man may engage in a profitable trade in goods and — if he is wise enough — in an enriching exchange of cultural values. Owing in no small part to the great gifts of Western tools, man begins to emerge from the ranks of drudging, faltering, isolated herds of animals into something approaching a divine heritage.

Unfortunately science and invention, so useful when applied to creative ends, may be turned with equal effectiveness to destruction. Gunpowder, explosives, poison gas, are among the triumphs of Western ingenuity quite as much as machine production and preventive medicine. These devastating arms have made it easy for the West to conquer the world; they also make it possible for the European nations to destroy themselves — as they nearly

did in 1914 and as they seem determined to try to do again in 1934. Western civilization may kill itself by its own machinations unless intelligence and self-control keep measurable pace with ingenuity.

The accomplishments of the West — the fabrication of the great and intricate physical tools which magnify so greatly both danger and power — have been possible because we have developed intellectual tools so penetrating and effective as to enable us to probe the deep secrets of nature and to use our discoveries for practical ends. Language, concepts of precision, mathematical theory, science, have been elaborated to an exactness, an intricacy, and a universality of use quite beyond those known to any other civilization.

The intellectual tools not only give material power; they are in themselves an enlargement of mental scope. To use a universal language gives one immediate and enriching touch with the thought of the whole world. Mathematics is not only useful in measurement and computation; it gives opportunity for mental excursions into far-flung philosophy and speculation. The natural sciences give power and wealth; they also give an exercise to observation and interpretation quite beyond the meagre intellectual pleasures of primitive man.

Tools, both mechanical and intellectual, are the great achievement of the West. They are contributions worthy of one of the world's most distinguished civilizations. They must be accepted and used by every society of the future which wishes to build upon the solid foundation of cumulative human achievement. They are our unique gift.

III

The mistake of many who insist upon the superiority of Western civilization is that they do not differentiate

between its real and characteristic strength and other elements which are merely incidental, however conspicuous they may be on the surface. Zealots assume that everything in the West is by definition better than anything anywhere else. They confuse the unique features — intellectuality and invention, science, mechanics and organization — with nonessential elements which have happened to be present in the West at the time of her greatness: for example, the Christian religion, competitive capitalism, democratic nationalism, certain moral standards and social habits. These are not among our characteristic gifts. Many of them are not even successful in themselves. Their disappearance or change will not mean serious loss either to the West or to the world.

Christianity cannot be claimed as a Western contribution. It originated in the Near East as an outgrowth of Judaism and was affected in its forms and ideology by religions and philosophies not of Europe but of the East. Furthermore, the central teachings of the founder of Christianity have never been followed in Europe and America. Brotherly love without regard to race or caste, the Golden Rule, pacifism, humility, the abrogation of worldly goods and of careful planning for the future, communal sharing of goods and services — these, which were the cardinal teachings of Jesus, are directly opposed to just those things which the Western nations have founded their power upon: capitalism; armaments; individualism; disregard, even scorn, of one's neighbor if he be of a different race or color; careful planning in all phases of life both of the individual and of the state; the accumulation of material wealth. It is one of the ironies of history that Christianity by a series of accidents should have become the professed religion of just those nations which by all their dearest practices

were furthest from its teachings. The principles of Jesus are followed unofficially and unconsciously by many people the world over. They have never been accepted by the West and are not to-day a part of Western civilization.

Competitive capitalism, while it has been notoriously a feature of the West, has proved to be one of its weaknesses rather than a source of strength. The wealth of the West came from the tremendous new power over nature provided by the tools of science and mechanics, not from unrestrained exploitation strutting under the banner of rugged individualism. It is another of the strange accidents of history that a civilization whose characteristics were research and planning and organization should have allowed unplanned individualism to seize the spoils of its scientific advance. It required the absurd debacle in which the West now finds itself to show us that organized production, however abundant, can serve mankind effectively only through orderly and communally planned distribution. As the world moves on to a new order, the present unplanned, competitive, individual capitalism will disappear without any loss to the new plenty which has been ushered in by modern tools.

Democratic nationalism, yet another form which has grown up in the West with wide acclaim, is also proving itself futile and harmful. By its definition, democracy is government by the stupidist and least responsible. In practice it is the manipulation of these masses by crafty individuals or vested interests. Of course the masses cannot decide intelligently such abstruse questions as a proper national economy or adequate systems of education, health, and civic protection. Popular elections cannot be relied upon even to choose the right leaders to act upon technical matters, or to act honestly or effec-

tively on any public issues. The surprising thing is not that democracy has failed, but that anyone should ever have supposed that masses of people, stupid and futile in every thought and action, should by some miracle be able to show wisdom in the single important item of government.

In spite of excesses, the democratic movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have contributed a new respect for the rights of individual men. If a good deal of personal freedom can be retained while at the same time some device is found for installing an aristocracy of intelligence in government and wise planning in economics and social affairs, then the world will ultimately benefit from the West's rather pitiful experiments in democracy.

Nationalism, which has had a vigorous growth contemporaneously with democracy, has also begun to show its hampering limitations. Nationalism, as we know it, is a recent growth. It is quite different from the Greek city-states or the empire of Rome; it has almost no relation to the loosely clustered feudal estates of mediæval Europe or to the ancient cultures which went under the names of Egypt and Maya and China, or to the religious-tribal groups of Jews and Arabs.

When by accident a single nation spreads over most of a continent and embraces forty-eight sub-nations, as in the case of the United States of America, a unit results which is economically almost self-sufficient, though culturally related to many other groups. But when, as in Europe, small provinces develop into highly competitive states, there result economic separateness and political jealousy which lead to frustration and tragedy. Democracy, giving full play to the petty jealousies of inferior men, has helped to carry nationalism to its present extremes. In the modern

world, so closely bound together by rapid communications and so interdependent in material wealth and intellectual advance, nationalism, at least in the extreme forms of a Balkanized Europe, is an anachronism.

As to the peculiar morals and social habits of the West, they are on the whole neither better nor worse than those which have existed in many eras under varying cultures. These *mores* are usually by-products of environmental factors.

We in the West, for example, have a rigid set of taboos in the matter of property rights. These are a function of our present devotion to private property and individualistic capitalism. They have little meaning in a communistic community. In American Samoa the wives of the United States naval officers complain that all Samoan servants are thieves, since they take food home to their family and friends. But when accused the Samoans are shocked. Immemorial custom in these pleasant islands has decreed that, if one knows of food and of a hungry person, he must at once bring the one to the other; to fail to do so is a crime, or at least a dereliction of duty. What is commanded by one set of customs is prohibited by the other. Neither custom has any inalienable moral status. Each is sound and moral under given conditions.

Our devotion to clothes is a natural result of living in a rigorous climate. But to suppose that the inhabitants of the South Seas or of Africa are immoral because they wear less covering or none at all is foolishness. In a region of sharply differing seasons and under a system of private property, one must plan and work and save for the future, and in doing so one is regarded as virtuous. In the abundant and communal tropics, individual hoarding is unnecessary and is regarded as an offense against society.

In many other matters the incidental or nonessential character of our habits is easily recognized by anyone who has not hopelessly confused custom with a mystical idea of sacred and inalterable moral law.

In one great aspect the habits and ideals of the West have been peculiarly deadening. Puritanism and industrialism have between them removed almost all enjoyment and richness from day-by-day living. Puritanism, with its emphasis upon a future heaven and its coolness toward the content of life on earth, has made enjoyment almost synonymous with sin. Industrialism has fixed our eyes on another heaven, — success, — also in the future, also to be obtained by sacrifice of the present. These two great forces of the modern West have done much to degrade our regard for art and expression and to make day-by-day enjoyment seem the shirking of a great life duty, the abandonment of the march toward heaven and success. They tend to make our lives routinized, dull, and barren.

IV

Meanwhile other peoples have been working out satisfying ways of life of very different kinds. In the Polynesian Islands, in China and the villages of Japan, in the Malay Archipelago and in Africa, there are not the efficient tools of the West, but there is an astonishing amount of enjoyment and expression. In Java or Bali or Samoa, song and dance and drama have a large place in the life of everyone. There is less devotion to careful planning for the future, but much more delight in the present. Life in such places seems clearly understood, even by the simplest villager and farmer, to be something to be lived as it goes along. Success to them is not a remote achievement, but something to be realized every day. While the average man and

woman in the East work much harder than any white man in Europe or America, labor is not worshiped as a goal in itself, but is regarded quite naturally as the price of food and shelter and decorous surroundings.

Art in the East is not the profession of a few, but the expression of all. Weaving, the making of tapa or batik, carving of temple ornaments or fashioning of simple implements for the home, are matters not only of utilitarian labor but also of creative joy.

Beauty and grace are ends in themselves to a degree almost incomprehensible in Europe and America. The ceremonial tea in Japan occupies hours and is invested with the most scrupulous attention to traditional conventions of courtesy and dignity; the arrangement of flowers is considered so important as to require an education as long and arduous as that we give to science or mathematics. In all the East, dancing and singing are not merely diversions, but accomplishments of high prestige. In Java the rice fields are tended with devotion not only for the purpose of a maximum crop, but in order that the fields themselves may be items of loveliness in a beautiful landscape. Consideration of the feelings of others runs through all of daily life. The courtesies due one's fellows are elaborated throughout the East to such a degree that a breach of etiquette is regarded there with the same horror that we bestow upon a breach of contract.

It is hard to give in general statements a true picture of life in primitive communities or among the masses of even such highly developed Eastern nations as China and Japan. Much hardship and suffering run hand in hand with joy and beauty — just the hardships which naturally flow from the absence of scientific control over nature and from the lack of efficient

tools. Disease cripples all of the East to an extent that seems terrible and inexcusable to persons who have begun to take for granted the recent progress of hygiene and public health in North America and Western Europe. Life is still a desperate hand struggle for the barest of necessities in food and shelter for many of these people. And the lack of such intellectual tools as a world literature and scientific knowledge and method limits mental scope and outlook. In spite of these harsh handicaps, even the common people of the East get an astonishing amount of joy and expression into life as it flows by.

There is a great deal to be said, also, for the economy which characterizes communities which we call primitive. The closely knit family clan and the communal village give an economic security unknown under competitive capitalism. It is true that fixed traditions and rigid taboos circumscribe action and tend to penalize individuality and initiative. But these compact units based on common labor and a common sharing of products offer calm security, an incentive to coöperation, and a fine arena for the development of talents, not so much for competitive gain or individual prestige as for the enrichment of the common life.

Partly because of communal living, there is throughout the East a reverence that comes from feeling oneself a part of the whole life process — rather than an enemy or competitor of other persons and other forces. A good deal of the expression in art and dance and drama is called out by the sense of close relationship with the gods and by a desire to please and honor the spirits or the forces which have fashioned nature and humanity. Of course a great deal that passes for reverence in any group is merely superstition and childish fear. But there is a modicum of

authentic reverence that flows naturally from sensitivity to beauty, desire for graceful living, an economy based on mutual helpfulness and common sharing, and a feeling of kinship with the universal forces, most of which must always remain mysterious and all of which have gone into the creation of us.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the customs of the East in profuse illustration: the dignity of the *fono* in Samoa, that glorified combination of village parliament and social club where gossip and political action are carried on in the framework of traditionally elaborated ceremonial, while the *taupo*, the sacred virgin of the village, sitting between the posts of the open *fale*, mixes the non-intoxicating *ava* and pours it out to be passed with ceremonial stride and sweeping gesture by the attending young barefoot nobleman to each of the chiefs in the exact order of their prestige; the rice festivals in Java, where the harvesting of the nation's food is invested with sacredness and drama, thanksgiving to the gods, and plays and dances which delight the eye while they review poignant episodes in the history of the race; the simple communism of a Malay or Polynesian village, where each one has his tasks of physical labor and his duties and privileges in ceremonial and public organization, where food and even houses and goods are in common, where rivalry is a sin and even the exhibition of superior ability is looked at askance; the scene at a Japanese shrine, where reverence has its finest exhibit in simplicity, dignity, and devotion, where bands of school children from near-by villages or from far-distant parts of the empire march solemnly in their bright and variegated kimonos, clump-clumping along in their wooden shoes, with no disturbance to the white-robed priests or tattered pilgrims, while villagers as individuals

or in family groups offer their simple devotions to an exquisitely beautiful natural scene, to the genius of the nation, and to the divinity which they feel as an essential part of all their life; the family clan in China, which holds together unchanging in poverty or wealth, which pushes forward its talented member at whatever sacrifice to his group of relatives, and which nourishes the weak and faltering of the family with a fierce and tenacious maternity; the ceremonials and festivals in the Pacific islands which precede and accompany even bloody wars; the homes in Japan, where even in the humblest hut there is the shelf for ancestral honor, at least one *kakemono* or scroll of simple beauty, at least one bunch of flowers or leaves in just the right place and with just the right arrangement; Bali, where the very business of life is expression, where guilds of artists have for generations occupied a single tiny village, — one devoted to silversmithing, another to carving or weaving or the making of batik, another to dance or the music of the *gamelon*, — art even being regarded not as an individual act but as a communal expression. It is impossible in a brief paper to do more than refer to the beauties of these other ways of life and to point out that, amid a wealth of variation, there are characteristic features which run through all that group of cultures which we call the East.

It is unfortunate that, with all the travel about the world these days, there is so little recognition of the beauties and excellencies of diverse peoples. Europeans and Americans especially travel widely, but with amazing blindness. Even many of those who reside for years in Eastern countries show no interest in the local folk ways, no capacity for appreciating items of another culture. Things alien seem simply queer and absurd. Devi-

ations in social habits are dismissed as immoral, or at least quixotic. The typical tourist spends his time in a daily routine as nearly as possible like that he is used to at home, in petulant complaining about inconveniences — that is, differences from the home customs — which necessarily result from the foreign setting, and in thanking God that he and his people are not like these other strange humans he is viewing.

Furthermore, we in the West are naturally and properly shocked by the lacks of the East which are a part of the absence of science and mechanics: disease, poor housing and food, the drudging brute labor of hand industry, the absence of literacy and the other tools of wisdom. Appalled by the limitations of Eastern peoples in those elements in which we are strong, the average tourist or missionary or business man seldom thinks of inquiring whether these people may in turn be rich in just those features in which the West is poor.

On the other hand, it is easy to sentimentalize. In reaction against mechanical progress a tendency occasionally appears to overglorify all things of the East, to worship the primitive, to belittle everything Western and industrial. Both tubs and trousers are becoming terms of ridicule in certain esoteric circles. Any religion, no matter how superstitious and degrading, is declared by a few precious souls to be superior to Christianity. The most marvelous machines are derided as toys or decried as destructive to culture and personality.

The cult of primitivism is as badly out of balance as the arrogance of industrialism. Fortunately a few careful observers are seeing clearly both the excellencies and the shortcomings of the East and are interpreting them to an increasing number of persons in Europe and America.

V

Not all of the tools, of course, have been devised in the West, and grace is not the possession solely of the East. Many clever devices, such as gunpowder and the printing press, were invented in China long before the period of European supremacy; certain of the tools used in primitive countries to-day are as ingenious as any worked out by Western science. And certain parts of Western Europe and America are not entirely lacking in art and expression, though a shocking amount of our 'recreation' comes from attending performances of others, in concerts or moving pictures or athletic contests, rather than in spontaneous creative action by the great body of individuals themselves.

The achievements of various parts of the world overlap each other. Furthermore, individual differences appear among the several countries within each group. Japan, for example, geographically and historically a part of the East, has become one of the leaders of Western civilization in the development of science, mechanics, and organization, also in nationalistic imperialism. France and the Latin countries generally, in both Europe and America, are more Eastern in their expression and enjoyment of life than the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton peoples, and less Western in the matter of complete devotion to science and efficiency. In religion, while most of the East adheres to the easy-going and highly expressive cults of Hinduism, Buddhism, and various forms of ancestor and nature worship, there are large sections of the Near East, North Africa, India, and the westerly islands of the Pacific, which make of Islam a zealous proselyting religion quite as restrictive on the worshiper and quite as intolerant as anything known to Western Christianity. Incidental

morals and *mores* run a wide gamut of variation, although they are on the whole more standardized throughout the West than among the Eastern peoples.

In spite of all these variations, it is possible to differentiate one great group of countries which are essentially a part of Western civilization, and another group which for convenience are referred to as the East. And while there are diversities among the cultures and their component peoples in matters of religion, politics, economics, and social customs, the characteristic division is between the tool civilization of the West and the devotion to expression and the arts of living of the East.

VI

The purpose of this paper is to pose the question of what may come next in world civilizations, not to elaborate the solution. But a few indications of the trend flow naturally from the analysis we have been making.

The strengths of the West and the East are opposites; the weakness of each is the absence of just what the other has so successfully developed. The East lacks tools; the West has inadequate capacity for expression. The average Westerner can make a living, but he is puzzled about how to enjoy life; the average man of the East can enjoy life fully enough, but he has a hard time making a living.

An exchange of cultural gifts would seem the self-evident answer to the needs of each group. Of course, recognizing the value of elements in another culture is just what people usually will not even think of doing. And even if they should overcome their deep prejudices against the 'immorality' of the customs of an alien people, it is at a great price that individuals deviate even slightly from the pattern of their group, and it is inordinately difficult

for groups as a whole to assimilate elements of another culture without destroying the whole fabric of their own civilization. Nevertheless, there are many indications that we are right now at the brink of radical change and that swift revision of customs and ideals may come in both the East and the West.

In the West, because our machines quickly supply the needs which formerly had to be worked for throughout long hard days, leisure not only is possible, but is being forced on us by business codes and government statutes in order that what labor still remains necessary may be divided among the greatest number. The glorification of work, which has been a feature of Western civilization for centuries, is giving way before the new economic situation. If it is no longer honorable — or even permitted by law — to work as hard and as long as possible, our whole idealism must change and the use of leisure must come in for a part of the attention and honor which formerly went to industriousness. By necessity the West is being forced to do something about expression and enjoyment of life as contrasted with our previous complete devotion to making a living. It looks as though, in spite of our prejudices, we must begin to emulate those things which the East does so well.

The East, at the same time, is becoming aroused to the value and necessity of tools. Smarting under the domination of Europe and America, the great nations of Asia and the tribes of Africa and the Pacific islands are determined to acquire our force in arms and our wealth of machine production, scientific farming, and hygiene. Probably because of the spectacular evidences of our power, Eastern people have pretty generally recognized the strengths of Western civilization. While they have not always been

wise in sorting out the essentials in the miscellaneous bundle of our customs, they have on the whole seen, maybe more clearly than we, that tools were at the root of our greatness. Japan, for example, with a ruthless intelligence, has seized upon our science and mechanics, our intellectuality and ingenuity, and has calmly neglected our religion and the extremes of our political forms and social habits. Other countries have not yet been equally wise or equally successful in emulating the West. But to-day throughout the world there is an increasingly clear understanding of the unique source of power among the Western nations, an increasing determination to acquire our mechanical and intellectual tools.

In a world closely bound together, in which all parts are in intimate touch with one another and in which there are great discontents among almost all groups, cultural exchanges may occur swiftly, and of a magnitude never before known. As the shift takes place, it is highly important that we clearly recognize the great qualities of each cultural group and see to it that these are retained and enlarged and enriched. It will matter little if change or abandonment comes to the transient and unessential features. But it would be an intolerable loss to the West and to the world if there were any falling off in the use or further development of tools which make possible an abundant leisure and give life a substantial base from which it may, if it will, stretch outward and upward. Equally the world will lose a rich heritage if there is any recession in the arts and expression, the devotion to grace and courtesy, the sense of community and divine dignity of life, which flower so abundantly in the East. Can an enriching exchange in these great cultural gifts take the place of the present powerful barrenness of the West, the present expressive poverty of the East?

THE PEARL

BY OGDEN HEATH

I

'AND how are you this fine spring day?' said a voice from the doorway.

Neal shut the book reluctantly. This was the first time since the operation six days ago that he had felt strong enough to read. But when he saw who it was he said, 'Oh, hello, Mr. Bracken. Come on in and sit down.'

Mr. Bracken's slippers made a slithering sound as he scuffled into the room. He stood with both hands thrust deep into the pockets of his faded brown bathrobe, a little gray bright-eyed man with hollow cheeks and a twinkle in his voice. 'I hear you've been having a tough time of it these last few days,' he said.

'Well, I can't say I enjoyed it,' grinned Neal. 'But the worst is over now, I guess.'

'This is the last operation?'

'Yes. I had my hip and the other knee done last winter.'

'It's been a long pull, has n't it? But it's worth it if it gets you out of this bed, heh?'

Neal nodded.

'And it will. It won't be long before you'll be doing a jig for us out here in the hall.'

But will you be here to see it? thought Neal. Strange to see him standing there, to hear him talk and laugh, and to think that in such a short time he would be dead. A knife hanging over his head, following him wherever he went, the first thing he saw when he woke up in the morning,

and the last thing at night. Waiting, always waiting for the next stab of pain, wondering each time if it would be his last. Perhaps it was pricking him now as he stood there smiling. How could he be so unconcerned? But probably they had n't told him. He *could n't* know, Neal decided.

'I've got a lot of magazines down in my room,' Mr. Bracken was saying. 'I wondered if you'd like to see them.'

'Thanks, I should . . .' Mr. Bracken started toward the door. 'But there's no hurry. I should n't be able to look at them now anyway. I'm expecting someone.'

The old man came back into the room. 'That little girl who comes to see you, maybe?' he twinkled.

'She has n't been here for three days. They would n't let anyone come while I was so sick.'

'She's a pretty one, all right. And she's fond of you, too.'

Neal stared, wonderingly.

'I happened to be going by as she came out of your room the other day and I saw her eyes,' explained Mr. Bracken. 'You're lucky, my friend. And I hope you're as fond of her as she is of you.'

'I . . . I think I am,' Neal stammered.

'You *think*? Don't you *know*, man?'

'I hope to marry her as soon as I get on my feet again.'

'Good. Have you told her so yet? Don't be offended, my boy, if I talk

right out. I'm an old man, twice as old as you — how old are you, by the way?'

'Twenty-eight.'

'Yes, I'm well over twice your age, and I tell you, it warms me to see two young people getting together.'

II

Neal's first impulse was to withdraw inside his shell. But he realized at once that to do so would be ridiculous. The old man's interest was so plainly sincere, the natural manifestation of a genuine kindliness, that Neal's heart went out to him. And he was really delighted to be able to talk about Gay to one who seemed to appreciate her so well. 'I tried to ask her last time she was here,' he laughed. 'But she would n't let me say a word, and then Miss Tupp came and made her go.'

'She has real fire in her, that little girl. The real thing. I can tell pretty quick what people are like inside. And she's the real thing. You're lucky to have found one like her. Most of the people you meet in this world are afraid to have any honest feelings. All dried up inside. She'll take some delicate handling, though. She has a bit of a temper, now, has n't she?'

'Well, sometimes she . . .'

'And you have quite a few squabbles, heh?'

'It's true we don't always understand each other. Our natures are so very different. We really have very little in common — too little, I think sometimes. It makes me afraid.'

'Too little in common, is it? But what are you saying, my friend? You love each other, don't you? And what more do you want than that?'

'But a man can't do nothing but make love all day. "Sweet delights" have a way of turning pretty sour after a time. Not long ago I read a poem by Joseph Auslander. He speaks of "our

dreary fashion of playing little games with passion.'"

'Now don't be twisting my meaning that way,' broke in Mr. Bracken.

'But it's so easy to be carried away.'

'Well, but good Lord, and why not, I'd like to know? You ought to thank God you still can be.'

'The trouble is, though, that that sort of thing usually brings disillusionment afterward. And after you've been burnt a few times you can't help growing more cautious in giving yourself.'

Mr. Bracken grunted. 'Being burnt is seldom fatal. In fact, it may even do you a lot of good.' He laughed, as at something uproariously funny, great silent heaves that shook his whole body. 'But I think you're inclined to be a bit snifty, ain't you?'

'Not at all.' Neal was beginning to bristle.

'Now don't you be thinking I mean to make fun of you. No, no — nothing of the kind. I see you take yourself very seriously. But there, you'll get over that later on.'

'I suppose love is the most important thing in life,' said Neal slowly. 'But it is n't the only thing. There's your relation with other people, and earning a living — and there's art. A man has to do something.'

'Aye, that's true enough. A man has to do something, if he's got any gumption in him at all. But to deny love for these things, to put work, society, art, before love — ah, don't fall into that error. A man must be crazy to do such a thing — unless he has to.' The old man advanced a step and lifted his forefinger, almost menacingly. 'If I were God I would make denial of love the greatest sin of all, perhaps the only sin.' He stopped short, and, breaking into a pitifully eager, self-deprecating smile, he looked searchingly at Neal, as if seized with a sus-

picion that the other might be laughing at him.

'I guess I feel as you do at bottom. But you know how it is. We waste ourselves straining after things that really mean nothing to us, and we never appreciate what we have got until we've lost it.'

'Aye. Just take my word for it — if you're lucky enough to have a real love offered you, don't be stopping to look down its throat or ask a lot of questions. Snatch at it with both hands, and don't let anything, not anything, get in your way — do you understand me, my friend? Whatever you do, don't lay up regrets to haunt you when you're old. Hold fast to that little girl of yours and be satisfied. Everything else is only children's games to help pass the time of waiting — or to kill the pain of regret.'

'But there must be, don't you think, some solid foundation of understanding, of interests in common, if the love is to last?'

'You talk very glibly of understanding, but what is it, after all? My friend, no one ever understands anyone else — at least not so long as they keep on talking. The only understanding that's worth a hoot comes in flashes — you may be total strangers passing in a crowd and know each other better in a single glance than people who live a whole lifetime together.'

Mr. Bracken walked back and forth a little. Then suddenly: 'Listen. I'll tell you something. Most young people think that love comes all complete from Heaven. They think all they have to do — if they think about it at all — is to get themselves legally tied together and then let Nature do the rest, while they each go on as usual about their own selfish concerns. But love — the only kind worth calling love — has got to be made, created; it's a work of art, like a book, a painting, a song, only more so because it takes two to

make it. And to make that kind of love you've got to have plenty of patience and faith, — maybe they're the same thing, — but most of all you've got to be big.'

Again that humble eager little smile lit up his thin face. It was almost as if the old fellow were pleading with him, thought Neal. 'But I guess I've preached enough for one day. You'll be thinking I'm a tiresome old fool.' Neal opened his mouth to dissent, but Mr. Bracken went right on. 'But then it's about the only real pleasure left us old ones, telling others how to live their lives — even though we've made a pretty sorry mess of our own.' He moved toward the door. 'I'll get those magazines now. And do you like candy? I've got a big box. They would n't let me eat sweets for a long time, but now the doctor says I can eat anything I like. These doctors . . .' He chuckled and winked at Neal. 'So I bought myself a big box — but you know, it's a funny thing, I don't seem to care much about it now. . . . I'll be right back.'

Neal stared after him in numb astonishment. He *does* know, he thought. But how can he be so serene with that knowledge in the back of his head all the time? By midsummer he would be dead. And he knew it! But the old fellow knew something else, too, some secret of living which was still hidden from Neal. What was this knowledge that was stronger than the knowledge of pain and the death growing inside him?

III

'Well, are n't you ever going to say hello?'

Neal looked over the top of his book toward the voice.

'I must say you don't seem very glad to see me,' laughed Gay.

'How long have you been standing there?'

'Five minutes.'

'That's a lie.'

'Well, at least thirty seconds.' She came in, but stopped in the middle of the room, where she stood gazing at him. 'You look a lot better than the last time I saw you. How are you feeling?'

'Fine.'

'No, now really . . .'

'I really do feel a lot stronger. But I never felt so weak in my life as I did the other day. Even talking was a tremendous effort.'

'And still you insisted on trying to talk. You were so sweet. I wanted to hug you.'

'Well, and who stopped you, I'd like to know?'

She wrinkled her nose at him. 'Miss Tupp made me promise not to let you talk. She would n't let me come in at all at first. But I hung around and kept bothering her so. . . . And now she just told me you were worse again afterward. She said you had a high temperature and much more pain for two days.'

'Oh, don't pay any attention to her.'

'And all on my account.'

'It was worth it.'

'Oh, you! . . . It's useless trying to talk seriously to you.'

'When I do try to talk seriously you shut me up.'

'What was it you were going to tell me that day?'

Neal laughed. 'Ho! I thought that was coming.'

'Tell me.'

'It was nothing, really. I was only going to tell you that you are going to marry me as soon as I get on my feet, and that it won't be long.'

Gay was suddenly looking at him through eyes shiny with tears. She turned and walked slowly to the bureau, where she set down her pocket-book. Then, moving very deliberately, she took off her coat and hat. Neal

waited without impatience, laughing inside, as she gave a couple of little pokes at her hair, then turned again and, leaning against the bureau, stood looking at him.

'I read once that women always cry when they are proposed to,' he said. 'Tell me, why is that?'

She pulled a chair up close to the bed and sat down, bending forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her crossed hands. 'I was n't crying,' she said. 'And besides, I don't call that a proposal. It sounded more like a statement, or a command.' Her eyes were dancing gloriously now.

'Call it what you like. But it's a fact, anyway.'

She reached out and, taking his hand, gave it a little squeeze. 'As soon as you can get around you must come and visit us. Mamma is going to take a cottage up at the Lake again. You ought to be able to come by the middle of the summer, don't you think?'

'Maybe by the end of July. It would be nice.'

'We'll go driving together, and I'll take you out in the canoe. I'm really a very good paddler now — remember how you used to laugh at me? And you can sit on the dock and watch me swimming. Maybe before the summer's over you could go in, too.'

'That's one of the things I look forward to most — to be able to swim, to feel water flowing over my skin. You don't know what a privilege it will be just to be able to sit in a bathtub again. I often dream of it. But it seems almost too good to be true after all these years on my back.'

'You'll be able to, and soon. There's no doubt of it.'

'And will you let me have a little time every morning to write?'

Gay pretended to consider. 'Well, I might let you have a few minutes.'

'These last few days while I've been lying here I've been thinking of a

novel I want to write. Shall I tell you about it?’

Gay nodded.

IV

‘The main idea of it is the eternal quest for happiness — the quest that occupies every living thing every minute of its life from birth to death, whether it knows it or not. Of course every book is built round the same idea, though usually unconsciously. But in my book the seeking will be conscious. It will be divided into three parts, corresponding roughly to the movements of a symphony, with two main conflicting themes, the themes of love and death, running through the whole thing. I don’t mean death in a strictly literal sense so much as in Proust’s sense of our lives’ being a continual succession of little deaths. In the first part there will be a working out of these two themes in a series of incidents showing how the assurance and idealism of youth, with its hopes and dreams of love and its unlimited confidence in love’s power, are frustrated again and again by death, in the form of disillusionment, misunderstanding, despair. And this part will close on a note of wistful yearning and questioning.’

Neal spoke slowly, pausing every now and then for an appreciable interval while he searched for the exact word.

‘The second part will be more contemplative. It will be built up on slower, broader lines of action, and through it all will run a dark minor strain of brooding on the pain of daily death. Toward the end it rises to a mood of exalted serenity and faith. But this mood is shattered at its height by a sudden blind stroke of fate. And so the close will be in a rather subdued vein, on a note of ironic resignation. The last part I want to have rise gradually out of these dark depths into the light, into a grand reaffirmation

of faith in the ultimate triumph of love over death.

‘Of course I’ll have to translate all this into terms of living people, people who talk and move convincingly. I can see the first two parts very clearly, but the last is still cloudy in my mind. I want it to work up to a big dramatic close, but I can’t see yet just how to do it. That will work itself out, though, I suppose, when the time comes. What do you think of it? I can hardly wait to begin work at it.’

Neal turned to Gay expectantly. Suddenly he knew that her approval meant a very great deal to him. But there was no doubt in his mind that she would approve.

Her eyes fell before his. Then abruptly she got to her feet and went slowly over to the bureau. He stared wondering while she fumbled in her pocketbook.

‘You must tell me frankly . . .’ he began.

Before he knew it she was halfway to the door. ‘Have to phone,’ she tossed over her shoulder. ‘. . . right back.’

V

Neal lay rigid, staring at the empty frame of the doorway. If she had reached out and slapped him he could not have felt more astonished, more hurt. So, all the while he had been telling her, she had been thinking of something else. Probably wishing he would hurry up and finish so she could go and telephone. His novel meant nothing to her. She’s interested in me only as a prospective husband, he thought, one who will play with her and make love to her — nothing more. He felt betrayed in the innermost depths of his being. His thoughts whirled in darkness round his dying dream.

He had no idea how long she had been gone. She came in laughing.

‘By the way, I meant to tell you,’

she said, 'Phil Vallin is getting up a party to go for a cruise on his yacht. They'll be gone two months and he asked me to go.'

Neal looked at her blankly, still too much preoccupied with his disappointment to comprehend. Then in a flash he saw it all. So that was why she had gone to telephone — to talk to Phil.

'When do you go?' he said. His voice sounded brittle, remote.

She stopped short and looked at him curiously. He noticed that she was carrying something in the cup of her hand, but could not see what it was.

'I don't know for certain when they're going. Phil's talking about sometime next week, though.'

The tone in which she said this puzzled him. He searched her face for the hidden meaning. What had happened to them, anyway? But this was impossible! It was the same face, the same eyes, nose, and mouth, even the same little smile at the corner of her mouth, yet somehow it was different, oh, so different — there was now a coldness, an aloofness, where a few minutes ago there had been only tenderness. She stayed very still in the middle of the room, head drooping, her gaze apparently fixed on what she held in her hand. What was it, he wondered. But what had come over them both? They had been so close, so sure of each other. He would have sworn they could never be separate again. Yet here they were, staring like strangers. He wanted to say to her, 'Let's not be silly again, Gay.' But the words would not come. He was changed too, frozen hard.

Something hard and immovable was standing there between them, more impenetrable than any wall of stone. Was it pride, merely? It was as if a spell had been put upon them, as if they had both been turned to stone — for denial of their love, perhaps, he thought in a flash of ironical whimsy, remembering Mr. Bracken. Yet she

knew he loved her, and he knew she loved him.

This stiff silence was rapidly growing unbearable. What was going on inside that head, whose outer curves were so familiar to him? He realized with a shock that he had not the slightest idea. And she was nearer to him than any other person on earth! He shuddered in a kind of panicky terror as it came over him how ineluctably alone and separate he and she, and everyone, really were. But they could not go on in this moveless silence any longer. Something *had* to happen or in another minute he would begin to shout or laugh. Yet he knew deep down that he would do nothing of the sort.

Suddenly something else that Mr. Bracken had said came back to him: 'Love, the only kind worth calling love, has got to be made, created . . . a real love is a work of art . . . but you've got to be big . . .' Yes, it was so. A real love was to be won only through pain and renunciation, through much sweating of blood. *Was* he big enough? But was it worth all the effort, all the torment? Suppose it meant the sacrifice of something deep down, the betrayal of your innermost integrity?

Neal found himself staring at the points of the small bow on the front of Gay's dress formed by the crossed ends of her white piqué collar. They made him think of wings. But the bow had been twisted askew and the ends crumpled, probably by the pressure of her coat. And as he gazed he saw her standing before her mirror just before she came out that afternoon, pulling the bow into position, twisting, patting it till it was just so, and then pinning it in place with that small square of chrysoprase he himself had given her, and all the while smiling at her reflection in happy anticipation of his pleasure on seeing her.

But what was this precious pride of

integrity worth to him in the presence of this hurt in her eyes? 'It is n't easy, is it, Gay?'

Gay looked up at him, her eyes wide and very serious. For a moment they explored each other's face, then she dropped her gaze again to her hand. Turning abruptly, she went to the bureau, where she stood apparently looking for something which was not there. Then she came back to the small table by the bed and, taking two chocolate candies from her hand, placed them on the prescription pad which Miss Tupp kept there. The candies had left a smudge of chocolate on the palm of her hand. Neal wanted to laugh and cry at the same time as she looked round in helpless indecision. But when she began to lick the chocolate off her hand his laughter suddenly burst forth. She smiled back at him through her fingers.

'I was talking to a friend of yours,' she said. 'The old man — he's passing around a box of candy and says he'll bring you what's left in a little while — if there is any left. I thought I'd better bring these while I could. I had mine outside.'

'Why do we always have to hurt each other?' He reached out and took her hand. 'If you really want to go on the cruise, I won't mind. But no, I will mind, — I'll miss you like the devil, of course, — but I want you to do only what *you* want to do. And the change might do you a lot of good.'

'I have no intention of going. I told Phil right off. I would n't think of leaving you, especially now.'

'But I thought . . .'

'I just wanted to see what you'd say. It was silly of me, but I wanted you to get all excited and tell me I could n't go. And then you only said, "When are you going?" — just as if you did n't care whether I went or not.'

'But that phone call?'

'Stupid! There was n't any phone call. You thought I was n't interested in your novel, did n't you? But it was n't so. Only I was afraid if I stayed another second I'd start bawling like a baby — and I hate women who cry all the time.'

'For heaven's sake, why should you cry?'

'Oh, I don't know. I guess because it seemed so . . . so . . . that you should feel that way after all you've been through . . .'

Neal laughed. 'But just think how Beethoven suffered, and Mozart, and, for that matter, every great artist. Why, an artist *has* to suffer before he can create anything really worth while. . . . Life's a queer business, is n't it?'

Suddenly that little crumpled bow on her breast had somehow gathered into itself all the ineffable pathos and mystery of the entire universe, and for a single breathless second he went journeying out through eternity: He saw countless billions of living identities, sentient beings all, — human, sub-human, and perhaps superhuman too, — all groping ineffectually through a maze of fears and desires for countless ages past and to come, each one an individual consciousness pursuing its unique illusion, driven incessantly by needs whose satisfaction was of supreme importance to itself. . . .

'Just think of all the couples like us who are groping blindly toward some bright ecstasy of contact — so anxious to please each other, and yet somehow always getting tangled up in misunderstandings, hurting each other in spite of themselves. . . . Why is it?'

'We can't expect to have things go smoothly all the time. There must be some bumps or we should n't appreciate what we have.'

'Yes, but how about all those who never have anything but bumps? Or perhaps one little moment, at best a handful of moments, of imperfect hap-

pininess bought by a lifetime of pain and doubt? It seems so futile, so monstrously cruel. Why must it be so?’

‘You must know there is no answer.’

‘Oh yes, I know. But I can’t help wondering, just the same. It’s the way I’m made, I guess. It’s a need to seek, to explore the darkness that surrounds and shuts us in — a need to know, not because knowing matters in itself, but because we must keep on growing, looking for light, like the seed that seeks the sun and grows into a flower or a tree. “Ripeness is all.” Shakespeare knew.’

‘Well, then, why can’t you be content, like a flower, just to live in the sun and enjoy life while you can?’

‘Maybe because I’m not a flower. But I wonder if we ever shall be able to live free and easy without these perpetual misunderstandings. Maybe after we’ve lived together for a while . . .’

‘But you’ll always be a mystery to me. You’re like a bubble. One minute I think I know you and I reach out toward you, and poof — you’re a mystery again.’

‘I suppose it’s inevitable. In the end we’re alone and we might as well accept it. Yet I can’t help trying, just the same. It’s one of the fundamental ironies of life. Our heads may know that we can never escape from ourselves, but our hearts refuse to believe it. . . . The merest commonplace, of course, but immediately behind it lies the Ultimate Mystery.’

Neal heard a low gurgle and looked up. Gay’s head was nodding slowly with an air of grave acquiescence, but laughter was spilling from her eyes. He grinned.

‘Here I am, at it again. I guess I’m incurable.’

‘You’re looking for the Holy Grail.’

Neal stared. Did she really understand, after all?

‘But you’ll never find it. You can’t, because it does n’t exist, except in your

head. Why can’t you be satisfied with what you have?’

‘What is life but restlessness? Everything, from Orion to the electron, is constantly on the move searching for something, something unimaginable which perhaps, as you say, does n’t even exist.’

VI

Mr. Bracken appeared in the doorway. ‘Will you let me break in on you a minute? I brought what’s left of the candy.’

Gay went to take the box and several magazines which he had under his arm.

‘I see you two are already acquainted,’ said Neal.

‘Sure, we’re old friends,’ he chuckled.

Gay stayed talking with him at the door for a time. His old gray face actually glowed with grateful pleasure. Neal watched them, thinking that he who stood there smiling would never again see autumn leaves shining in the sun. Long before the leaves began to fall he would be lying in his narrow box, staring sightless into blackness, all the wealth of practical wisdom now stored inside that head snuffed out as if it had never existed. Or *did* the personality go on at some other level of existence? Anyway, the three of them could still talk and laugh now, and perhaps that was the only thing that really mattered. . . . But it was simply impossible to grasp the whole wonder of merely being alive!

Mr. Bracken went away.

‘He’s a nice old man,’ said Gay. ‘I like to talk to old men. But I always feel so sorry for them.’

‘He has cancer. The doctors give him only three months.’

Her eyes were suddenly full of tears. As she turned away, Neal marveled that she should be so touched by the knowledge that that old man, whom she had never laid eyes on until a few minutes before, had only three more

months to live. Gay walked slowly to the window, stopping by the far side, where she stayed half-turned toward him but looking down into the street.

A jumble of city sounds came up from below. Presently he knew by the sudden alertness of her expression that something down there had caught her attention. He wondered what it was. She was absorbed, utterly lost in the feeling of the moment. Mr. Bracken was forgotten, he himself, the hospital, everything. If he could only get free from his own mental top-heaviness and live wholly in the present like her, without calculation or doubt! Perhaps if he watched her long enough he would some day learn her secret.

Then all at once Neal was aware that something wonderful had happened to him. The room was suddenly full of light and he saw with new eyes, as if a veil had been lifted. As he gazed at those familiar features, all of whose charms and dear deficiencies he thought he knew so well, he realized that he had never really seen her until this instant. Why, she was beautiful beyond any words!

She turned impulsively to him. Her eyes were dancing, her mouth was opening to tell him. But what she saw in his face made her stop short. Her eyes sobered, then flamed with unbelievable tenderness. Neal caught his breath in wonder and awe. For at least a minute they stayed so, without speaking, yet knowing each other more profoundly than ever before. Then Neal heard himself laughing out.

'If you don't come here and kiss me right away,' he said, 'I'll bust into a thousand pieces.'

She came to him and, bending, touched his forehead with her lips. He tried to draw her closer, but she withdrew just beyond his reach.

'I want a real one,' he begged.

'Nope, not to-day,' she laughed, shaking her head emphatically.

'When? To-morrow?'

'Maybe. If you're very good. But I'm taking no chances on making you worse again.'

'All right, then, I'll wait till to-morrow. But come closer — I just want to touch you.'

She reached down and took his hand. 'Why, your hand is cold as ice. Do you feel all right?'

'Sure. Just a bit tired, perhaps.'

'I've stayed too long. I'm going right away.'

He was about to urge her to stay longer, but checked the words. All at once he was conscious that he felt very sleepy. He could hardly keep his eyes open.

VII

When she was gone, Neal lay with his eyes shut. Funny, but as soon as he closed his eyes he no longer felt sleepy. Slightly dizzy and very weak, but he would have to expect that for a few days yet. His mind, however, was curiously alert. It was pleasant to lie perfectly still and let his thoughts dart where they would, dipping, soaring, swerving abruptly, like swallows.

Yes, this was the only understanding worthy of the name, a communion of spirit through the blood, through pure feeling. The understanding of the head was vanity and illusion, a barren mockery. . . . This feeling that filled him entirely, he knew it now — this was what he had always been waiting for, the unconscious goal of all his seeking and striving. Here was no vanity or illusion; here at last was something real, perhaps the only real thing in life, something to cling fast to, something in which he could lose himself without loss of integrity. And was n't that just what everyone was looking for at bottom? . . . No more straining to find answers where there could be no answers. Somehow all doubt, all questioning, had ceased, and he *knew* with

absolute certainty: Love *is* enough! It is enough for her, and who am I that I should think I have to demand more from life? This is light enough for me.

Neal heard a step. He opened his eyes to see Miss Tupp entering the room. He smiled and opened his mouth to receive the thermometer. Closing his eyes again, he was conscious of the tips of her fingers touching his wrist. Suddenly he got the impression that she was finding his pulse not entirely as it should be. He hoped he was not going to run a temperature again — she would not let him see Gay to-morrow. He looked at her as she drew the thermometer from his mouth. But she turned aside so that he could not see her face.

'Have you any pain?' she asked, after a long and impressively silent interval.

'My knee has started to ache a little. And I have a bit of pain in my chest. But I feel all right otherwise.'

Miss Tupp shut the window, then went and lifted the covers to look at his feet.

'Can you feel this?' she said, squeezing the toes of his left foot.

'Feel what? I don't feel anything.'

Her face grew grave. She covered his feet quickly and went out. What was it? Oh, well, he was n't going to worry about it. She was such a fuss-box sometimes.

When you came right down to it, he reflected, everything you did was merely a snatching at pretty bubbles that burst as soon as you touched them, or a shouting to bolster up your courage, and all was equal, and nothing mattered or everything mattered, depending on how you looked at things. Gay knew, all women knew in their heart of hearts. Women were so much wiser, so much more practical, than men. Men put on a solemn air and spouted their fine logic, but women —

at least those who rested content in their instinctive womanhood — cut through all this vapor to the core of things and guessed the answer immediately by some primitive earth wisdom which men had lost — if they ever had it. Women seemed to lose it, too, as soon as they became infected with the disease of male restlessness and ambition. Thank Heaven, Gay was too wise for that.

He smiled, recalling how near they had come to quarreling. And for what? He could not even remember. In imagination he was talking to her again: —

'I've been so stupid, Gay. Try to be patient with me. You know I'm just like a clam — or an oyster — the way I close up tight inside my shell at the slightest jolt.'

'But oysters sometimes have pearls.'

'Yes, if there is a grain of sand to irritate them. Ho! You are my grain of sand.'

'And your novel will be the pearl.'

'No. You are also the pearl. But for you I'd be only an oyster, indistinguishable from a million other oysters. And an oyster, in itself, is not very pretty.'

He laughed and wished she were here now so that he could tell her. To-morrow he would. And she would laugh at him; he could almost hear her now. And he would say, 'Whenever you see that oyster look coming into my eyes, just laugh at me, will you?' Her laughter was the anchor that kept his bubble from losing itself in the clouds.

VIII

The pain in his chest was increasing rapidly. He also began to have trouble getting enough breath. He wished Miss Tupp would come back. He was on the point of calling her when she came in. She carried a hypodermic needle.

'How is the pain — in your chest, I mean?'

'It's getting worse all the time. What do you think it is?'

'This ought to relieve it.'

Gratefully he breathed in the fresh clean smell of the alcohol. The needle pricked into his arm. The stuff burned a little as it went in. Just as she withdrew the needle Dr. Yerd, the House Surgeon, came in. He felt Neal's pulse, then pulled a stethoscope out of his pocket and listened impassively as he moved the end of it slowly over his chest. After that, Miss Tupp uncovered Neal's left foot again.

'Can you move your toes?' said Dr. Yerd.

Neal tried, but it was as if he had no toes on that foot. He studied Dr. Yerd's face anxiously, but could tell nothing of his thoughts. Miss Tupp covered his foot again; then she and Dr. Yerd went out. She closed the door after her. Why had she closed the door? She knew he did n't like being shut in this way. Something had gone wrong, that was plain. What was it? Then he remembered something: that woman across the hall a couple of months ago — she had been getting along so well after an operation, was expecting to go home in two more days, but something had happened to her, and within a few hours she was dead — embolus, they had called it.

Is *that* what has happened to me? But it would be too funny, after all my fine talk to-day. Fear suddenly gripped him. *Is this the end?*

Miss Tupp came back soon, shutting the door behind her. She drew up a chair and sat with her finger on Neal's wrist.

'How is the pain now?'

'About the same. But it's harder to get my breath.'

He wanted to ask her, but did n't

dare. This could n't happen to me, he kept saying to himself over and over. Life could n't be so cruel. But reason kept prodding him: Yet it does happen to others, every day, every minute of the day, somewhere. Why not to me? At last he could bear the uncertainty no longer.

'Is it . . . is it anything serious?'

'Now don't you worry. Just close your eyes and try to relax.'

The tone in which she said this brought him some comfort. She did n't sound worried. She seemed almost cheerful. He smiled inwardly. That tone of brisk professional cheerfulness had so often amused him.

His gaze, which had been fixed pleadingly upon her face, was caught by a beam of light. The waning sun had come round to strike directly on the two chocolate candies which still rested on the prescription pad just where Gay had placed them. Was it a sign, an omen that he would not die? He snatched at the notion eagerly and, though he scoffed at himself for being so childishly superstitious, felt more cheerful all the same. He nodded toward the candies.

'You'd better move them out of the sun. They might melt.' She moved the pad. 'Won't you have some? There's a box over there,' he said.

She shook her head negatively, and all at once a new doubt struck him like a blow. Would she tell him the truth? To-morrow the sun would be shining in that window again just as it did now, but would he be here to see it? Black terror descended on him again.

Death — it too was real! Was that the final answer? And was he going to learn that answer now, so soon?

'O God,' he breathed, 'I don't want to die, I don't want to die! I've just learned how to live! . . .'

Ten minutes later Neal was dead.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH

BY MARGARET FARRAND THORP

It was not until the Daily General caught a chill and vanished for a week to her home in Kentish Town that I grasped the great principle which lies motionless at the base of English domestic economy. I had made before only a cursory examination of the far too small kitchen in our sixteenth-century flat. Now I learned that one cannot wash dishes very expeditiously, or very clean, when the tap sheds cold water only; that, the cupboard space being limited, most of the cooking utensils were kept in the oven and had to be extricated and set about the floor whenever one desired to bake; that the sink fell away abruptly in the opposite direction from the drain, and water ran out only when personally conducted.

Cold water is a great fact of nature, and after all there is a geyser in the bathroom; but I purchased some hooks from the indispensable Woolworth, screwed them into every available bit of woodwork, and cleared the oven for its legitimate purposes; then I sent — we live in one of the Inns of Court — for the Bureau of Works. They arrived with admirable promptness and gazed upon the sink. They considered it for long minutes in silence and at last announced judicially that it would be quite impossible to tilt it in the right direction because to do so might crack the pipe; after all, it had been like this for years; and — this was not said, of course, but implied — better men than I had had their dishes washed there

and eaten off them in silence. The Bureau of Works went away.

And then at last I comprehended the principle on which the English home is founded: circumstances, material things, cannot be altered; therefore the human being must alter, adapting herself and enduring as best she may. The English housewife's attitude toward her work is consequently quite different from that of the housewife in America or on the Continent. It does not occur to her that there might be anything beautiful in her profession, that it might be done with grace, with finesse; it requires all her moral energy to get it done at all. You do not feed the starving with golden-brown meringues or *omelettes aux fines herbes*. To think of cooking or homemaking as an art would be in her eyes French and decadent, uncomplimentary adjectives both. Neither has she the American impatience or ingenuity which invents labor-saving devices and sells them, which declines to do by hand what can be done better by an electric switch, which tiles its bathrooms and curves its corners to make cleaning painless and then invents a vacuum cleaner to reduce the painlessness by half.

Right here that rugged individualism, gazed at so wistfully by the over-standardized American, plays the Englishwoman an ill turn. You can use, for instance, in Springfield, Massachusetts, the electric toaster you bought in Springfield, Illinois, but move so much as across the street in London

and you may have to reëquip your establishment from wireless to basement. Consequently the woman who wants to enjoy any other occupation cannot, as the unhappy American phrase is, 'do her own work.' She must have servants and she must exact of them tasks not unlike those imposed by the witches in fairy tales.

Perhaps an ethnologist will one day draw for us the precise line between carrying water in a sieve and ministering to the brass cans and hot-water bottles in a five-story London house; between picking grains of rice out of the ashes and washing dishes with a geyser. Not that the mistress has any witch-like qualities; she is probably exceedingly sympathetic and charming to her maids in all relations of life which do not impinge upon unalterable material things. She will pay the expenses of a long illness, celebrate her parlor maid's engagement, or send advice and blankets to the butler's sister's baby, but Tudor floors must be scrubbed and Queen Anne sinks borne with. I shall not soon forget the tone of terrified amazement with which I was told in a certain cathedral town of the young wife of a newly appointed dean who had cut the deanery in halves, literally, and rented part of it because she refused to ask her maids to travel through eleven rooms every time they went from the kitchen to the front door.

And the servants themselves, of course, are for the most part quite unaware that they are being 'put upon.' Tradition is very strong, and they share the attitude of their employers toward the facts of domestic life. Our little Daily General thinks our socialism just another idiosyncrasy of Americans, like our fondness for salt and sauces. Some of the Socialists' ideas are quite good, she tells us, but she is a Conservative. Each of my American friends who keeps house in

London has related to me with tears in her eyes how she has tried to prevent her maid from going down upon her knees to scrub the hall and doorstep, how she has presented her with varieties of long-handled mops, in vain. There is something peculiarly degrading to the American eye in the endless line of chars and housemaids kneeling upon the cold stone which one must pass each morning in every London street, but if they were aware of our sympathy they would receive it with wide-eyed incomprehension, or perhaps indulgence.

The complete picture of the great principle is to be seen, I think, in an advertisement I chanced on the other day in an 1850 newspaper. It would be lettered differently to-day, but the spirit continues. The demand was for a housemaid who, it was desired, should be under thirty-five years of age, a good churchwoman, and so forth and so forth. 'Her principal duties,' the paragraph concluded, 'will be in the kitchen, but skill in cooking is of small consideration compared with good principle.'

The same countenance with which she approaches the sink the housewife turns toward food. Meat and vegetables are axiomatic, given, not to be altered, merely encompassed as a part of the essential duty of keeping fit. It is such human foibles as desire for variety and flavor which must be subdued by a strong will. You may heat comestibles, — though even that is a little cowardly; I have had an Englishman give me six solemn reasons for the superiority of cold toast, — but it is absurd to attempt to carry them very far from their natural state. Those French vegetables, peas and beans, the cook boils guiltily, soothing her conscience by presenting them always a little raw. For the attempt to alter Nature's data is more than foolish; it is dishonest.

Gissing has an eloquent, and per-

fectly serious, chapter in *Henry Rye-croft* on the admirable honesty of English cooking which never attempts, like its deceitful colleague across the Channel, to disguise with sauces the pristine quality of the food it touches, never mixes ingredients or adds elaborate flavorings, but contents itself with bringing out the fundamental rightness of the British joint or vegetable marrow. That is the secret of the national passion for potatoes; treat a potato as you will, it continues triumphantly to announce its honest origin. To be on the very safe side, however, the English prefer their potatoes boiled, and without butter. They have an uncanny ability, too, to turn all their other vegetables into cabbage, that safe and solid norm. Nothing is more indicative of the strength of the national character than the appearance of Italian broccoli after it has grown for a year or two in an English garden.

Sauces, of a very definite or completely tasteless nature, — horse-radish or bread sauce, — are admitted, but they must be kept as far as possible from the meat until the final moment of mounting upon the devouring fork. An English sauce always reminds me of the small boy who was asked to draw a picture of a cruel man. In the centre of the paper appeared the conventional head, body, and legs. 'That,' he explained, 'is the man, and that,' pointing to a small spiral in the upper left-hand corner, 'is his cruelty.'

When she does dare to compose a mixture, — to construct, for instance, a 'sweet,' — the English cook goes quite mad. The things which she combines in her panic have no conceivable real relationship. It never occurs to her to consider how they will taste. (You cannot persuade her to taste a dish, anyhow; she boils the fish for the proper length of time, and if it is not done then that is its own fault.) So she produces for your delight such

anomalies as tinned apricots arranged with whipped cream to resemble poached eggs couched on pieces of cake-toast; assorted chips of fruit crowded into a glass and smothered with a glue-like custard; gingerbread and treacle; puddings of spaghetti and sugar flavored with vanilla.

Neither will she stoop to enlist the suggestive power of pretty names. A French cookbook instructs you to bake a crust till it is as golden as a sunset sky, to beat the eggs to a snow, to introduce a bouquet of savory herbs — the meanest action is bathed in a poetic glow. The British manual talks flatly of suet and drippings, of stale bread crumbs and of grease, while British menus bear such realistic titles as Brown Gravy Soup, Gooseberry Fool, Treacle Sponge, Cold Shape.

This is, as you see, all in exact accord with the housewife's creed: *Non mensa flectat, sed mens*. Circumstances cannot be altered; man must bend or endure.

And the creed extends far beyond the table. I went into a shop in Oxford Street the other day, seeing in the window some frocks of a charming flowered print. When I tried one on, however, its lines proved to be fantastically wrong. Mildly I suggested that perhaps they had not given me the proper size. 'Oh no, madam,' the saleswoman assured me, 'the beauty of that frock is that it fits all sizes.'

The more closely one studies this point of view in the breakfast room, the sewing room, or the kitchen, the more thoroughly one understands the ways of the whole race. Even as they cook the dinner, so do they muddle through their battles and their economic crises. The Englishman makes no attempt to change the menacing circumstances about him, be they financial, political, or military; he merely stands solidly in their midst munching an underdone potato.

WILL THE HOHENZOLLERNS RETURN?

BY 'DORNATIS'

(Daily Telegraph Correspondent at The Hague and Doorn)

I

WHEN Wilhelm von Hohenzollern left his country, as with wry humor he himself expressed it, for his country's good, on November 10, 1918, he left it with the hope of a speedy return. This hope has been falsified again and again. It was at a low ebb when he was so far content as to acquire and enlarge the historic country place at Doorn, but it has been renewed by the history of the last two years, and particularly by the tragic and sordid events of the end of June, 1934. Not only have the ex-Kaiser and his immediate circle plucked up courage, but the anticipation has been present in the minds of men friendly, antagonistic, and neutral, whose daily work keeps them most closely informed as to the possibilities of political activity in the immediate future — the foreign and political editors of the great daily newspapers of non-German Europe and of America. How often those of us who during the last fifteen years have been engaged in watching events in this Western corner of the European Continent have been warned by telegrams from Washington, from London, from Paris, Rome, or Berlin, that an attempt would be made to present the world with a *fait accompli* of a restoration it is impossible to say. Time and time again a sudden invasion of scores of journalists and other observers from all corners of Europe has taken place with the ex-

pectation that something spectacular was about to happen. But nothing did happen.

Superficial events of the past few weeks, and still more the underground workings of which they were merely an indication of less importance than many of the newspapers have suggested, make it evident that the return of the monarchy is now becoming a question to be seriously considered. A Dutch newspaper published not far from the German frontier and possessing unusual means of observing the trend of events commented on this in the following words: 'After all the changes that have taken place in Germany, especially in the last year or so, it is noteworthy that the current of opinion toward a restoration of the monarchy, even from groups strongly oriented toward the Left, is growing stronger to-day than ever. From several very well informed sources we learn that in many places in Germany the desire for the former monarch to return has shown itself stronger than ever.' These are plain words and make very evident that the chances are greater than the more cautious among us would care to say.

It is not all simple plain sailing, however. Perhaps no political question in all history has aroused so many different opinions, on the part both of those directly concerned and of outside ob-

servers, than that of the possibility *and the form* of any restoration of the monarchy, and — what is in fact quite a different problem — of the imperial throne, in Germany. The German people being what they are, nearly everything depends upon the question of whether a strong man will be found who can unite the forces opposed to the present régime and lead them in a way that will give them the government for which they are vaguely, if not quite blindly, striving. All parties realize to a greater or less extent that a personal dictatorship in the hands of a President-Chancellor is, in its nature, a temporary expedient, whatever the individual opinion may be as to the benevolence of this form of government and of the ability and strength of the person who assumes the powers of such dictatorship. A permanent dictatorship is only possible in the form of a hereditary and autocratic monarchy, particularly in a country where the ideas and desires of the people, as well as their long traditions, are so different from those of their near racial relations in America as to make the election of a series of Presidents with semi-autocratic powers a practical impossibility.

The number of those who consider it desirable that a new revolution or counter-revolution should take place — if possible a bloodless one, but in any case with a minimum of immediate disturbance — is growing rapidly. Not only in private circles, but even among the governments of Europe it is possible to observe signs of this desire, and Adolf Hitler's statement as to 'a foreign power' behind the Röhm agitation was not so wide of the mark as the denials of the French Ambassador and others would suggest. Whatever the French Government's attitude may be officially, certainly many officeholders, and almost as certainly some Ministers, would be far from lamenting any collapse of the present government of

Germany. And what is said of France may be said, though possibly less forcibly, of other European countries. A well-known German woman politician (they still exist, in the face of a strenuous antifeminist movement) said to me recently, 'Hitler means war; and no one outside Germany, and very few within it, desire this.' This woman was not a monarchist, but she believed that a return of the monarchy would be an improvement on the present position and that it did not seem at all improbable.

Whether Holland — which, though not strictly speaking a 'power,' is nevertheless a nation of some importance in this matter, owing to its proximity and the close relationship of its people to those of Germany — is directly or indirectly concerned in this restoration movement is not easy to decide. The government itself, headed by Queen Wilhelmina, has always preserved the same strictly neutral attitude which it assumed during the World War. It is amusing to note that the local authorities at Doorn are content in their list of residents to inscribe the former Emperor merely as 'F. W. V. A. von Hohenzollern, of Langebroekweg No. 10' — in much the same way as they inscribe the butcher, the bricklayer, or the farm laborer. The late Queen-Mother, Emma, widow of King William III, refused to break her lifelong friendship with the ex-Kaiser, but the daughter, as reigning monarch, has consistently declined to meet or visit him. Her consort, although German born and always retaining his title of Duke of Mecklenburg, also as a rule kept his distance, which fact adds greater significance to his final act. On his return from Germany (and incidentally Austria) after a short vacation in June last, his first action was to visit and remain for a long time closeted with the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. That the excitement of actual or coming events

was the primary cause of the cardiac trouble which brought about the Duke's death is questionable, but it is certain that he was in an excited state which must have had a deleterious effect upon his already fragile heart. His own part, overt or hidden, must have been a small one, but it must not be forgotten that by the events of November 1918 his elder brother was deposed as reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, while his sisters were married to men whose positions depended upon the maintenance of the Empire.

II

Among those who wish to see Germany a monarchy again there are five distinct shades of opinion. This is true of Germany itself, and among the many varied classes who have been turned out of the country for political or racial reasons or have left it for their own comfort or safety. Three of these may be called pro-Hohenzollern, two of them being composed largely of persons who consider, with the head of that house, that it has a prescriptive, if not a divine, right to the Prussian throne and that the King of Prussia must take the leading and authoritative place among the hereditary rulers of all Germany — in other words, that to be King of Prussia is, both *de jure* and *ipso facto* (though in certain circumstances not *de facto*), to be Emperor of all the Germanic peoples. This tripartite condition arises not so much from questions of principle as from those of expediency, for on general principles all three parties are agreed. The House of Hohenzollern must be restored, they say; but they are not of one mind as to the best way of restoring it. A considerable proportion are of opinion that both his mistakes and his advanced age preclude any possibility of the ex-Kaiser going back, though there still remains a strong

party, headed by his wife, whose influence is growing rapidly, in favor of his personal return. Some of his younger sons have a greater personal popularity than the ex-Crown Prince, but it is generally considered that, if the ex-Kaiser is to be passed over in favor of the next generation, the claims of his eldest son cannot be ignored. If both the former Kaiser and his eldest son present serious objections, it strengthens the position of those who would restore the Hohenzollern dynasty in the person of one of the third generation, preferably by selecting Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, the eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince. The morganatic marriage of Prince Wilhelm, however, complicates matters and brings his brother, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, who at present is enthusiastically studying engineering at Detroit, into the direct line, though without creating any further division of policy.

The desire of the Bavarians to take the leading position in the Reich is encouraging the party which would preferably place the Wittelsbachs on the imperial throne. This family has supplied not only kings for Bavaria but electors for the Palatinate as well as kings for Sweden for several generations, and dates back to the tenth century of the Christian era. In spite of the strain of insanity that has appeared from time to time, it may well claim to be one of the most powerful families in Europe and is by several centuries the senior royal family in Germany. The personal popularity of its head, Prince Rupert, is a serious factor in this claim, while scarcely less popular is Prince Conrad, who has been greeted in Munich recently with the utmost enthusiasm. Prince Conrad took the place of the Hohenzollern hero and friend of the ex-Kaiser, Field Marshal von Mackensen, at a recent review, which many people regard as something of a setback, in the southern portions

of the Reich, to the claims of the Hohenzollerns.

While I am writing this article the question has been put to me, 'What is the influence of the Saar in the question of the restoration of the monarchy?' At the first glance the impression is that such influence is negligible. The inhabitants of the Saar Basin are more concerned with the question of maintaining their independent state, and their rights to think and act for themselves, than with any question as to whether Germany as a whole should be governed by a President and a Chancellor or by an Emperor and a Chancellor. They are generally either Catholics or educated Socialists united in their hatred of Hitlerism and only divided in their religion and local politics. The parties of the Left are already actively employed endeavoring to retain the *status quo* with a view to avoiding coming under the rule of the Dictator, and, should it appear desirable in order to effect this, will join with their fellows inside the present frontiers of the Reich in an invitation to their former rulers to take over the reins. The Catholics, although from the religious point of view they have little respect for a family professedly and enthusiastically Lutheran, of which the head arrogates to himself spiritual offices which they cannot conscientiously concede, still recognize that under his rule they were freer than are Catholics under the rule of the Dictator. Both of these parties, therefore, form a potential addition to the monarchist forces.

III

The recent attempt to displace Hitler was not necessarily, or even probably, of monarchist origin, but arose partly out of the general discontent which has been smouldering under a moral compulsion to accede to all his methods

and ideas and partly from the personal ambition of some of the leaders to take his place or to put into it some favorite of their own. The more eager of the monarchists, however, are willing to seize any opportunity that may arise, and particularly any chance of the fall of the *Führer*, to further their own ends. Hitler's prompt and drastic action has for the moment put a serious check on this or any other attempt, but it is certain that neither the monarchists nor those who for other reasons than pure political principles are discontented with the present régime will lie still under chastisement. One of the greatest difficulties of estimating the probabilities of any new revolution in Germany in the near future, or the success of any rising, is the fact that so many who are convinced that the present régime is thoroughly bad, as well as illegitimate, ranging from monarchists to communists, have, as a matter of policy and personal safety, joined the ranks of the National Socialist Party, justifying themselves to their own consciences by attributing their action to *force majeure*. Hitler himself was responsible for much of this by his action in banning all other parties, and the discovery of so many 'traitors' in the various armed forces must have shown him the folly of such action. After all that has happened it is unlikely that he will be able to convince a single member of the community, who has not hitherto been convinced of it, of the wisdom and righteousness of his methods.

While within the country this deception has been practised by people who have done it to safeguard their lives, outside Germany the Nazis themselves have been guilty of similar deception merely for the purposes of winning popularity or material gain. A typical case occurred within the present writer's own purview only a few weeks ago. A German singer who was reputed to be a

Nazi, possessing a very fine voice and no little artistic ability, gave, at his own expense, concerts in the principal cities of Holland. He also informed his entrepreneur that he desired to obtain engagements with the chief orchestras, including that of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, the famous organization controlled by Willem Mengelberg. The entrepreneur informed him that there would be no difficulty about this if only he kept quiet on the subject of his political opinions. Most Dutch concert organizations are to a great extent in the hands of Jews, some of whom are actually refugees from Nazi rule. The singer's reply was prompt and definite. He was not, he said, a Nazi, and in point of fact had many friends among both Jewish and Arian opponents of the Hitler government. So far, so good, and negotiations for engagements were set on foot.

The entrepreneur, having occasion somewhat hurriedly to consult the singer, called at his lodgings for this purpose. Before being admitted to the singer's private apartment he was approached by the lodging-house keeper, who complained, 'You have put me into a difficult position by bringing this man here. Most of my guests are refugee Jews, and, he being a Nazi, they will not sit at the same table with him or he with them.' 'But he tells me he is not a Nazi,' protested the entrepreneur. Immediately the lodging-house keeper produced evidence that, so far from this being true, the fact was that the singer was a near friend of Adolf Hitler and one of the first and most active leaders of the Brown Shirts! To the refugees from Germany he was known, not as a singer, though his reputation in this matter was a widely international one, but as a politician and a political leader to be feared and hated.

The incident might be indefinitely multiplied, and suggests another rea-

son why monarchists and other anti-Hitlerites even in other countries than Germany are keeping quiet till their chance comes.

Holland's benevolent neutrality in all external politics does not encourage anything in the way of plotting within its frontiers, and any demonstrations in the way of actual propaganda by the issue of printed matter or the holding of meetings or even the wearing of uniforms or badges are immediately and strongly suppressed. Conditions at Doorn are also such as to remove any suspicion of direct political action or propaganda there, though the methods employed for increasing the personal popularity of the ex-Kaiser and his followers are sometimes such as to appear as subtle and indirect propaganda for his cause. The hospitality of Holland to political refugees of all shades of thought has, on the other hand, brought over, besides the ex-Kaiser himself and his immediate entourage, large numbers of his followers and still larger numbers of others who will join any party that is likely to restore to them their homes, with a fair prospect of comfort and tranquillity. These people, not alone in Holland, but in Switzerland, in England, and elsewhere, are those who are definitely working outside Germany for the restoration of the monarchy and who, when the opportunity occurs, would gladly join in the triumphal procession from Doorn to Potsdam.

IV

Two aspects that are seldom placed together in the consideration of national politics are those of economics and of the personality of the rulers or prospective rulers. Yet they have a close relationship which may result in unexpected developments. It was the personality of Adolf Hitler, combined with the hopes of economic restora-

tion and security that his personality aroused, which put him into power. The personalities of some of the Hohenzollerns and their reputed wealth, which brings with it a considerable influence in economic matters, will probably prove important factors in any counter-revolution.

This is a matter in which the masses are more concerned than are the official classes and the leaders, yet no one is entirely untouched by it. The so-called lower middle classes in Germany are at the present moment more highly taxed than those of any other great nation in Europe, and these people are the backbone of the royalist movement, though the heads of it are the loyal remnant of the aristocracy and Junker class. With their meagre incomes taxed to the extent of nearly 21 per cent, as against a taxation in France of only 8½ per cent and in England of only 8¼ per cent, they are apt to follow anyone who can make substantial promises of better times. They have always been faithful followers of authority as represented by the person of the Kaiser, and, failing him, during the last few years the President; and the feudal idea of largesse in one form or another, distributed by the head of the State, still exists among them. They have never been enthusiastic Republicans, and democratic rule is a thing they scarcely understand. At the moment, if only for selfish reasons, they are strongly tempted to desert National Socialism and to support the monarchy again. That many of them are already doing so when they have the opportunity is clear from the way in which members of this class utilize holidays and feast days to cross the frontier and cheer and serenade the ex-Kaiser outside his house at Doorn. '*Ach, der liebe Mann!*' they cry as they purchase his portraits at the village stores, and the more sentimental among them stroke

his photograph as a child might its mother's picture.

A side issue to this economic question is that of the personal income of the ex-Kaiser and those who left Germany because of their loyalty to his cause. Since the rule was revived under which only a very limited amount of money is allowed to be brought out of the country, every one of them, from the ex-Kaiser himself down to the meanest servant in the employ of his followers, has suffered from shortage of money. All of them, therefore, have new and stronger reasons for getting back; but they will not go back except as the ruling class and party.

After a brief spell of absolute power in the hands of Adolf Hitler with which President Hindenburg tacitly concurred, and after a ruthless and bloody suppression, to which Hindenburg gave only a partial and half-hearted approval, of a revolutionary movement which had as its direct aim that of dethroning the Dictator, with a shadowy background in which alternated the figure of Röhm as Hitler's successor and that of the head of the Hohenzollerns as restored Emperor (with Rupert von Wittelsbach as suzerain King of Bavaria), the one strong man in Germany was again the royalist President, Paul von Hindenburg. One of the most important sources of the strength of Hindenburg was his capacity for biding his time. When he was, almost against his will, elected President of the Republic, he stated quite candidly that he accepted such election in order to save the country from chaos and to carry on its affairs until the time for the return of his beloved Emperor should come. How far he worked toward the restoration of the Empire it is impossible to say, but he was not the last in his support of the unification of the German people into a single nation in place of a loose conglomeration of semi-independ-

ent states, and in supporting the outward and inward unification of the nation he strengthened the position of the Kaiser when and if he should return.

A writer in an American weekly has recently asserted that 'unhappy William, exile of Doorn, to-day is ignominiously forgotten as he universally was execrated half a generation ago.' Possibly this writer, since he had just been referring to the violence of Mussolini's expressions as to the necessity of war, merely meant that the Hohenzollern flag-waving and sword-rattling are forgotten. If he knew the conditions he certainly could not make such a statement with any broad and general meaning, for Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, quietly studying archæology and international politics, controlling the arrangement of his garden and choosing plants for his village rosarium, or supporting by his purse and influence the charitable activities of his wife, still stands to a large proportion of Europeans as the centre of a policy that is by no means dead.

V

Those of us who see the German as he is outside his country, and thus free from the tyranny of dictatorship, and with the memories of the years of war now vague if not entirely faded, know how readily he lends himself to the alluring influence of a renewed tradition, a tradition only made perfect after the struggles in the middle of last century, but dating back through the ages. That influence, suppressed by existing circumstances, cannot work very greatly on the German at home. So soon as it gains sufficient support abroad to exert itself freely and to overcome the power of a policy that differs little in essence from its own, but which in practice is more brutal and bloody, the vast majority of the newly unified

German nation will submit to it with satisfaction and joy. Herr Otto Strasser, the brother of Gregor Strasser, who was one of the victims of Hitler's June panic, has stated that 'the Junkers, Big Banks, and Industry are still the ruling powers in Germany and will remain so. They are the outward signs of that success which the German in the depths of his nature admires and worships.'

There, in a few words, we have the secret of every political change in Germany — the worship of success. And the monarchic movement is already winning that success, so that every vote in its favor, every cheer given for the former (and probably future) Kaiser, gains double strength in the reaction and echo it arouses from those who have not the desire or the ability to decide for themselves. In spite of the brave words of Göring and Frick as to the failure of both monarchy and republic and their acknowledgment of the merits of the great Prussian kings of the past, the suppression of the monarchic organizations early this year was an acknowledgment of that success. That a prince of the Roman Church of the standing of Cardinal Faulhaber dares to speak as he has done against the action of the National Socialist government is not surprising, but that his words have been allowed to go almost unchallenged and he has been permitted to remain free to continue his protests is, in view of the usual treatment of those who differ from the Dictator, a sure sign that there are some opponents and critics whom Hitler dare not openly resist. Such critics as Faulhaber do not, it is true, stand for any opposing political party, and least of all for that of the monarchists, but their utterances serve to remind the people that other rulers may be even better than those at present in power. Still more they strengthen the hands of those who for reasons of pol-

icy, from sheer weakness, or from a desire to save the country from civil war, have joined hands with the National Socialists. Some of these are men of high standing in the country, whom Hitler himself has placed in positions of responsibility which they will not betray. A very small number of them are strong men who, with the support that will come from abroad, will be able to lead the new revolution to a successful issue with a minimum of disturbance.

It is not treachery to decide that the time has come for a change in the government, and they will not be so quixotic as to think that it is so. Real treachery would be to refuse to change their leaders, or fail themselves to take the lead, when their existing leaders are obviously leading them in what they consider the wrong way; and it would be treachery, not against a person or a party, but against their country. Whether one would agree to their choice of the new leader is a different question, with which we are not now concerned. The question is: What are the chances of a restoration of the

monarchy? And in the foregoing pages I have tried to set them out briefly, but without omitting any serious influence in that direction.

Hindenburg, von Papen, and Göring, with a number of others, always shaky in their faith in Hitler and the National Socialists and suspicious of the actions of the present régime, have been potential supports of a new monarchist movement in Germany which for various reasons they have all declined to lead, with the possible exception of Hindenburg, who, as I have already said, always regarded himself as a trustee for the imperial family. Outside Germany there is the ex-Kaiser himself, and his trusty and acknowledged friends, the aristocracy and conservatives of other European countries whose natural feeling is that the proper and only satisfactory rule for any nation is a monarchy, and the Jews who have suffered moral and material loss under National Socialism. How soon these will join forces to upset the Hitler government one cannot say, but the signs are growing daily that such time is not likely to be long delayed.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MARKET

WE in London are beginning, at last, to speak of 'the hard times' with that note of faint pride in miseries shared in common which I remember in talk about air raids during the war, and which was heard in Irish voices when they spoke of 'the troubles.' Certainly I am grateful to these hard times for considerable heart-warming entertainment and much pleasant food. For they, added to affectionate memories of housekeeping in America, France, and Italy, have driven me to buying food from the open stalls and barrows of a street market in a foreign quarter near my home.

My market sprawls all along one side of a narrow street and round a corner into another. It has been allowed to establish itself, taking advantage of English *laissez faire*, in a particularly unsuitable spot — a car or lorry can just wedge itself in and crawl along between the backs of the stalls and the opposite curb. I am always expecting to see a slice taken off the enormous man who sells fish which he erroneously describes, at the top of a voice as enormous as his figure, as 'All alive-O!'

They are a pretty sight, these fruit and flower stalls, with their pyramids of color glowing in the sunlight and seeming to store a little of it even on a rainy day or when the acetylene flares burn and blow and cast strange shadows as darkness falls. Though the purchasers are mostly foreigners, there are only a few stalls which are not served by the purest cockneys. I wonder if their English conservatism allows them to eat the unusual things they sell? I often think uncomfortably that my economies and pleasures are gained at the expense of a hard life for the sellers. What is the incidence of rheumatism, I wonder, for these people whose meagre canvas roofs offer a very inadequate shelter from sun and rain, and none at all from frost and wind? Yet they seem a cheery lot, on the whole, calling out jests to each other even

at the end of a long, inclement day. Perhaps most of them are hardened to it from childhood — even, perhaps, from babyhood.

One stall-holder, a jolly unshaven little rough-coated terrier of a man, told me what I think must be the great romance of the B Street Market. Things were quiet and we both had a few minutes to spare. I told him how good a melon was that he had sold me. 'Well, I likes to please a good customer,' he replied, 'but do you know, there was a lidy comes 'ere in a great Chrysler car and leaves it just in the street there. You know what a Chrysler car costs!' I made noises to show that I was suitably impressed. 'Well, hup she comes and she says, "'Ow much are them lemons?" "Two a penny," I says. "'Ow quaint!" says she. "Put two in a bag and deliver them to my car!" "Beggin' your pardon, lidy," says I, "but slavery went out in England in 1850 and you can tike 'em yourself." "You are very impertinent, my man," says she, "an' I shall report you to an officer." Sure enough, back she comes with a copper. "This lidy says you was rude to 'er," says 'e. "What 'ave you got ter s'y?" "Well," says I, "I did n't mean ter be rude, but she harsks me to deliver two lemons for a penny to 'er car and I says she can tike 'em 'erself." The copper, 'e just jerked 'is thumb over 'is shoulder and says, "'Ere, you tike your car out o' this street or I'll 'ave you hup for hobstruction.'"

Thus, I felt as I listened, were folk tales created; here was the triumph of poverty over riches, of industry over idleness.

Last autumn it was proved to me that I had been judged and had found my level in the market. Toward the end of September I was buying one of the deliciously sweet, dark green honeydew melons from my rough-coated terrier. As he dropped it into my basket he remarked regretfully, 'The *real* toffs, once hoysters is hin, they won't *look* at a melon!' I could n't resist

repeating this remark to my luncheon guests, though it reflected little honor on me or my meal.

But, though he regrets my lack of genuine toffhood, I feel that my cockney terrier is not without a certain admiration and affection for me, for 'Ere you are, my little cock sparrow!' he cried the other day, as he tipped costard apples into my basket. This description of my middle-aged, none too slender, and very obviously female self convulsed the young friend who was with me, but I have added it to my valued store of pleasant if incongruous compliments. It was, however, a better description of the speaker. Poor, plucky little London cock sparrow, may he never lack for crumbs!

THINGS OF BEAUTY

I SPENT most of last summer in London amid a political and economic world unutterably disheartening. At its nadir, I became suddenly conscious of a world of beauty about me. I still have that consciousness and am trying never to lose it.

It all began on the last day of the Economic Conference. Through its sweltering heat I had sat from morning till late afternoon. Instead of going home immediately, I stepped across Exhibition Road into the Victoria and Albert Museum and found my way to the Salting Bequest room of Chinese porcelains. I went there to rest and think, but stayed to admire and worship. For an hour I sat before a blue vase six or seven hundred years old, absorbing its beauty, the glory of its color, the grace of its curves, awed by the permanence of its contribution to life and the world. It typified for me the quiet, unobtrusive, enduring beauty always about us. The discouragements of the late Economic Conference seemed quite petty. I was a little ashamed of them and of myself. I forthwith forgot them and started a new page in my notebook entitled as is this sketch. I began to note things seen, heard, hoped for, dreamed, which would come under the category of beauty.

I was soon surprised at the number of entries. There was no artificial search on my part, for I wrote down only what came to me, but I found myself constantly more

receptive. I was also soon astonished at the great number of different types of things noted. I found new beauties in mere words and sounds, and not only in their combinations with thought. I found that integrations of unlovely things often produced a previously ignored whole of beauty, and, on the other hand, that an unlovely whole often yielded by unconscious analysis beautiful components.

With this introduction I let my notebook speak for itself in the order of the insertions:—

A blue Chinese porcelain vase, Victoria and Albert Museum, Salting Bequest room.

Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park on a rainy morning from the top of a bus.

The word combinations 'Acton Vale,' 'Zlota Lipa.'

Alfred Noyes's 'Sherwood.'

View toward Whitehall from the bridge in St. James's Park at dusk.

The last scene of *Cavalcade*.

Borrow's dialogue in *Lavengro* about 'the wind on the heath.'

A little child relating a pleasant dream.

Kew Gardens.

Polished brass knockers on doors of dull dwellings.

Landseer's lions at Trafalgar Square.

Any strong, gracefully arched bridge.

The prow of a boat.

The strong, assuring dignity of 'O God, our help in ages past.'

The inexpressible religiousness of the Gregorian Chant.

Pietro Yon's 'Gesù Bambino.'

Bach's 'Jesu, joy of man's desiring.'

The lines:—

'Until some honourable deed be done.'

'And caught the outstretched hands.'

'Out of the cradle endlessly rocking.'

The words 'Granada' and 'Monsalvat' and 'Isolde' (spoken by a dying Tristan).

The hymn 'Where cross the crowded ways of life.'

The laughter of little children at play.

Rhodesian sunsets.

Captain Scott's last letter to Barrie from his South Pole expedition.

The relations of Charles and Mary Lamb, following the tragedy.

Morning time; and tired shoulders of discouraged men, squaring themselves to another day.

The conception of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

A symphony concert, well conducted, in a large soft-toned hall, dimly lighted.

Sunday services at sea.
 Hands of growing boys.
 A child's ambitions.
 Evening chimes in a small town.
 The increasing sense of responsibility in a small boy.

Curved streets in centres of small European towns.

Old Crome's 'Mousehold Heath.'

Vega on a clear night.

Corinthian columns actually supporting a fine entablature.

Lighthouses.

Memories of early morning hours of summer days, motoring with my family.

Memories of evening arrivals at warm, bright, comfortable hotels, after days of cold, rainy travel by auto.

Attended age, facing death, fearless and gentle.

The quiet restful dignity of old men's clubs.

The care of the African natives for Livingstone's body.

The death of Tiger Flowers, colored boxer, in a New York hospital, repeating 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

The Lincoln Memorial, Washington.

A full-rigged sailing ship in mid-ocean, from a passing liner.

Courage amidst insignificance.

The monastic life, well lived.

Many a story of a sick child, such as: A social worker speaks to a little slum boy, hopelessly crushed by a drunken driver: 'You know, when we die, we go to be with Jesus'; and the child replies, 'I don't want to go dead and be with Jesus; I want to play.'

Renan's dedication of his *Vie de Jésus* to his sister Henriette.

A neat, clean, simple balance sheet.

The line: 'Euclid alone hath looked on beauty bare.'

The spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

The Sistine Madonna, alone in its room at Dresden.

St. Mark's Square, Venice — late afternoon.

Occasional Oulad Nails.

The main foyer of the Pennsylvania Station, New York, from the steps to the east.

Taormina.

The windows of La Sainte-Chapelle.

The Court of the Bargello.

A Bruce Rogers title-page.

The curve of a ploughshare.

The angles of a propeller blade.

Ghirlandajo's 'Beatrice d'Este.'

My wife's unquenchable joy in living.

Tea as an institution.

The sixth chord of 'The heavens are telling,' sung by a large male chorus.

P. C. Lutkin's 'Choral Blessing.'

The names 'Fragonard,' 'Robin Hood,' 'Lavengro.'

The lines from Shelley: —

'Islanded in the immeasurable air.'

'Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

Modesty, any time, any place, viewed from any angle.

Peaceful coöperation of dissentient groups toward worth-while ends.

Uncompromising doggedness of purpose when compromise is fatal to ends involved.

Memory of reading in Cracow about my wife and our two children standing on the Thames Embankment at Chelsea, Sunday evening, August 20, 1933, looking at the sunset; and the little girl saying, 'Mother, this has been a good Sunday.'

Der Englische Garten, Munich.

Memory of September 15, 1933, going down Southampton Water toward the *Deutschland*, which was to bear us home to the States, with a sleek Cunarder on our right, bound for South Africa, and a long, spotless Dutch vessel that in several weeks would touch at Singapore, and on to Java.

Percy Grainger's 'Country Gardens,' particularly several chords which sound lavender to me.

Strauss's 'Beautiful Blue Danube,' played on summer evenings in the Stadtpark, Vienna — even though the Danube is neither beautiful nor blue at Vienna.

A direct blood transfusion between close friends.

Memory: leaving Tunis, April 1920, old lady and granddaughter weeping bitterly for hours as they gazed backward from the ship's stern; but late in the afternoon, calm, dry-eyed, girl asleep on the grandmother's lap, they sit in the prow, looking forward to Sicily.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'THE Forward View' sounds a note of optimism and exciting prediction which draws virtue from the realistic experience and authoritative position of its author. **Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.**, president of the General Motors Corporation of America, is one of the few leaders of industry who combine technical scientific training with large executive talents. Prophecy is often a thankless business, but your prophet is sometimes your true realist, as witness these pertinent lines from Roger Bacon, written about seven hundred years ago: 'Machines for navigating are possible without rowers, so that great ships suited to river or ocean, guided by one man, may be borne with greater speed than if they were full of men. Likewise cars may be made — so that without a draught animal they may be moved with inestimable speed . . . and flying machines are possible so that a man may sit in the middle turning some device by which artificial wings may beat the air in the manner of a flying bird.' Δ Any reader who combines a love of poetry with a love of camping has run across *The Gypsy Trail*, an anthology for campers, which **Pauline Goldmark** compiled with a friend some years ago. In it are many verses to carry as weightless baggage on tramps such as the Range trip which the Goldmarks took one glorious June day with that best of companions, William James. **Josephine Goldmark**, with the help of William James's own words to her sister and others, recaptures in 'An Adirondack Friendship' those golden Adirondack summers. **Albert Jay Nock** is *sui generis*. Since Artemus Ward is one of his twin intellectual passions (Rabelais is in his other pocket), 'Artemus Ward's America' is, even for A. J. N., an exceptionally acute and just criticism of the American spirit — such a criticism as Ward himself might have expressed, in somewhat different language.

This was our introduction to **Elizabeth Jay Etnier**: 'Since last September I have lived with my husband, Stephen Etnier, who is a painter, on a schooner (67 feet long). Dur-

ing that time I kept a casual journal of our doings' — and that is 'We Live on a Schooner.' At present the young Etniers are anchored at South Harpswell, Maine. Δ 'Recognizing the Company Union,' by **George E. Sokolsky**, continues a discussion of the labor questions which the *Atlantic* believes to be the most considerable obstacle in the path ahead. **David Cornel DeJong** ('Home-coming') came to America from the Netherlands in 1918, when he was thirteen years old. Educated at Duke and Brown universities, he has published several short stories and a novel, which will be followed by another next spring. **Bergen Evans** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*. A student and teacher of democratic principles, he recounts in 'Demos' a recent actual experience. Δ 'Prayer in an Evil Time' is by **Robert Nathan**, who attained through his novel, *One More Spring*, the wide general notice he has long deserved.

'Theodore Roosevelt's Washington' concludes the excerpts we are publishing from **Mrs. Winthrop Chanler's** *Roman Spring*, which will appear September 7 under the auspices of the Atlantic Monthly Press. Those who dip deeper into the *Spring* will appreciate how difficult was our task of selection. **J. W. N. Sullivan's** unusually catholic outlook, as shown in 'Science and the Layman,' is the result of unusually complete contact with life. His recent publications include not only his invaluable reviews of scientific books in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, not only *Aspects of Science*, *History of Mathematics in Europe*, and *The Bases of Modern Science*, but also *Beethoven: His Spiritual Development*, and an autobiography, *But for the Grace of God*. Δ September is the month which generally exacts the heaviest toll in motor accidents. To the attention of motorists we commend 'Rules of the Road.' **Curtis Billings** is a member of the Public Safety Division of the National Safety Council. **Bruce Barton**, the man everybody knows, wrote us recently that he had just returned 'from a rather hurried but

thoroughly delightful jaunt around the world. I attempted no writing, but I did set down a few observations regarding our foreign service.' Here they are — 'Dollars and Diplomats.' Δ 'Facing East' is also the result of travel and study, 'in most of the countries of the East, and of even more thinking on the general subject.' Edwin R. Embree is president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Δ The story of Neal and Gay began appropriately as 'Prelude to Love' in our last December issue. Each is a separate story, but readers who remember the 'Prelude' will savor the full poignance of 'The Pearl.' For ten years Ogden Heath has been laid low by arthritis, but, as a friend wrote us, 'he is the centre of an admiring group of friends and relatives, the life of every one of whom is sweetened and enriched by his courage, his wide culture, and his tolerant point of view.' Δ 'Domestic Manners of the English' is a chapter from a book which Margaret Farrand Thorp is writing with her professor-husband, dedicated inevitably to Mrs. Trollope. 'Dornatis,' *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at The Hague and Doorn, looks to recent events for the answer to the momentous question, 'Will the Hohenzollerns Return?'

~ ~ ~

Does Gresham's law apply to newspapers?

Dear Atlantic,—

As an obscure teacher of journalism I take my courage in both hands when I rise to protest against the brilliant Albert Jay Nock who would apply the well-known economic law of Sir Thomas Gresham to the publication of newspapers. This is not by any means the first time that the fascinating analogy between the circulation of dearer and cheaper money and the circulation of highbrow and lowbrow newspapers has been pointed out. Many writers on sociology, notably Ross and Norman Angell, have dwelt upon the analogy, but they have generally contented themselves with some statement like that of Mr. Nock, 'a glance at the nearest news stand will show,' without pretending to offer substantial proof that there is any real analogy.

So long as human nature remains what it is, Gresham's law will apply to currency, but that is no proof that it will apply equally well in the higher realms of art, literature, ethics, morals, and the like. In the first place, the analogy between the coinage of money and the printing of a newspaper is not perfect. The newspaper is a medium of communication, not a medium of exchange. Instead of passing from hand to hand as money is meant to do, the newspaper stops in the

hands of the purchaser. The same instinct which leads us to hold the good coin while we pass on the baser would lead us to choose for our daily information not the poorer paper but the best.

Again, we realize that compulsory education in this country and elsewhere has provided a vast mass of readers whose I. Q. is not up to the standards of the highbrow newspapers. These barely literate readers will begin, no doubt, to read the tabloids and sensational yellows. But is there any proof that none of them ever rises to a higher level? Experienced editors show figures to prove that multitudes do rise. On the other side of the case, has Mr. Nock any evidence that the highbrow papers are losing ground to the lowbrows? The fact that a certain unnamed 'quality magazine' published in 1874 has since deteriorated does not seem a 'substantial basis for generalization.'

One of the most encouraging evidences that the worst papers do not drive out the best came out prominently in the pressmen's strike in 1923. On that occasion for a considerable time not one of the daily morning papers published in New York City was able to operate its plant. To keep from absolute stagnation eight of the great metropolitan morning journals combined to issue a joint paper. These papers were as widely different as the *Progresso Italiano Americano* from the *Staats Zeitung* or Hearst's *American* from the *Herald Tribune*, all of which were included in the combined newspaper. But when the combined paper appeared it resembled no paper so much as the most highbrow of them all, the *New York Times*. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. And in accordance with that law of nature rather than Gresham's law the newspaper will survive.

PEDAGOGUS

State College, Pennsylvania

Hail to Haines.

Dear Atlantic,—

The story 'Just Plain Nuts' seemed to me one of the best things you have published in a long time, not only for its intrinsic interest, but for its recognition of the romance and high courage involved in everyday services of which the ordinary man is hardly conscious.

THOMAS T. READ
Scarsdale, New York

Sic transit gloria.

Dear Atlantic,—

In order to 'vitalize' the study of classical languages, the New York State Education Department caused a new type of question to be used in the Regents Examinations this spring. Here is a question from the Latin III paper, and the answer given by one boy.

Question: Name a reform of Gaius Gracchus similar to one that is now being advocated by President Roosevelt.

The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year—yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria, by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further opportunity to control heart disease. In



middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Dept. 934-T.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

Answer: At that time (about 140 B.C.) Rome, which had grown up through its various régimes to a position of power and influence in the world, found itself tottering in the last stages of the republic. It was run by its officeholders instead of its citizens, who found conditions very bad.

Although the resources of the republic were great, the people did n't have enough to eat and were clamoring for food and good prices for their products, especially the farmers.

Gaius Gracchus spiked the price of grain and built storehouses to hold the large amount which the government bought of the farmers. He also built good roads. But soon things got worse and they had dictators. After this Rome finally folded up and went into the Middle Ages. Altogether Rome existed as a good place to live for a relatively short time compared to its whole life. It was a poor place to live as soon as the officeholders had to try to support the country instead of the country supporting the officeholders. This began about the time of Gaius Gracchus, when Rome was nearly through.

President Roosevelt's policy of spiking prices of farm products and trying to chase the jobless back to the farms to raise more products to spike the prices of is a good deal like G. Gracchus's. Our country has lasted through a monarchy and a republic about as many years relatively as Rome did. And here it is 1934.

HENRY V. BUTTON
Waterford, New York

The 'Alternate Vote' plan.

Dear Atlantic, —

It is a serious defect in our elective system that it permits a minority (plurality) candidate to win. The Southern states require a majority to nominate, but this is accomplished by the expensive second primary between the two highest.

Lloyd George's 'Alternate Vote' plan, which he got through the House of Commons, accomplishes majority rule much more simply. The text of this bill follows:—

1 (a) A voter at any election may indicate the candidate who is his first choice by placing the mark X on his paper ballot opposite the name of that candidate, and any ballot paper so marked shall be counted as a first-preference vote given to that candidate.

(b) He may also place the figure 2 opposite the name of the candidate whom he would prefer if the candidate who is his first choice cannot be elected.

2 (a) If on the counting of the votes a candidate receives an absolute majority of first-choice votes, that candidate shall be declared elected.

(b) If no candidate has received an absolute majority of first-preference votes, the candidate who has received the smallest number of first-preference votes shall be excluded, and each bal-

lot so far counted for him, which indicates a second choice for one of the other candidates, shall be transferred to and counted as a vote given to that other candidate, and the candidate who receives an absolute majority of the votes reckoned at that count shall be declared elected.

(c) If still no candidate has received an absolute majority of the votes, the process of excluding the lowest candidate shall be continued until one candidate receives an absolute majority of the votes reckoned at the count.

As our two-party system seems now to be breaking down, the importance of electing candidates by majority vote greatly increases. Before we abandon democracy let us make it more democratic by electing candidates by majority vote instead of by a mere plurality, which often may consist of little more than a third of the electorate.

GEORGE STEWART BROWN
*United States Customs Court
New York City*

In memory of a contributor.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just received word of the death of Mrs. Edith Svensen, your correspondent from the Solomon Islands. About ten years ago you published a letter from her telling about her life on Kokomuruki Island, Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, and saying that she would be glad to answer anyone who cared to write to her, as letters were her only pleasure. At that time my sister, Lucy Davies, wrote to her, and in due time received a very nice letter from Mrs. Svensen. Mr. and Mrs. Svensen proved to be charming people, talented in many ways, and keeping up a brave heart against terrible odds. Their chief dependence was on the sale of copra, and some three or four years ago the bottom dropped out of the market, and they have had a very meagre living ever since. Our last letter from Mrs. Svensen, written about New Year's, was, as usual, cheerful and uncomplaining, though she spoke of her anxiety for Mr. Svensen's health and said she herself had had a bad fall and was not feeling very well.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Jack Svensen, her husband, telling us that Mrs. Svensen died on March 20, 1934, at the government hospital at Tulagi (Solomon Islands) of broncho-pneumonia following influenza. We are very much saddened by the news, and feel sincerely sorry for Mr. Svensen, alone on his little island, with only a few natives near him. I hope it will be possible for him to make other plans for his life, but of course I know nothing about that. Since Mrs. Svensen counted the *Atlantic* among her dearest friends, I thought you would want to know about her death.

EDITH R. DAVIES
Dayton, Ohio